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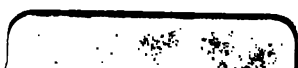
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L I T E R A R Y
AND
MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS;

BY
J. CRADOCK, Esq. M. A. F. S. A.

YET HATH MY NIGHT OF LIFE SOME MEMORY.

Shakspeare.

LONDON:
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1826.

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TO

T H E K I N G .

SIRE,

THE honour of being permitted to dedicate these Memoirs to my **SOVEREIGN** is duly estimated by me, and if, amidst the weightier Affairs of State, they should contribute to afford any pleasing relaxation ; the thought would greatly enhance the value of this my concluding labour.

That your **MAJESTY** may long continue to enjoy the blessings of a prosperous Reign, is the most sincere wish of him, who has the honour to subscribe himself,

Your MAJESTY'S

ever dutiful and loyal Subject,

JOSEPH CRADOCK.

London, 1826.

LITERARY
AND
MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS.

HAVING published an Historical Tragedy on the subject of the Czar, in my eighty-third year, which met with a most flattering reception, I am induced to look over a great mass of materials of past times, and select from them particulars, which, from their authenticity, at least, may possibly afford some entertainment to the Publick. At different periods I had taken Notes of my Life, less interesting certainly than those I had collected of others, but still so connected, that they become necessary to elucidate the general narrative of events; and, in the course of which, I mean to offer a plain journal of my residence in France, previous to the Revolution, which will prove, perhaps, the most important, from the awful circumstances that almost immediately succeeded.

According to a family account, I was born about midnight, on the 9th of January, 1741-2; and, as appears from the Register of St. Martin's Church at Leicester, was baptized there, on the 10th of December following; my father was a younger brother, and my mother's maiden name was Annice.

My father afterwards married a second wife, the daughter of Dr. Ludlam, and sister to two clergymen, well known for their mathematical and literary attainments in the University of Cambridge. The elder brother, William, it will be recollected, perhaps, was handsomely remunerated by the House of Commons for his attendance, and giving his opinion on the subject of Harrison's time-keeper. He afterwards published a quarto volume, of "Experiments in Mechanics," and received from Dr. Heberden, to whom it was dedicated, a magnificent set of instruments, for the reception of which, a room was purposely fitted up at St. John's College, Cambridge. It was not easy to obtain the publication of so abstruse a work, with expensive plates, of which there could be so few purchasers; but this difficulty was overcome, through the interference of Mr. Hurd and other friends, and the particular favour of Mr. Cadell, under whose care the whole was most ably executed. Mr. Ludlam died in 1788; and the following epitaph was published in Mr. Nichols's "History of Leicestershire:"

EPITAPH ON THE REV. MR. LUDLAM.

"Here rests a man, whom genius gave to sway
Through the bright compass of ethereal day,
Whose bound nor time nor distance could control,
But bore him boldly on, from pole to pole,
Pierc'd the deep regions of all-covering night,
And gave to Newton's self a clearer light."

The younger brother, Thomas, accompanied Captain Jaspar, as chaplain to a man of war, to the coast of Guinea, and on his return obtained the Confraternity of Wigston's Hospital, and afterwards the Rectory of Foston, in Leicestershire. He published several religious essays, under the sanction of Mr. Hurd. Thomas Ludlam, esq. the eldest son of William, and almost the last of the family, died in 1810, Governor of Sierra Leone.

At the age of nine, I was sent to the endowed school at Leicester, and was placed under the care of the Reverend Gerrard Andrewes. There were about thirty boarders; the Earl of Stamford's three sons adding no small celebrity. Under that most excellent preceptor I remained till about the age of seventeen, when I lost my father. Lord Stamford's sons had been lately removed to Hackney, and my trustees intended me to follow, but before I could set out upon my journey, Dr. Newcombe died; therefore all ideas of another school were abandoned.

Whilst our family lived at Leicester, the Rev. Mr. Jackson, a celebrated Greek scholar, who was our near neighbour, interested himself much in my education, and as a reward for a particular exercise that pleased him, gave me an elegant copy of the Elzevir edition of Buchanan's Psalms, which I still retain, with high veneration for his memory. Jackson was master of Wigston's Hospital, which proved particularly beneficial to him,

as he lived long enough to renew every lease of the valuable estates with which it had been endowed. He published three large quarto volumes of "Chronological Antiquities," to which was prefixed the most splendid list of subscribers, that was then, I believe, ever known. He was considered an Arian, and his violent dispute with Dr. Coney, in the Abbey Church at Bath, who refused to administer the Sacrament to him, is still recorded in various journals.

John Gilbert Cooper, author of the "Life of Socrates," and other works, likewise frequently resided at Leicester, having married a daughter of Mr. Recorder Wright, son of Sir Nathan Wright, the Lord Keeper of that name, in Queen Anne's time. Jackson and Cooper were in general as opposite as possible in their opinions, but they agreed in hating Warburton, who had grossly abused both. Cooper was the intimate friend of Garrick, and to his instructions may be attributed my early, and, perhaps, too strong attachment to the stage.

Mr. Farmer, a native of Leicester, was about to leave Mr. Andrewes' school for Emmanuel College, at Cambridge, when I was only in the first form. He had begun to collect scarce black-letter books, and might then have aptly taken the motto of Julian: "*Alii equos amant, alii aves, alii feras, mihi vero à puerulo mirum acquirendi et possidendi libros, insedit desiderium.*" Literature at that time was much the subject of discussion at Leicester. John

Whiston, the London bookseller, passed part of the summer with Mr. Jackson. Samuel Carte, a learned ecclesiastical lawyer, brother to the historian, visited my father; and the Rev. Mr. Simmons, vicar of St. Mary's, had made no inconsiderable progress in a collection of very rare editions of books, from which Farmer derived considerable advantages; and though in a different line, I ought not to omit mentioning, perhaps, Sir Lawrence Carter, Baron of the Exchequer, who had lately closed his valuable life in the Newworks there.

My father, during the summer holidays, had taken me repeatedly to Scarborough, and at last I was to pass through London on a tour to Bath. We arrived in town the night before the theatres were to be closed for the season; at one house, a celebrated actor was to take his final leave for Ireland, and at the other (it was Miss Macklin's benefit), the play was, "As you like it," in which Woodward and Mrs. Clive both performed; here we fortunately obtained good places, though the stage was built up; however, I had now been initiated into a London theatre, for which I had so much wished. From thence we were to go to Windsor and Oxford, and to see Blenheim, on our way to Bath. I heard, however, of no theatres being open any where, and my father expressed much displeasure at my seeming unthankfulness at the prospect of our future journey; but a friend shrewdly remarked to him, "Sir, it is in some

measure your own fault ; you have too soon given the boy a taste of London, and rather than leave it, I perceive, he “ envies every cinder-wench he meets.”

At Bath I was introduced to Mr. Hawkins Browne, author of the Latin poem “ On the Immortality of the Soul ;” he greatly noticed me, and not only to him, but to his respectable family in town, I was afterwards indebted for many advantages. I still possess his earliest manuscript of a Latin exercise on the death of George the Second, which I offered to his son, when about to publish an edition of his father’s works. The following Epithalamium, he told me, was particularly excepted against, as his mother wished it might by no means appear in her life-time, being by far too complimentary to her ; those, however, who best knew her excellent properties, were all of an opposite opinion.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Written on the Author’s Birth-day.

BY HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq.

“ Once more the sun his yearly tour
Hath finish’d, since in plaintive mood
I usher’d in my natal hour,
A prey to joyless solitude ;
As then to joyless solitude a prey ;
Now, Muse, begin a more harmonious lay.

For, lo! she comes : the Queen of Love,
Propitious comes, and by her side
The Graces musically move,
Leading with gentle hand a Bride,
Fairer than e'er inspir'd a Poet's dreams,
When fancy with its lov'd idea teems.
Blind to events, in vain we pry
Thro' future life's mysterious scene,
Oft from the dark and sullen sky
Breaks forth a sunshine unforeseen ;
As now bright Hymen's lamp, with sudden blaze,
Dispell'd the gloom that hover'd o'er my days!
Thanks that my once-thought cruel fate
Check'd the fond hopes of youthful rage,
And, that desire on choice might wait,
Reserv'd me for maturer age ;
When truth and friendship, and affections pure,
Feed the soft flame, and lasting joys assure.
Thanks to the Muse, that o'er my birth
Presiding, gave me to despise
All the gay-seeming dross of earth,
The wealth, the pomp that others prize ;
These let Ambition seek, instead of these,
Grant a kind Consort, and domestic ease.
'Twas thus I pray'd, nor vain my pray'r,
Heaven, all-indulgent, hath bestow'd
A Consort kind, domestic, fair,
Wise, faithful, amiable, and good ;
With every virtue, every grace supply'd,
And, to adorn my station, wealth beside.
Hence, æra of my days proceed,
The past was all a void forlorn,

'Tis from this date I live indeed,
To hymeneal solace born ;
Unwedded hours the same dull circle run ;
Life without love is earth without a sun.

I still retain a strong impression of the unfortunate Earl Ferrers, who, with the Ladies Shirley, his sisters, frequented Leicester races, and visited at my father's house. During the early part of the day, his lordship preserved the character of a polite scholar and a courteous nobleman, but in the evening he became the terror of the inhabitants ; and I distinctly remember running up stairs to hide myself, when an alarm was given, that Lord Ferrers was coming armed, with a great mob after him. He had behaved well at the ordinary ; the races were then in the afternoon, and the ladies regularly attended the balls. My father's house was situated midway between Lord Ferrers's lodgings and the town-hall, where the race assemblies were then held : he had, as was supposed, obtained liquor privately, and then became outrageous ; for from our house he suddenly escaped, and proceeded to the town-hall, and, after many most violent acts, threw a large silver tankard of scalding negus amongst the ladies ; he was then secured for that evening : this was the last time of his appearing at Leicester, till brought from Ashby-de-la-Zouch to prison there. It has been much regretted by his friends, that as Lady Ferrers, and some of his property had been taken from him, no greater pre-

caution had been used with respect to his own safety, as well as that of all around him. Whilst sober, my father, who had a real regard for him, always urged, that he was quite manageable; and when his sisters ventured to come with him to the races, they had an absolute reliance on his good intentions and promises. Let this recollection be compared with all that passed previous to the last horrid catastrophe.

My father died when I was about seventeen, but I gained permission in the summer to go to Scarborough, to be again under the care of his old friend Dr. Thomas (afterwards Sir Noah), who was the celebrated physician there. At this time I was in possession of more money than my trustees were well aware of, and certainly appeared much older than I really was. The company to whom I had the honour of being occasionally admitted, was by no means suitable either to my age or station; for the Duke of York, Marquess of Granby, Mr. Sterne, Mrs. and Miss Cibber, and Colonel Sloper, were frequent visitants at the Doctor's table. After figuring for about six weeks, dancing at every ball, and partaking of every diversion, I was hastily recalled, and was most strongly re-proved for all my past levity and imprudence.

It was now intended to send me to Cambridge, and Trinity College was preferred on account of Dr. Smith being Master, who was distantly related to my justly respected mother-in-law; but Mr.

Hurd, Rector of Thurcaston, very kindly suggested, that, as I was rather too young to be admitted as a Fellow Commoner, it would be better, perhaps, that I should be placed under an able private tutor for a year or more, and that he should then be happy to introduce me at Emmanuel College, under his own immediate recommendation. This scheme was gladly acceded to, and to fill up the chasm I was sent, at the request of Mr. Mundy, of Derbyshire, to the Rev. Mr. Pickering, of Mackworth, who at that time had no other pupil than Mr. Burdett, eldest son of Sir Robert, the highly estimated proprietor of two seats in that neighbourhood. Here I remained, happily secluded under a regular course of study, till I was permitted by my trustees to go to town to the coronation of George the Third, with their friend Mr. Pochin, afterwards Member for Leicestershire.

Had some of my relatives, however, then only known half of what they gradually discovered afterwards, my truly conscientious tutor would not have been thought quite suitable; his wife was daughter of the Rev. Anthony Blackwall, who wrote the Sacred Classics, and so far all would have been accordant; but we had the Pretender's picture in almost every room, and I am not clear, but that Mr. Pickering himself might receive some benefit from the Non-jurors. There was a mysterious day annually kept by him and several other associates, at a house near All Saints' church,

where I have no doubt they first welcomed Prince Charles on his arrival at Derby. It was rather curious, that a weekly club should be held afterwards very near that spot, consisting of Philosophers, then principally engaged on the subject of electricity, and that three of the friendly members should be, the Rev. Mr. Winter, originally a Dissenter, Mr. Pickering, at least a Tory, and Mr. Whitehurst, supposed to be an infidel. From this humble society, however, the celebrated Dr. Darwin, and his ingenious pupil and associate in experiments, Mr. Watt, derived no small advantages; science is best advanced by reciprocal encouragement, and they were all men of deep discernment and laborious industry.

My trustee, Mr. Fisher, of Repton, who resided in Sir Harry Harpur's old mansion there, used frequently to mention a very extraordinary circumstance, relative to a young blacksmith of his parish. He, with many others, went to see the Pretender, when he arrived at the King's Head, at Derby, and in the general confusion this fellow was permitted to take the Prince's horse to water; when, perceiving that the other assistants were hastily returning to the inn, he thought he might safely venture to proceed in an opposite direction, and he absolutely galloped away with the horse, unnoticed, to Repton. The old gentleman not only recited this daring circumstance, but fre-

quently carried his friends to see the saddle and accoutrements.

Mr. Fisher had the honour to be father-in-law to the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Wilmot, wife to Robert Mead Wilmot, esq. of Chaddesden, only son of Sir Edward Wilmot, bart. Physician to George the Second, who, after the decease of his royal master, retired to an elegant retreat at Wilford, near Nottingham, where he died. This lady attracted so much notice, when she appeared as a young bride at Derby races, as to be justly compared, except for a slight cast of one eye, with the unrivalled Lady Coventry. She had been well educated under a sensible mother, with the advantage of good instructions by various teachers from the endowed school at Repton, and (what at that time was very rare, unless there was great wealth) had a regular French master resident in the family. At the distance of full forty years, I received a letter from my wife at Bath, in which was the following sentence: "I accompanied our old friend Lady Wilmot, of Chaddesden, last night to the ball; it was for the benefit of the Master of the Ceremonies; and notwithstanding her long confinement in a Paris prison, during the reign of Robespierre, and her various adventures, she was pronounced to be the finest woman altogether in that crowded assembly."

Soon after the Coronation I went to reside at Cambridge, having a letter from Mr. Hurd to Mr.

Hubbard, and derived every advantage that might have been anticipated from the recommendation of so learned a patron; but when our head tutor found that I had gone through Algebra, and part of Euclid, he strongly censured Mr. Pickering, as having encroached upon the province and duties of the University. However, I attended an able Lecture by Mr. Farmer, in Aristophanes; had a private tutor for the Greek Classics in general; and now look back with great satisfaction at that particular lecture which was given by Mr. Hubbard every Sunday evening in the Greek Testament.

Through the Cust family I became more connected with Mrs. Wyche, of Leicestershire, who after the death of Mr. Wyche, and the estate near Melton Mowbray had been sold to the Duke of Rutland, entirely resided at her house in Great Ormond-street. Her son, soon after, was admitted a Fellow Commoner of Emmanuel College, of which an ancestor of his, Sir Walter Mildmay, was the founder. The daughter, who was both deaf and dumb, was taught by Mr. Dutens to converse with her fingers; and in his entertaining Memoirs, he more than insinuates, that he left London for the Continent, on a point of delicacy, from the partiality that the young lady had been pleased to shew to him; but the brother was then alive, and the prize was not so great as it might have been afterwards. The father, Peter Wyche, esq. was a learned and a very liberal man, and greatly contributed to the es-

tablishment of the Society of Arts and Sciences, then rather in its infancy. At his own expence he cultivated a farm in Essex, for the trial and growth of different grasses; and I have been informed by his friends, that he was once able to produce specimens of a green pabulum for near eleven months of the year. It appeared, from his private accompts (for with Mr. Bankes, the great conveyancer, of Lincoln's Inn, I afterwards became trustee for Miss Wyche) that he had not expended in such experiments much less than three thousand pounds.

It may not here be improper to add, perhaps, that Mr. Bankes was Chancellor of the Church of York, had a house in Great Ormond-street, and another at Mortlake, where he kept a pack of hounds: his only daughter was married to a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland. He was the friend and intimate of Lord Mansfield, who entrusted to him the draught of a Bill for registering Mortgages in all the different counties; I frequently saw it in an unfinished state on his library-table, and have heard him as frequently complain of the labour of it, but never knew what became of it. He was an hospitable, friendly man, but at the latter part of his life he entirely gave up the Law for hunting, and was more convivial than studious. At this late period of my life I am still pressing for the disposal of a large sum of money, with accumulated interest, as the only surviving trustee for the late Miss Wyche. There are three

heirs at law, who are equally claimants; several Solicitors have been employed, but though I have had recourse, at my own expence, to the opinion of an eminent King's Counsel, there is at present no determination; however, the Lord Chancellor has been pleased to express his fullest approbation of my conduct.

During the College vacation in summer, old Lady Cust, sister to Lord Tyrconnel, gave me a general invitation to Belton, near Grantham, to accompany her grandson; and I had the honour from thence, with the two Misses Cust, to go to Oxford, at the time of Lord Lichfield's Encoenia. The Rev. Dr. Cust was a canon of Christ Church, and we were most kindly received, through him, at the house of Dr. Kelly, the physician, who resided opposite; this was a great advantage to me; for there I was introduced to Dr. Kennicott, and many of the first Literati of that University. On our return I was admitted likewise into Sir John Cust's family in Downing-street, who was then Speaker of the House of Commons; and it was one of the proudest moments of my life, perhaps, when I despatched my first letter, as franked from thence, to my relatives at Leicester.

At Grantham, I had met with Captain Cartwright, brother to the Major, and again in London, where he had introduced the Esquimaux Indians; they all dined several times with his relative Mrs. Wyche, and really they had been so well

drilled by the Captain, on board the ship, that they behaved with all the decorum of an English family. In the course of the Sunday evening they exercised their religious worship in the drawing-room, and I am certain that they had a strong notion of a Supreme Being, though the contrary has been so confidently asserted.

Sir John Cust, when opportunity served, was always anxious that his son should be duly attentive to the debates of the House of Commons; but I am ashamed to own, that I was too apt, as soon as the Speaker had taken the Chair, to steal away from thence to the play-house; however, by resorting to my good friend, the intelligent Mr. White, Clerk of the Journals of the House of Commons, I was often enabled to speak more knowingly, next morning at breakfast, perhaps, than if I had been actually present at the debates.

Having no home of my own, at all vacations I either visited friends, or occasionally boarded with my old tutor, Mr. Pickering, and from thence a constant welcome was always open to me at Mr. Wilmot's, at Chaddesden. With that family I made an excursion to Matlock, where we were all honoured with an invitation to Chatsworth, to pass a day there. The Archbishop of Tuam (Ryder) was of the party; and his friend, Dean Langton, would have accompanied us, but was previously engaged to meet Mr. Coke's family, of Longford, and traverse with them some of the highest mountains of

the Peak. Every sort of preparation had been made, and the surest-footed horses had been selected for the purpose; but the road becoming rather dangerous, the Dean, for greater security, had taken up a young lady, Miss Laroche, and placed her before him; when suddenly the horse fell with them both. The lady, though much bruised, was caught by her clothes amongst the bushes; but the Dean was instantly dashed to pieces. Many years afterwards I was in company with the lady, then married, at Exeter; the very name of Derbyshire awakened the most dreadful recollections.

Amidst other excursions in the summer, I went for six weeks to Harrowgate, and have ever since been partial to that interesting neighbourhood. Studley Park has been frequently described; but I do not recollect any poetical effusion, to have been bestowed on the more romantic scenery of Hackfall. Indeed the magnificent view of Fountains Abbey at the former has hitherto stolen away all admiration from the more humble beauties of the latter:

HACKFALL, A POEM.

TO NEERA.

To Hackfall's calm retreats, where nature reigns
In rural pride, transported fancy flies;
Oh! bear me, goddess, to those sylvan plains,
Where all around unlabour'd beauties rise!

Let wealth's vain votaries, Gothic sons of taste,
The fetter'd hand of mimic art admire,
The marble fane, with urns and statues grac'd,
The gilt alcove, and justly-sloping spire.
Be theirs, through long-drawn walks that tire the eyes,
Through gay parterres, and vistas green, to stray,
Where stately trees in due proportion rise,
And tortur'd waters regularly play:
With thee, Neæra, mistress of my soul,
Less artful scenes my simple mind delight,
Such as, where Ure's fair streams meand'ring roll,
Kind nature form'd to please the enraptur'd sight.
Here wood and lawn their various charms combine,
The green dale sinks, and swells the verdant hill,
Old reverend oaks their high-arch'd boughs entwine,
And parting rocks disclose the gushing rill.
Lo! through the glade, where ripening harvests bend
To the soft breeze, a distant town appears;
From smoking cots the bluish wreaths ascend,
And many a tower its antique structure rears.
Down from yon hoary mountain's rugged side
A torrent falls! how swift the waters flow!
While underground with silent stealth they glide,
Then rise to light, a fresh cascade below.
Thus, as the priest of love, sweet Ovid, tells,
To shun, Alpheus, thy enraptur'd waves,
In winding mazes Arethusa steals
Through secret vaults and subterraneous caves.
Fast by this stream, and in the thickest shade,
A straw-roof'd cot appears, with ivy bound,
The walls with shells, and varied moss o'erlaid,
And rough-hewn altars mark the hallow'd ground;

Here haply dwells some hoary-headed seer,
Far from the guilty crowd's tumultuous din,
Here in soft musings spends the silent year,
Estrang'd alike to passion and to sin.

Peace to his days! nor you, my charming maid,
Approach the cot; but turn, oh! turn your eyes!
Should love, the tyrant love, his heart invade,
Far from the sage all wonted quiet flies.

Lo! in yon grove, and o'er the topmost boughs,
Untaught by art, a silver fountain plays,
In waving folds the bubbling water flows,
And varying Iris paints the humid rays;
No figur'd Triton spouts the indignant stream,
Nor weeps poor Niobe in antic show,
No dolphins sport, no leaden Nereids swim,
Nor fond Narcissus views the lake below.

Tis nature all—grotesque and wild the scene,
The rough rock cleaves, the wave ascends on high,
Then bubbling down upon the mossy green,
O'er pebbles strays in gurgling harmony.

Hail, sweet recess! what charms the sight regale,
And pour'd on thee with more than lavish pride;
Hail, sweet recess! more fair than Tempe's vale,
Or Ida's shade, where fabled gods reside.

O haste, Neæra, to this peaceful grove,
Here let us wisdom's silent steps pursue,
Here pass an age of innocence and love,
And bid the folly-fetter'd world adieu.

The weather was intensely hot whilst I was at Harrowgate, and from travelling too rapidly from thence to Derby races, I was taken dangerously

ill on the course with a fever. I was carried to my friend Mr. Bates's apartments near the market-place, and was there attended, for three weeks, by Dr. Darwin.

Mr. Bates, afterwards Dr. Bates, had rather a singular history. He was born at Worksop; and educated at the expense of the Duchess of Norfolk. He became the favourite dissecting pupil of Dr. Hunter; but losing his health, by the assiduous practice of his profession, he was obliged to relinquish it, and then studied Latin under Mr. Pickering, to qualify himself the better, to take his Doctor's degree in Scotland. He became, however, too ill to proceed there; but a strong recommendation of him, with a Latin Thesis, was signed by Drs. Ash and Darwin, and he accordingly received his Diploma. He practised as a physician at Aylesbury, about the time that Wilkes made himself so conspicuous there, and married Miss Vanneck with a large fortune. After her death, he set out immediately for Italy, and made great purchases of pictures, of which even then he was a very competent judge; he drew extremely well, and his anatomical figures would have given credit to any collection.

Whilst we were at Derby, we were both intimate with Wright the painter, a rising genius; but native talent had not then the same chance of notice, as at present; however, in time, his fire and candle-light pieces became duly appreciated.

Under patronage, he would have made an early fortune; for one portrait of his, of an old gentleman at Hopwell Hall near Derby, might have challenged comparison with any of those fine originals, well known from the engravings by Houbraken and Vertue, which belonged to Dr. Mead, and still remain at Chaddesden House in that immediate neighbourhood. Wright left Derby for London about the time that Miss Linwood began to shine out in her brighter meridian at Leicester.

I had generally resided about three quarters of each year at Cambridge, and had devoted myself closely to classical studies; but the time for taking a Bachelor's Degree was now rapidly approaching, and I began to feel a little chagrin and disappointment; for alas! I was no Mathematician, and no material Honour could then be obtained, but in that particular line. As declamation was known to be my forte, it had been held out to me, that if his Majesty visited the University, as was then expected, I should be recommended to speak before him, which might entitle me to an honorary Degree of Master of Arts. What ground I had to build upon for so flattering a distinction, will best be seen by subsequent events; however, by good advice, sooner than submit to an examination chiefly Mathematical, I determined to change the scene, and leave Cambridge for the Metropolis.

Not long after my arrival there, I married Miss

A. F. Stratford, third daughter of Francis Stratford, Esq. of Merevale Hall, in Warwickshire, and within a day or two, was then unexpectedly presented by the Duke of Newcastle, our Chancellor, with a Royal Degree. As this was the first of the kind that had been conferred on a student of Emmanuel, the College was pleased to give a handsome entertainment on the occasion.

As soon as I returned from Cambridge, I waited upon his Grace at Claremont, to present my most grateful acknowledgments. He sat alone, in the great library above stairs, and received me with the utmost kindness and affability. As I had never been there before, I was invited to look at the apartments, and to walk over part of the grounds, which appeared very extensive; but as company was continually arriving, I returned again to the house as soon as possible, and most respectfully took my leave. I partook afterwards of many other acts of his bounty and favour.

The house which I inhabited in Dean-street, Soho, was by far too good for me; but my friend Mr. Cockburne, who was then Comptroller of the Navy, offered me his thirteen years' lease, after he had laid out near a thousand pounds, merely by the exchange of names. Being absent from London, and a great mob requiring every house to be illuminated for Wilkes's birth-day, mine suffered most dreadfully. The street was then paving, and on my arrival I found large stones, in my

drawing-room up stairs on the carpet. The damage was estimated at several hundred pounds; and as I then wished to reside in the country, by an exchange of names again, I parted with the remaining term to Dr. Newcome, just promoted to the see of St. Asaph. But perhaps I suffered more, as the house was supposed to belong to a Scotsman, and friend to Lord Bute; so that I might exclaim with the poet:

“ Delicta majorum immeritus luo.”

At this time I knew very little of the Stratford family at Merevale; though connected with Lord Aldborough in London; for my wife had resided with her grand-mother in Great Ormond-street, and I was married from thence, by the Rev. Mr. Hollingbury, at St. George's church, Bloomsbury; but soon after became well acquainted with them all. The old lady was a native of Hamburgh, a very agreeable woman, and lived in the full enjoyment of her faculties to the age of ninety, when, on her return from a visit, she was seized with a paralytic stroke, and it became necessary for me to act, before the arrival of Mr. Geast (afterwards Dugdale), who had married my wife's eldest sister. I waited upon Dr. Heberden, much acquainted with all the parties, and after giving him particulars, he said, with his usual kindness, “ Mrs. Stratford, Sir, was one of the stoutest ladies I ever knew; I will accompany you immediately, as a friend; but, from your own account, nothing can be ex-

pected from a physician." She died soon after his arrival. Mrs. Stratford, of Merevale, on the death of her husband, went with her second daughter, Mrs. Chetwynd, to make some stay at Bath, where they were intimate with Mr. Smith, father of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and indeed with most of the very respectable Catholics of that city. She was a woman of considerable attainments, and certainly possessed a warm and enthusiastic mind, to which Mr. Shenstone, in one of his printed letters, has principally imputed the sudden change of her Religion. The youngest daughter, Miss Maria, frequently resided with us, or at lodgings in London, till she took Mr. Addington's house at Mortimer near Reading, entirely as it was, on his becoming suddenly the Speaker of the House of Commons.

We made but a short stay in Warwickshire on our first journey there, as we were obliged to return soon again, to pay our respects, with the Merevale family, to Mr. and Mrs. Geast at Blythe Hall near Colshill. Mr. Geast was heir to Sir William Dugdale, and here we found every thing in nearly the same state as it had been originally left by his great uncle. The evergreen hedges had been regularly clipped, and the ponds and stews, between the house and river, had been well kept in order, for the purpose of preserving and readily obtaining fish. Many of the chairs in the house were as richly embossed as the herald's

tabard that still remained in the family, fresh as when originally worn at the Coronation of James the Second. The collection of books was neither very large nor curious. There were two original portraits in the parlour, one of Sir William, and another of Lady Dugdale, and a third of Elias Ashmole. The little chamber or study which contained the manuscripts had been kept locked up; and when, at the earnest request of Dr. Percy, I obtained from my brother-in-law the favour of the key, the cobwebs had never been disturbed. The purport of this slight examination was to see whether or not there was an early pedigree of the Northumberland family, but I did not find any. Sir William's "Draining of the Fens" having become exceedingly scarce, Mr. Geast, with some reluctance, afterwards examined this venerable repository, and a folio volume, corresponding with the former works, was in consequence republished by Mr. Cole. I made an extract or two only, which I thought Dr. Percy might particularly want; for I did not wish to trespass on the kindness of Mr. Geast, who was then rather a stranger.

"Symon Silvester, a Saxon, was at the Conquest tyme Earl of Leicester, and did homage to the Conqueror, and did so remain all the Conqueror's and Wm. Rufus's tyme, and in the 1st year of K. Hy. I. He dyed without issue, after whose death Robert Beaumont was next Earl of Leicester."

"The corps of K. Richard were buried without

honour of funeral at Leicester, in the church of the cordeliers."

There are many volumes of heraldry, all of which have probably been already before the public; and, what I did not expect to find, several scraps of poetry, written on the inside of the covers of some of them, which were copied from windows of the old hall at Buxton. Several articles in and about the respectable mansion at Blythe, strongly reminded me of what I had read of Cotton and his associates in the quaint humour of Izaak Walton; and Mr. Geast and the ladies would often smile at my taking that old-fashioned volume as my vade-mecum, when I went either to angle or ruminate by the water side.

However, though I did not succeed as to the Northumberland pedigree there, this inquiry caused an extraordinary disclosure in another quarter. A clergyman hearing by accident of the circumstance, kindly informed me that he possessed a very early pedigree of that most noble family, from one of his ancestors, who had been an eminent Serjeant at Law, and had probably received this, mixed up with other deeds, that had been sent to him for examination, and had never been returned. Of all this I immediately apprised Dr. Percy, and had the pleasure to find, that this pedigree proved to be ten years older than any other then possessed by the Northumberland family.

We made a considerable stay at Merevale, a place always rendered more agreeable to me than my wife, for I had an excellent library to refer to, and some management of the garden-ground; but it was to some rather dull; for I must confess, that on a close survey, the whole routine of the interior did not a little savour of the nunnery or the monastery. During one of my longer abodes there, I received an application from Lord Leicester, a learned antiquary, relative to an ancestor of his, who was buried in the church-yard near the old abbey, in which he was pleased to enumerate many family particulars. "He was (says his lordship), according to our records, deposited under a very large stone, in an ox's hide, at so many feet from the wall of the corner," mentioning the exact distances, from the ancient documents; "and I should take it as a very particular favour (he adds) if you could obtain permission to make an accurate examination." I accordingly applied to Mrs. Stratford, and went with her full consent, like Friar Lawrence, with a crow and a spade, but no lanthorn, for it was in open day, and was attended by the clerk and sexton, and a few select friends who anxiously awaited the result. We almost immediately struck upon the corner of an immense stone, not far from the surface, and at the precise distance that had been pointed out. The lower end had con-

siderably sunk ; but I hesitated to proceed further ; for it appeared to me to be a service of danger, as no faculty had been obtained from the Ecclesiastical Court, and I was legally informed afterwards, that the Bishop of the Diocese should be previously applied to, before any process in taking up such a corpse for examination could possibly be permitted. I informed Lord Leicester of all particulars ; but various occurrences afterwards interfering, I believe his lordship's ancestor still remains safely and quietly deposited, *statu quo*, in the ox's hide.

At our return from Warwickshire, we had the pleasure to receive our friend Farmer, who had availed himself of a short vacation at Cambridge, to visit us, and meet a sister, who had come to town to pay her respects to a relative living in Golden-square. The Honourable and Rev. Mr. Byron, Prebendary of Durham, occupied the first floor of the house ; and was so captivated with the beauty of the young lady, as to make her an almost immediate offer of marriage. As we were all taken by surprise, it was necessary to make some inquiry ; and as our friend was so soon obliged to return to his college duties, the decisive answer was referred to us. Every thing appearing highly advantageous, an early acknowledgment was made of the honour proposed, and Miss Farmer was removed, at our earnest request, to Dean-street, Soho, with the full approbation of Mr. Byron.

My wife took her to several diversions, and the lover could not but frequently over-hear the admiration of that beauty which evidently was not laid on by art, but "by the soft and cunning hand of Nature." As Mr. Byron was impatient to secure the prize (for such she really proved to be) they were soon afterwards married from our house, and set out from thence for their elegant residence at Durham. My wife stood godmother to their first son, and at a public dinner at Cambridge, at the Duke of Gloucester's installation, he made inquiries after us, and sent a very polite message; and we had the pleasure of hearing that he was highly-respected at Trinity College, in that University.

The accounts of Farmer's family as hitherto given to the public are not quite accurate. His father dealt largely in malt, more advantageously, I believe, for his customers than for himself. He was always considered a strictly honest man. My learned friend had three brothers, and other sisters, besides Mrs. Byron; one brother was an officer in the Leicestershire militia, and was called Adjutant Farmer, much patronized at Belvoir castle, the Duke of Rutland being Colonel of the regiment, as well as Lord Lieutenant of our county; another was in trade at Leicester; and there was a third, who caused much uneasiness to his parents. He was clever, but very extravagant, and often occasioned embarrassments to them,

who always endeavoured, if possible, to extricate him from pecuniary difficulties ; besides, he gave great annoyance to his brother by writing his name Fermor, and endeavouring to engraft himself on the Pomfret family ; for all who were well acquainted with Farmer of Emmanuel well knew, that even with a real pretence he was the last man who would ever have wished to presume on any family distinction.

Farmer afterwards made a longer stay with us in Dean-street, and finding that I was engaged one evening to a Theatrical club, then held at Wright's Coffee-house, York-street, Covent-garden ; and that Foote, Holland, Powell, and several authors were members of it ; Farmer, always a man of fun and good humour, expressed a desire to accompany me, as he had never seen Foote. Luckily an immediate opportunity occurred of interesting the great Satirist in his favour. Foote gravely and very handsomely said, " I shall feel a particular pleasure in paying every attention to him as a friend of yours ; he is a man of talents, and I am well acquainted with his excellent " Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare ; " and indeed he kept his word ; for while Farmer staid, he did every thing in his power to make himself agreeable and entertaining.

Foote was not always inattentive to men of real abilities ; for when Gray and Mason once made some inquiries about places at his theatre in the

Haymarket, he immediately wrote a polite note to them ; and though the house was quite crowded, I saw that they were well accommodated with a front row in a side box : they duly estimated his attention, and mentioned it as it deserved on their return to Cambridge. Farmer was so much amused with his evening's entertainment, as to give an account of it, without reserve, to his college associates, and at last it reached our grave tutor, Mr. Hubbard, who rarely had a smile upon his countenance. He was quite shocked to hear of it, and very properly not only sent a reproof to his former pupil in town, but gave, in the college phrase, a very serious jobation to his own coadjutor, Mr. Farmer.

I staid much longer that night at the club than usual, and was glad that my friend had left in due time, for all afterwards was not quite so quiet and accordant. In the course of conversation I ventured to say, that I thought Monsr. Le Sage's "Devil upon two Sticks" was a good subject for stage buffoonery, and that from the story of the "Power of Friendship," which was introduced in it, something might be well extracted for a serious opera. Foote admitted the latter, but spoke with the utmost contempt of the former ; "it was," he urged, "without exception, the most absurd and nonsensical vehicle that could have been devised ; however, no more was ever heard of the "Power of Friendship," and the "Devil upon two

Sticks" was produced at his own summer theatre, where he himself was the hero.

Mr. Howard was of our party, and when he hinted something about printing a second edition of his "Thoughts and Maxims," Foote replied directly, with a sneer, "Right, Sir, Second Thoughts are often best;"—but when a gentleman, with whom he was more intimate, only quoted in jest some trifling circumstance about a game-leg, Foote maliciously replied, "Pray, Sir, make no allusion to my weakest part; did I ever attack your head?"

Foote, at times, spared neither friend nor foe. He had little regard for the feelings of others; if he thought of a witty thing that would create laughter, he said it. He had never availed himself of the good advice given by Henry the Fifth to Falstaff, "Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;" and of this I can give one notable example. If Foote ever had a serious regard for any one, it was for Holland, yet, at his death, or rather indeed after his funeral, he violated all decency concerning him. Holland was the son of a baker at Hampton, and on the stage was a close imitator of Garrick, who had such a respect for him, that he played the Ghost to his Hamlet merely to serve him at his benefit. Holland died rather young, and Foote attended as one of the mourners. He was really grieved; and the friend from whom I had the account, declared that his eyes were

swollen with tears ; yet when the gentleman said to him afterwards, " So, Foote, you have just attended the funeral of our dear friend Holland ; " Foote instantly replied, " Yes we have just shoved the little baker into his oven."

Another anecdote or two of this extraordinary man, may not be unacceptable. Foote by accident met an inferior person in the street, very like Dr. Arne, who to be sure, when full dressed, was sometimes rather a grotesque figure, and he contrived, I believe, not only to obtain some old clothes of the Doctor's, but likewise one of his cast-off wigs, and introduced the man on the stage to bring in music books, as an attendant on the Commissary. The house was all astonishment, and many began even to doubt of the absolute identity. The Doctor, of course, was most horribly annoyed ; but Foote put money into his pocket, which was all he cared for. Soon after he proceeded so far as to order wooden figures to be made for a puppet show, of which Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith were to be the leading characters. Goldsmith affected to laugh, though he seriously alluded to the circumstance in a letter to me, which will be hereafter annexed ; but the great Leviathan of literature was so much incensed at the report, as to purchase an immense oak cudgel, which he carried with him to Tom Davies's shop, and being there asked for what purpose that was intended, he sternly replied, " For

the castigation of vice upon the stage." This being immediately conveyed, as it was meant to be, Foote, I believe, was really intimidated, and the scheme, as to Them, was given up. It was then necessary to have recourse to other expedients, and other authors were selected as proper subjects for this despicable buffoonery. It was understood that Mrs. Yates was first thought of, as the heroine in "Piety in Pattens," and part of a dialogue was printed, in which she was made to regret, that if wooden actresses were once admitted, her services might hereafter be dispensed with; but Mr. Foote kindly informs her, that as she can occasionally put on a pretty melancholy face, he has no doubt but she would succeed excellently well at the tabernacle; especially if none of her friends, mentioning names, should be able to write any character that might be agreeable to her, at either of the winter theatres.

At this time Mr. Cumberland's Comedy of "The Fashionable Lover" was performing at Drury-lane, and my Tragedy of "Zobeide" at Covent-garden, which was expressly introduced there by Mrs. Yates. As Foote proceeded, the audience, which had before been displeased, became quite clamorous, and the piece was finally withdrawn, with no small danger to the interior of his theatre.

Meeting Foote the next morning in the Hay-market, he seemed a good deal disconcerted, and said, "You are not affronted, are you, that I

hinted at you last night in the comedy?" "Not in such good company, Mr. Foote; but I hear you rather burnt your fingers." "Singed them a little, perhaps," answered Foote; "but if we do not take liberties with our friends, with whom can we take liberties?" I only replied, "it is all very well, Sir, but I cannot entirely agree with your logic, though I am quite ready to accept your apology." This was the last time I ever saw this most facetious gentleman. It will be justly urged, perhaps, that such mere trifles as these should not be caught at and preserved, when much weightier and better matter has long since been suffered to sink and perish in the waters of oblivion, but

"Straws and feathers easily will fly,
And the light scale is sure to mount on high,
Thin air-blown bubbles with each breath are borne,
And wind will take the chaff, that leaves the corn."

I will trespass, however, with another circumstance relative to one of the members of our club. On returning from thence, the Rev. Mr. Rosenhagen overtook me, and accompanied me as far as Dean-street, Soho. He would force the subject of Junius's Letters upon me, said he knew I was intimate with both the Woodfalls, and mentioned many circumstances concerning the Letters. He did not appear to me to possess superior talents himself, but he was a busy meddling man, what the French term *un intrigant*; and I have no doubt

he was a negociator. The particulars did not occur to me till reminded by a paragraph, afterwards, in one of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, in which his lordship says, "Mr. Rosenhagen has been again with me this morning; but I will dip my pen no more in gall." Rosenhagen was a Fellow of St. John's College, and afterwards resided at Paris, at a great expense, but very few knew how, or from whence those funds were supplied.

Several passages in Junius's Letters have been compared with some in Lord Bolingbroke's Works, particularly in his "Patriot King," but many Living Authors might have been likewise readily resorted to. It was then asserted that as the style of those celebrated Letters was uniform, one person only could be concerned in writing them. To which a Wit at that time replied, "Not one, but Legion, for there are Many."—Many, I am sure, largely contributed to load the gun, though one only might draw the trigger.

It was thought strange at that time that, as Mr. Garrick always expressed a desire of being introduced to Farmer, I should rather cautiously avoid their meeting at my house; but the truth was, I knew that Garrick duly estimated his "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare," and I feared that his coarse manners would sink him in the estimation of the great Actor. Farmer, to speak plainly, absolutely mouthed a sentence, as

dogs mouth a bone, and he was not always averse from freely reciting passages of poetry in a mixed company. Garrick, it was well known, was a great mimick, and by his imitation at times, rendered Johnson abundantly ridiculous. He would, in Johnson's uncouth manner, growl over four lines of Gray's Bard, without articulating many of the words. Once, however, amongst some partial friends, after a supper in Southampton-street, I ventured to assure Garrick that I could give those lines of "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king," without articulating any word at all; and after a trial, this honourable palm was yielded up to me. Tom Davies monopolized Johnson's laugh, which was termed the laugh of a rhinoceros; but, in a plain dictatorial style, Mr. Nichols, from long acquaintance, could generally speak most like the venerable Luminary. Farmer, at the latter part of his life, kept very high company, and no man ever more profited by polite and refined society, and I may justly add, no man ever died in more friendly estimation.

Dr. Askew and Mr. Steevens were frequently at Emmanuel college when I was only an undergraduate, and there I first became acquainted with them. To the former I was indebted for a very early introduction to the Antiquarian Society, and to the latter for many pleasant and instructive hours passed amongst different authors of the first

celebrity. Steevens was the most indefatigable man I had ever met with. He would absolutely set out from his house at Hampstead, with the patrol, and walk to London before day-light, call up his barber in Devereux-court, at whose house he dressed, and when fully accoutred for the day, generally resorted to his friend Hamilton's, the well-known editor and printer of the "Critical Review."

My apartments were at that time in Southampton-street, opposite to Mr. Garrick, who sometimes would divert a few friends with a ludicrous story at my expense: "That I had staid out so very late one night at the Piazza coffee-house; that at my return I had disturbed Mrs. Garrick and his whole neighbourhood; so much so, indeed, that he was afraid he must have called for the watch."

Part of this story might be correct; but Mrs. Garrick owned to whom it was indebted for its embellishments. The whole truth was, that the lady of the house where I lodged, was built on a very large scale, and in her hurry to let me in, by some accident or other fell down in the passage, and could not readily be got up again; and I believe, that growing rather impatient, I possibly might call out very vociferously, till the lady could be safely removed; and that the husband, who was seriously disturbed, became angry, and absolutely declared, that his wife at

no future time should sit up so very late for the lodger.

As soon as breakfast was dispatched, the scene was generally changed to Fleet-street; for Dr. Johnson had then declared, that "the world, the busy world at least, was Fleet-street; and that no one who had much business to transact, but must, once or twice a year at least, pass through it."

Long, however, before I arrived, Mr. Steevens and others had been writing or examining proof-sheets at Hamilton's, who was naturally of a quiet disposition, and who suffered himself too frequently to be incommoded by us all. First one dropped in, then another, till the room was nearly full of bibliopolists: nor was this all the annoyance; for serious disputes would sometimes arise about purchases and prices, as all the parties were more or less gamesters in literature; but perhaps to the uninitiated a little rough sketch of this bull and bear exchange, at high tide, may not be unacceptable:

"Your large paper copy of 'Grævius and Gronovius,' bound in vellum, that was bought in France, was a good speculation, if the work is perfect."

"It is, I can assure you, for I have paid no small sum to have it examined and collated, page by page, at Baker's, and he can ascertain particulars."

"I know very well where and how you pro-

cured that first edition of Suetonius, and what you gave for it ; but, they say, it is the pirated copy."

" They say then, Sir, what is false ; for it is the genuine one, and invaluable. It is ' in Mense sextuli Pauli,' which is the only criterion."

" Why Dr. Askew, I find, sent down on purpose, to Leicester, to secure that little Homer that was Jackson's, and gave ten guineas for it ; however, when it arrived, he found it was not so good as his own ; so he burnt it immediately, and now proclaims his own to be unique."

" To be sure Askew's library is immense ; but there are two long-continued shelves of classics belonging to Bishop Keppel, for which alone I would give two thousand guineas ; they are, without exception, the best bound and best conditioned books in London."

" Askew's collection certainly is the most abundant ; however, he can dispense with no more ; for his passages are full ; nay even his garrets overflow."

" Yes," adds a by-stander, " and so indeed would half Queen-square, before his book-appetite would be satiated."

" Pray, Sir," says a very grave-looking gentleman that stood near us, " did you ever meet with any more specimens of translations of the Psalms for Dr. Percy ; he has for a long time possessed near forty, and begins to think that no more are extant."

“No, but I have picked up what is much better for him, a complete Spanish novel, very scarce indeed, and which is several times alluded to in Don Quixote.”

“Steevens, you are always so snug about your purchases, that I never make any inquiries of you concerning any of them.”

“Why then,” says Steevens, “I’ll tell you; I am going from hence to Whitechapel, where I have purchased a whole shop, and I shall be engaged chief part of the day in examining and sorting my treasures.”

“I am walking that way myself, but only as far as White’s, for I am obliged to return here, as I am about bargaining for the sale of some black-letter books, which are now wanted for the King’s library; and this, you know, is the critical time to make the most of them.”

“But, gentlemen,” at last exclaims Mr. Hamilton, losing all patience, “you surely must forget my occupation. I am exceedingly sorry to interrupt you; but the truth is, my workmen got drunk on Monday, and did not come at all on Tuesday. It is now the last week in the month, and I am in terrible arrears for the completion of my Review.”

This remonstrance had at last its due effect; and I believe all the ducks waddled safe out of this alley, without a defaulter.

The foregoing, however, is by no means the picture of the present day. By the great influx of books brought from the Continent since the French revolution, the value has greatly changed, and many considered as very rare before, are now quite superseded. A dealer of the old school has always stored up an "Aulus Gellius," of the Variorum Classics, as very curious, but has since found that there are two more copies in London. But some amends have been made to him, by ascertaining that his edition of a portion of Cicero's works is greatly enhanced in price. Correct indexes with nearly a just estimation, are now readily to be met with; and the Catalogues Raisonnées of the French should be followed up in England, which likewise give some criterion as to the interior, and there are certainly now in London more professional gentlemen and booksellers, who possess an accurate knowledge of all sorts of books, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It will be urged that the libraries abroad have been so completely ransacked, that few valuable productions can now be expected. That is not clearly the case. Dr. Clarke made a catalogue of fine classics which he had met with in Spain, but no one has yet explored the treasures still concealed in the closed cabinets of the Escorial.

In early life I took great pleasure in making hasty sketches of picturesque situations, and indeed I had collected many materials, with a

view to publishing a regular "Essay on Landscape Gardening," but other avocations interfering, I only threw out a volume of letters, entitled "Village Memoirs," in which Strictures on that subject were introduced. They were given as papers written by a deceased friend, under the fictitious name of Arlington. The book ran rapidly through four editions, and was praised by the Critical and Monthly Reviewers, who were unwilling, perhaps, to discourage a young beginner. Many remarks, however, on Landscape Gardening, on my mended judgment, I wish now again to offer to the public. Several of the scarce books therein referred to, were kindly supplied by my friend Dr. Percy, and in return I revised for him the description of the Leasowes, which he had never seen, and had only taken it from scattered papers, as communicated by Dodsley. The whole is now printed at the end of Shenstone's Letters, and I hope with the strictest accuracy.

It has been asserted that Dr. Percy sustained great losses at the fire at Northumberland-house; but I was present when his apartments were in flames, and can now explicitly declare that all his books and papers were safely removed.

Any additional Essay by me on Landscape Gardening has been amply superseded by a publication by the Rev. George Mason, which was reprinted in the year 1795, and in which many of

my strictures have been ably and most kindly reviewed. I never heard of this revisal, till after the decease of the author, and have therefore only to lament that I had no opportunity of offering my most grateful acknowledgments.

“Landscapes are also to be found in Theocritus and Callimachus. But Homer does not barely exhibit rural scenery ; he describes its effect on the imagination :

“About Calypso's cave grew vig'rous springs
Of alder and abele, and fragrant groves
Of cypress : wide-wing'd birds had nested there,
Loud-cawing flights, frequenters of the main.
All o'er the cavern'd rock a sprouting vine
Laid forth ripe clusters. Hence four limpid founts
Nigh to each other ran, in rills distinct
Huddling along with many a playful maze.
Around them the soft meads profusely bloom'd
Fresh violets and balms. Celestial God,
When in the scene, might well with wonder gaze,
And at his inmost soul delight conceive.

Odyss. b. v. ver. 63.

“The author of ‘Village Memoirs’ first, I believe, pointed out to the public Homer's talent for landscape, as shewn in the foregoing passage ; but it certainly gave some hints to Milton for his formation of Adam's paradise. Not to insist on less decisive marks of imitation, the following lines clearly copy Homer :

Another side umbrageous grotts, and caves
 Of cool recess ; o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant.

Paradise Lost, b. iv. ver. 257.

“ What induced me to mention this, was never having met with the least notice of so plain an imitation in any comment on Milton.”

I was afterwards much interested in taking sketches, with short descriptions, of fine situations in Leicestershire only. This arose from the declaration of Mr. Gilpin, that we possessed none ; whereas there are many, particularly near the extremities (probably never examined by him), which may justly vie with some of the most celebrated in the kingdom. My latest efforts on this pleasing subject were the two following poems, the one, to oblige a friend, for his cottage, and the other, to be inscribed on a building placed on the margin of a lake in one of the Midland Counties.

INSCRIPTION.

CONTENTMENT IN A COTTAGE.

Here let us live in lowly guise,
 Though poor, content ; though humble, wise ;
 Unvex'd by Envy's serpent train,
 Rejoicing at another's gain ;
 Grateful, though slender be our lot,
 But independent in a cot.

What though the bleak winds hideous roar,
 Our honest earnings deck the floor,

Our shed each natural want supplies,
Not torn by piteous infants' cries ;
Let those who scorn this calm retreat,
Eat the loath'd refuse of the Great.

My wife, though clad in mantle grey,
Can still her faithful toils display,
Our planked table still can spread
With coarse, but unadulterate bread ;
And both can wait for that abode
Where worldly cares shall rest in God.

Thus our last hour-glass meekly run,
Our offspring meet a rising sun,
To his bright beams their homage pay,
And pass, like us, life's little day ;
Like us, at night, to home repair,
And blest, like us, Contentment share.

Perhaps, when e'en this cot is gone,
Nor left one monumental stone,
Some mournful tribute still may stray,
Some tender cypress strew the way ;
Some sigh may heave a kindred breast,
And soothe our parting souls to rest.

Perhaps, e'en here, some rural muse
Her modest moral shall infuse,
Struck with the theme, her voice shall raise,
To spread the palm of honest praise,
Trembling, shall dare her honours to display,
And time approving consecrate the lay.

INSCRIPTION

*For a Building on the Banks of a Lake in one of the
Midland Counties.*

Hail, shadowy lake! whose gliding wave serene,
Reflects the beauties of the varying scene!
Here let the Muse her humble vigils keep,
And quaff the gales from yon impending steep;
Here let the year her early fragrance fling,
And glitt'ring plumage dip the hasty wing;
Here on the brink Pomona's blossoms glow,
And finny myriads sparkle from below;
Here let the mind at peaceful anchor rest,
And Heaven's own sunshine cheer the guiltless breast.

The following is an extract from "Village Memoirs, in a series of letters between a Clergyman in the country, and his Son in town."

"To MR. PAULET.

"DEAR CHARLES,

"I was in hopes to have found more remarks of Mr. Arlington's on Gardening, &c. than I am at present able to send you—he evidently intended to have said more on architecture, which is absolutely necessary likewise to be thoroughly understood by the complete master of modern design.

"From these papers you will see what notions the ancients held of gardening in general; but should you ever wish to dive into further particulars, I will shew you a most curious book on that

subject, which I have by me; the title of it is "Stengel de Horto;" mine is the second edition, printed in 1650. There are a thousand different receipts to make paradises; and his account of the gardens in Italy will much divert you: indeed I suspect that the Italian gardens are not much improved since the days of Phlaumeren. In regard to the French gardens, you may look over a book, intituled, "*Voyage Pittoresque des Environs des Paris, par M. D.*" He begins, as you would suppose a Frenchman to begin, with saying, 'Ce n'est point un paradoxe, d'avancer que les plus beaux jardins de l'Europe sont ceux de France.' I was surprised to find in Maundrell's Travels, that there was so much genuine taste among the Turks.

"Since Lord Kaimes and Mr. Shenstone published their remarks, there has appeared a little essay on Design in Gardening, by a gentleman of the Temple, and an octavo volume of Observations, written by Mr. Wh—ley; both of them books of merit, but the latter, I think, is too full of technical terms for a novice to engage in.

"Mr. Arlington differs in opinion from Mr. Ma—son, in regard to avenues—this is combating great authority; but if I were to decide, I should be so old-fashioned as to give my verdict against the poet. But you will say, what is all this to me, who perhaps may never have ten acres of ground in my possession, or ever cultivate any thing better than potatoes or cabbages;—this may be very true,

but I would be equally able to feel, and to make proper remarks, and to exclaim, in the words of Goldsmith, ‘ that lawns, lakes, towns, fields, and woods

‘ For me their tributary stores combine ;
Creation’s heir, the world, the world is mine.’

“ I am your ever affectionate father,
“ *Marleston.* ROBERT PAULET.”

STRICTURES ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

From Mr. Arlington’s Papers.

Τότε γὰρ ἡ τέχνη τέλειος ἦν, ὅτε ἐκ φύσεως εἶναι δοκῇ, ἡ δ’ αὖ φύσις ἐπιτελής, ὅταν λαθάνουσαν περιέχῃ τὴν τέχνην. LONGINUS.

“ GARDENING (says an ingenious author *) was at first an useful art ;” but “ Eden † was calculated for pleasure, and a life of labour succeeded not till after the fall.

“ In modern language, the garden of Alcinous might be but a kitchen-garden,” yet, as Eustathius observes, “ ornament was sought for even there, however unsuccessfully,” unless we suppose the description given by Homer to be wholly poetical, and made at the pleasure of the painter, like the little island of Phœacia.”

It would not be of much importance to inquire whether the gardens of Babylon were brought into use by Semiramis, Cyrus, or Belus—we find in

* Lord Kaimes.

† Sir William Temple.

general that they were terraces one above the other, carried up to the height of the wall of the city, and planted with stately trees, in imitation of the hanging woods, which Amyite had been accustomed to in the mountainous parts of Media.

As the gardens of Solomon were chiefly calculated for magnificence, and those of the Hesperides celebrated for the excellence of their fruit only, I shall venture to suppose the dawn of taste to rise with the old bard in his description of Calypso's bower.

Without the grôt, a various sylvan scene
 Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
 Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
 And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
 Four limpid fountains from the cliffs distil,
 And every fountain pours a several rill,
 In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill;
 Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
 And glowing violets threw odours round;
 A scene, where if a god should cast his sight,
 A god might gaze, and wonder with delight.

POPE'S *Odyssey*.

It is not improbable, says Sir William Temple, but that the most refined pleasures of invention descended earlier into Lower Asia from Damascus and Assyria—but as these nations abounded not with heroes, the poets make little or no mention of them.

—It has been supposed, that Epicurus was the first who introduced gardens into Greece; but

Pliny assures us, he was only the first who had a garden within the city of Athens, whereas before his time they were without the walls, like the *Horti Suburbani* of the Romans.

In such retreats this great philosopher gave the most shining precepts of morality, however misrepresented by the Stoics, or mistaken by those gross pretenders to his sect, who conceived pleasure to consist only in sensuality—they served the two purposes of assembling the philosopher's pupils for instruction, and of furnishing them, as Cowley well expresses it, "with cheap and virtuous luxury."

Nor was this luxury confined merely to the philosophers. The greatest warriors sought for hours of reflection in such retirements, and the same hands were employed in the service of agriculture, which had raised and supported the glory of their country.

Though utility was chiefly sought for in the gardens of the philosophers, yet Virgil's description of the Elysian fields affords a most beautiful specimen of bold imagery and rich design. "The full green of the woods—the gaily illuminated lawn, the grove with the rapid river issuing from it; the dusky thickets, the fresh meads watered with rills, the sequestered vale rendered more solemn by the thick wood, and placid stream."—His account likewise of the old Corycian's gardens makes us greatly lament, that haste should have

deprived the world of his masterly instructions on a subject he so much admired. Father Harduin, indeed, in his notes on Pliny, thinks the loss is amply made up to us by his brother Jesuit's Poem on Gardening, which he puts even in competition with the Georgics.

In England we have ever, till of late, most servilely copied our methods of gardening from the Italians, French, Flemish, or Dutch, all of whom indeed seem to have offered nothing better in the construction of them, than "clipt hedges, parterres, squirting fountains, true-love knots, and flourishes." Sir William Temple seems much delighted with the taste brought in by King William, of which the evergreen quarter at Kensington remains a specimen; and offers Moore-park, in Hertfordshire, as the perfectest figure of a garden he ever saw—indeed he allows there may be other forms admitted wholly irregular, but they must owe their beauty to some extraordinary dispositions of nature.

Lord Bacon does not like images cut out in juniper, or other garden-stuff—"they be for children," says he—"but can approve of little low hedges cut round like welts, with some pretty pyramids; and in some places fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work."

Mr. Pope severely ridicules the invasion of nature, but proposes a place to be copied from, which in his time partook largely of the old absurdities; and whose beauties were but trifling

and puerile. Stowe, when compared with Versailles, might demand some share of admiration; but immense would be the distance from that genuine taste which Shenstone "and nature have brought us acquainted with." *

Stowe, indeed, under its modern improvements, may be considered as a very fine specimen of taste and design, particularly by those who are unacquainted with the exquisite elegance—I had almost said, the absolute perfection of Lord Scarsdale's.

"It seems to me," says Lord Kaimes, "far from an exaggeration, that good professors are not more essential to a college than a spacious garden, which ought to be tempered with simplicity, rejecting sumptuous and glaring ornaments; in this respect the university of Oxford may be deemed a perfect model."

* Dr. Hurd, in his "Letters on Chivalry and Romance," says, "which KENT and Nature have brought us acquainted with." He here alludes to those elegant lines taken from a Poem, entitled, "The Enthusiast, or Lover of Nature, and written by Dr. Joseph Warton, in 1740."

Can Kent design like Nature? mark where Thames
Plenty and pleasure pours through Lincoln's meads.
Can the great artist, though with taste supreme
Endued, one beauty to this Eden add?
Though he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns
Formality and method — round and square,
Disdaining plans irregularly great."

Dodsley's Collection of Poems, vol. iii. p. 117, large Ed.

That the gardens of Oxford may be as useful and efficacious as those of ancient Greece and Rome, for the purposes of study and application, I will by no means presume to deny; but they are certainly as artificial as their buildings, but not ill adapted, perhaps, for the purposes of exercise, and the learned disputations of sages and philosophers.

“Regularity,” says the same author, “is required in that part of a garden which joins the dwelling-house.” — The beauties of a dwelling-house arise from regularity and proportion, but the works of art and nature have a different destination. Utility would suffer, if the ground was not polished near the dwelling; but this polish, to speak philosophically, should be, I think inversely, as the distance.

Mr. Burke doubts “whether beauty be at all an idea belonging to proportion.” Surely the effect produced by it in architecture strikes even a common eye with pleasure. The instance produced from vegetables is not much to the purpose; for it will appear from an accurate survey, that there is more regularity in the parts of flowers than is commonly imagined. Their forms indeed are infinitely varied, but in the same plant nature seldom deviates from the laws of proportion, and some of our best botanists have actually founded much of their systems upon the proportion of the parts. So far therefore from supposing no beauty

to result from proportion, we may infer that some part at least of the beauty even of vegetables arises from it.

It is supposed by modern rules that all avenues of course must be cut down ; but I am far from thinking that they may not frequently remain to great advantage ; they must be long and wide, and should properly lead to a Gothic castle, tower, or any other large and ancient building. I know it has been said,* “ that avenues of a moderate length are far grander, and that a true artist should always put a generous deceit on the spectator ; ” but though perspective will lessen greatness in height as it gains in length, yet I think it is equally certain that the Duke of Montagu’s avenues will be considered as far more grand than those in St. James’s park.

In regard to what is here said of avenues, the Rev. George Mason, author of the *Essay on Design in Gardening*, a work before alluded to, has been pleased, amongst many other favourable remarks, to add, that “ *Village Memoirs* ” is the title of an epistolary novel, which came out in 1775, and contains ‘ *Strictures on Landscape Gardening* ’. Nothing in these *Strictures*,” says he, “ is the least alluded to by my prefixt advertisement. This author’s literary conduct towards the *Essay* was perfectly ingenuous. His publication I have

* Burke, on the Sublime and Beautiful.

referred to more than once, but will take the liberty of extracting a few other passages, because they will shew the opinion of a writer twenty years ago on some of the same points, which two more gentlemen of distinguished taste have delivered their sentiments upon in 1794." He then proceeds, "I hear of nothing but statues, obelisks, gazebos, terminations, and a laurel-belt." p. 79.

"I turn away my eyes from false ornament, to contemplate nature herself in a simple farm, unbroke in upon by a Mr. Layout." p. 82.

To remedy the ill effects of a straight line, a uniform curve is now adopted; but alteration is not always improvement, and the line of beauty, the soft undulating line of Nature, may be better caught from the track of the milk-maid to her cow, or the hare to its form, than from all the rules of professed designers.

"Grandeur may possibly be enforced by surprise;" but propriety will suffer for it. A magnificent building will certainly appear more magnificent after viewing a cottage; but where is the connection between a dairy and a Chinese temple, a rustic seat and a Grecian altar?

We rarely see the whole of a building, with its furniture, confined to one expression; some minute article is for ever giving us disgust. We view an hermitage for instance; from the gloomy entrance into it, the crucifix and other emblems placed in order, the straw bed and old seat, we

are so struck with the solemnity of the scene that we are even in expectation of seeing the holy anchorite himself approach to meet us ; till all of a sudden a modern dining-table perhaps presents itself to view, and at once destroys all our enthusiasm. How different this, from the taste of him who thought of only putting a few rude planks together, and carving upon them the signs of the Zodiac !

Elevations of the different parts of Blenheim-house, when viewed separately on paper, are not unworthy of the greatest architect, but when taken together, the whole appears as a most heavy pile of building ; there is no contrast, no relief ; though Mr. Pope, perhaps, made too severe a remark when he called it “ a quarry of stones above ground.” The park and adjoining territory are certainly laid out to great advantage, and as to the water, Brown might almost be allowed ostentatiously to exclaim, as he did, “ Thames, thou wilt never forgive me !”

Many of our modern houses have been built from Italian models, without the least reference or conformity to the change of country. On account of heat in Italy, it is necessary to have but few windows. This must ever make a building not only appear heavy, but of course produce a contrary effect to that which ought to be sought for in a northern clime ; besides, windows in

England are of themselves a great ornament, where they are always glazed, and not unfrequently with the finest plate glass.

It was not always a specimen of bad taste in our ancestors that they built their houses in a valley, and moated them round about. Safety, in those times was principally to be considered; and improvements in mechanics had not then enabled them to live with equal convenience above hill as below.

The common opinion at present is, that a house cannot have too much prospect; but I would carefully distinguish between looking at, and overlooking objects. The summit may be very proper for an observatory, but not always for a dwelling house; from which all objects, I think, should be seen distinctly, without the aid of a telescope.

“A garden on a flat,” it is said, “ought to be highly and variously ornamented, in order to occupy the mind, and prevent its regretting the insipidity of an uniform plain.”

The effect of such a walk is most admirably exemplified in Mr. Garrick’s polished ground at Hampton; but surely it would have been time enough to have represented Shakspeare there, in stone or marble, when the very genius of Shakspeare no longer presided.

Ornaments should always be very carefully suited, for to dress up trifling subjects in grand and exalted expressions, will in the end only make them appear the more contemptible.

Prior elegantly states, that the difficulty is in drawing and disposing, or, as the painters term it, in grouping such a multitude of different objects, so as to preserve still the justice and conformity of style and colouring in regard to the whole."

There will always be a material difference where the master himself is possessed of a fine taste, when compared with that of any hireling. He will more co-operate with nature; he has a better opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the genius of his own place; a difference not to be explained on paper, perhaps, but strongly to be felt at the Leasowes, at Cobham, at Arbory, and Kedleston.

No wonder that our taste in England is still to be condemned, since most of our largest gardens are laid out by some general undertaker, who, regardless of the peculiar beauties of each situation, introduces the same objects at the same distances in all.

Art should ever be timid of overstepping the modesty of nature, for any thing over-done is from the purpose; and though it may make the unskilful admire, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one (as Shakespeare observes to the actors) must, in your allowance, outweigh a whole theatre of others."

I have always been much pleased with Bacon's remark, that "when ages grow to civility and ele-

gancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely ;" as if gardening were the greater perfection.

A fine taste in gardening, has not till lately been much estimated. Ben Jonson coldly says, " In a meadow, though the mere grass and greenness delights, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify." And Sidney only admits, that about the place he was speaking, such sorts of trees grew, as either excellency of fruit, stateliness of growth, greenness, or poetical fancies have made at any time famous." Evelyn, indeed, is willing to declare, that " the life and felicity of an excellent Gardener is preferable to all other diversions."

Gardening then, in its highest stage of improvement, is of the nature of an epic poem ; " The plan," says Dryden, " must be great, entire, and one. Even the least portions must have a reference to the whole. Nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling conceits which bad poets, or bad gardeners, are always ready to introduce ; by which the observer is misled into another sort of pleasure opposite to that which is designed in the general plan ; one conduces to the designer's aims, the completing of his work ; the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his main adventure."—In short, as Pope says,

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot.
Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answ'ring parts, shall slide into a whole.

It may be thought rather presumptuous, perhaps, to reprint the foregoing hints, but they may at least serve to shew the great improvements that have been made in modern gardening. A few instances of better taste have begun to prevail in Italy, since so many English have made purchases of territory there; and even in France, in 1786, I found that a large tract of ground, through a fine wood, had been well laid out near Rambouillet. I had been previously informed of this by a judicious friend, and though often disappointed, I determined to deviate a little in my route from Vendôme to Versailles, and make another experiment, and in *this* I was not disappointed. The Queen had just fitted up some elegant apartments there, and the new walk had been made by an English artist, under her Majesty's own direction, which proved her good taste; but when I asked the gentleman who shewed the place, whether the French admired this specimen of natural gardening, he nicely evaded my question, by saying, "French company, Sir, are so much taken up with other amusements here, that they have no leisure to seek pleasure at so great a distance from the palace."

The following Apothegms, as originally printed from Mr. Arlington's Papers, with two Poems, will conclude the extracts.

I.

Addison, a man of great judgment in other branches of literature, is scarce ever right when he criticises the old English language.

II.

No man can properly criticise Milton who has not carefully studied Euripides*.

III.

There ought to be an Act of Parliament against burying authors of eminence under their own ruins—Swift will soon be an example of this.

IV.

It has been objected against studying Thucydides, that he wrote a large folio comprising only a very short period—the time indeed is short, but the writer made ample amends by the force of his descriptions, and the sublimity of his style—and it is a sufficient encomium, perhaps, to say, that he was studied by Demosthenes, and imitated by Sallust.

V.

Mr. Pope's Essay on Man is certainly a very masterly performance in point of poetry; but the

* Mr. Arlington here probably alludes to "Sampson Agonistes," many passages of which appear evidently to be borrowed from thence.

philosophy contained in it is flimsy and unconnected.

VI.

Sterne will be immortal when Rabelais and Cervantes are forgot—they drew their characters from the particular genius of the times—Sterne confined himself to nature only.

VII.

Till my uncle Toby appeared, I had used to assert, that no character was ever better drawn than that of Sir Roger de Coverly.

VIII.

How much soever the ancients might abound in elegance of expression—their works are very thinly spread with sentiment.

IX.

Education should be the mirror of former prejudices.

X.

A man by swearing may draw down a curse upon himself, but never one upon his neighbour.

XI.

It is said by Tacitus, that men lose their respect for you in proportion to the favours you bestow—but as few perhaps know how to give with delicacy as others to receive with proper gratitude.

XII.

The Parliament of England is formed in a manner not totally dissimilar from that of the ancient

Council of Amphictyons *, or, as it is called by Demosthenes, the whole Hellenic body.

XIII.

The character of the King of Prussia, in many of the most remarkable strokes of it, strongly resembles that of Philip of Macedon.

* The general attention of this assembly, and the invariable object of all its modellers and directors, was to form a complete representative of all Greece ; as the good of each individual was subservient to that of the community, so the good of each community was considered as subordinate to that of the whole nation. Their *Ανὴρ πολιτικός* was the man who considered himself as a member of the State, who submitted his conduct to the laws, who acted intirely under their direction, who gained popularity, not by flattering the people, but by procuring their good ; on the other hand the inhabitants did not confine their regards to their own private affairs, they did not consider public difficulties merely as they affected their own tranquillity, or that of their families ; they were taught to regard their country as a common mother, to whom they belonged, no less than to their natural parents. While these principles preserved their due vigour and influence, Greece continued a really united body, happy in itself, and formidable to its enemies ; but as soon as the nation began to degenerate, its representative of course shared in the corruption ; and this degeneracy increased so fast, that at length, we read, that most of those who were deputed to sit in this once famous Council of Amphictyons, were so corrupt, that they even came prepared to earn the wages of iniquity ; to devote themselves entirely to the service of the crafty and the enterprising, who could pay them most liberally, without regard to their own honour, the interest of the community, or the general good of Greece. *Vide B. of Meaux, Leland, and other authors.*

XIV.

True politeness is the unaffected result of good nature and good sense.

XV.

County races are meetings where the men assemble to quarrel about horses, and the women about precedence.

XVI.

Plausibility is a more marketable quality than good sense.

XVII.

The man who bids fairest for success, as candidate for any office where the public is principally concerned, is not he who has most friends, but he who has fewest enemies—not he whose talents raise an idea of superiority, but he whose mediocrity gives no offence.

XVIII.

Ambitious men who meet with disappointments, either become quite desperate, or sink into a state of indolence and insensibility.

XIX.

“What you please,” means, I expect much more than I can in reason ask for.

XX.

How frequently a man draws his own character best, when he means to give you that of another person!

XXI.

In Universities we see the triumph of learning

over wealth—in manufacturing towns the triumph of wealth over literature.

XXII.

No age ever gave stronger proofs of the certainty of a future state than the present, by the triumph of vice over virtue and religion.

XXIII.

There is no instance, but in religion, where it is a compliment to approve the profession, and abuse the practice.

XXIV.

A malevolent man is always very lavish in his encomiums on the dead, because he thinks it is an insult to the living.

XXV.

Mirth compared with cheerfulness is as the huzza of a mob to the sober applause of a thinking people.

XXVI.

As religion rises in speculation, it will lose in practice.

XXVII.

Metaphysics, however useful to detect the subtilty of the arguments of others, are often very detrimental to the proficients in them—Reason herself may be lost by refinement.

XXVIII.

A good text and a dull discourse, is like turning up an ace at whist, and not having another card that can win a trick.

XXIX.

The world generally asserts, that spendthrifts have but half the fortune they really have, and that misers have at least twice as much.

XXX.

Young men are encouraged to take up general history much sooner than they ought.—I would have them strongly impressed with moral virtues, before they venture to read so dreadful a detail of crimes and misfortunes.

XXXI.

Foreign travel is knowledge to a wise man, and foppery to a fool.

XXXII.

Man cannot be engaged in a deeper science than that of himself.

XXXIII.

Fashion is not only the greastest tyrant, but the greatest impostor.

XXXIV.

A man of bad morals can never be a patriot; for being destitute of virtue himself, he must ever wish to make his country like his own heart, the seat of anarchy and confusion.

XXXV.

Some authors boast that they always write in haste—but what is this but in other words to say, that they are possessed of such wonderful talents, that the world may easily compound for error and neglect.

XXXVI.

We frequently condemn old people for their love of pleasure and company—but surely the morning of life is best suited to business, the evening to society.

XXXVII.

Abuse is that tax which merit must always pay for its superiority.

XXXVIII.

In party disputes the prize is given to the most violent—but violence, we know, is the child of error.

XXXIX.

Elections to Borough towns, are like April suns to a dunghill.

XL.

Was it not well said, that Good-nature, like the God of Nature, was not always extreme to mark what was done amiss?

XLI.

Men often complain of the fickleness of fortune—the error lies in their mistaking her benefits for perpetual gifts, instead of being grateful for a temporary loan.

XLII.

Because Plato “reasoned well,” Cato is said to have fallen on his sword.—I fear it is because our modern infidels reason ill, that they so frequently become suicides.

The two following Elegies were printed as from Mr. Arlington's papers. The former was first published in Dodsley's Annual Register, vol. xiv.

E L E G Y,

To a Lady who wished not to hear the Toll of a Bell on the Evening of the late Princess Dowager's Funeral.

AND why not hear the sound of yonder Bell ?

Ah ! why from serious thought for ever fly ?

It tolls a sober, awful, solemn knell,

A wish'd-for knell to immortality.

Think not a round of folly's mad career

Can always shield thee from reflection's pow'r :

The young, the fond, the rich, the gay, must fear,

Too long regardless of an awful hour.

Think not, that beauteous form which now you wear,

That glow of crimson, those inspiring eyes,

Must linger ever here—they all declare—

They speak aloud, their kindred to the skies.

Do not the hour, the day, the month, the year,

All in their course expire, but all renew ?

All nature shews, alas ! a prospect drear,

All nature shews there's happiness in view.

Long lost in storms do mariners repine,

When the glad pilot distant land descries ?

Ah ! see them eager trace the solid line,

See their hopes kindle as the objects rise.

And shall my Fair with brightest hopes in store,

Not once look up beyond this earthly clod ?

Shall she alone her destiny deplore,

Her anchor, heaven ; and her pilot, God ?

E L E G Y

To a Lady on her Marriage.

DARK was the grove, and sullen all the scene,
The sun scarce chas'd the billowy clouds of night,
No swains, nor maids, nor wood-nymphs now were seen;
The frolicks and the loves had ta'en their flight.

Again the howling desert threaten'd storms,
Again bleak horrors widow'd all the plain;
Sad contemplation pictured hideous forms;
And winter gloom'd a solitary reign.

But lo! she came to brighten ev'ry hour,
To cure sick fancy with its cares oppress,
Unknown to none but to herself, the power
Of cheering all beneath her influence blest.

Oh! may that power remain to deck the year,
Nor shed its blossoms ere maturely blown!
No grasp unhallow'd the rich branches tear,
Ere to the world their genuine fruits are known!

So shalt thou live in this ill-omen'd age,
A star benign to gild the wanderer's way,
Fair science raise, and deck her glowing page,
Its fairest theme, thy radiance and thy sway.

But now to continue my desultory narrative,
from which, perhaps, I have too long digressed.

Whilst I resided in Dean-street, I frequently passed an evening with my friends at Nando's Coffee-house, where I met Mr. Thurlow, Mr. Wheeler, and many others from the Temple; for, as the phrase went, there was no one who could supply coffee or punch better than Mrs. Humphries; and her fair daughter was always admired at the Bar, and by the Bar.

She had afterwards, however, it is too well known, a very difficult part to act through life; but she always studied to make a man happy, whose capricious temper caused him frequently to be quite otherwise; and though unfortunately circumstanced from this early connection, she devoted herself to bringing up two daughters in the strictest paths of virtue and religion.

Much good company adhered to this coffee-house; even the Hon. and most respectable Mr. Howard, after he became Earl of Suffolk, condescended to come to the east of Temple-bar in an evening, and associate with his old companions.

Having no shelter in a profession, I was, soon after my marriage, obliged to serve as High Sheriff for Leicestershire, and a law difficulty arising in the county, I immediately applied to my friend Mr. Thurlow for advice, which he readily supplied; but neither then, nor afterwards, would he ever accept a fee.

With his brother likewise I had the honour to be intimate, and more than once had the pleasure

of receiving him, when Bishop of Lincoln, at my house, with Dr. Beevor, who officiated as Chancellor, after their Visitation at Leicester. The Bishop, from early life, was strongly attached to his brother, and had a particular pleasure amongst select friends to talk over and recount his sayings and singularities, and of the latter there were not a few. Soon after Mr. Thurlow was made Lord Chancellor, he addressed his brother in the following words : “ Tom, there is to be a drawing-room on Thursday, where I am obliged to attend, and as I have purchased Lord Bathurst’s coach, but have no leisure to give orders about the necessary alterations, do you see and get all ready for me.” The Bishop, always anxious to obey the “*sic volo, sic jubeo*,” of his brother, immediately bestirred himself, and every thing was considered as completed in due time ; but when the carriage came to the door, the Bishop found that Lord Bathurst’s arms had never been altered, and knowing his brother’s hasty temper, he happily hit immediately on the only expedient to prevent a storm : the door was held open till the Lord Chancellor arrived, and as soon as he was seated and had fully examined the interior, he stretched out his hand, and most kindly exclaimed, “ Brother, the whole is finished entirely to my satisfaction, and I thank you.” The same expedient, as to the door, was resorted to again at his return

from St. James's, and of course no time was lost to remedy all defects.

I was in the neighbourhood of Great Ormond-street, when a body of Presbyterians made an application to the Lord Chancellor for his assistance, that some Statutes should be altered, or some disabilities taken off. He received the deputation with great civility, but in his own blunt manner replied, "Why, gentlemen, if your old sour Religion had been the Establishment, I might have complied, but as it is not, you cannot expect me to accede to your request." Some turned away with a smile, others in anger, and one of the deputation, when retiring, declared, rather loudly, that he thought his lordship's answer was highly improper and indecorous; but another instantly replied, "Not at all, my friend, I rather think his lordship speaks exactly the truth; for I question, on a strict examination, whether you can trace any real specimens of the true old breed of sour Presbyterians now left in the metropolis; they are all melted down into a hundred other sects, and rise again under as many different denominations and distinctions."

Many stories of Thurlow's rudeness have been in general circulation, but it should be fairly stated, that he was ever more cautious of speaking offensively amongst inferiors, than amongst the great, where he sometimes, indeed, seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in giving proofs of his

excessive vulgarity. Dr. Johnson was pleased to say, "that he must always think, before he replied to the Lord Chancellor;" and, I believe, they had a mutual respect for each other; but I was always more afraid of Johnson than Thurlow; for though the latter sometimes was very rough and coarse, yet the decisive stroke of the former left a mortal wound behind it, and with all my veneration for the memory of the great Moralist (which I shall ever retain), yet I must freely own, that I cannot recollect any answer of Thurlow's half so rude as one of Johnson's to a gentleman in the very porch of Lichfield Cathedral. He might, perhaps, be too ambitious to be thought an acquaintance of the great Literary Oracle, but he meant no offence, and only ventured to say, "Dr. Johnson, we have had a most excellent Discourse to day;" to which he instantly replied, "That may be, Sir, but it is impossible for you to know it." A rough reply from Thurlow would have perished on the spot, but this keen cutting retort of Johnson was immediately circulated through half the city.

When the Lord Chancellor's health began to decline, he generally made some excursion in the summer to Buxton and Scarborough, but he was not very affluent, and when some of the best apartments were engaged for him, though he was to meet the two Archbishops by appointment, he

rather remonstrated, and complained of the expense.

On his return he made visits to some of those splendid mansions, with which the county of York so greatly abounds, and a friend of mine had the honour to meet him at one of them, then full of very high company. Whilst walking in the gardens, and they were all admiring the elegancies that surrounded them, the noble proprietor, being near the hot-house, turned to the Lord Chancellor, and politely asked him, whether he would not walk in, and partake of some grapes? "Grapes," says Thurlow, "did not I just now tell you, I had got the gripes!" The strangers in the company were all petrified with astonishment; but his lordship might have truly informed them, that his replies were at least as polite and refined as those of a predecessor, the venerable Lord Northington.

On his return, I met him at the White Hart, at St. Alban's; he travelled in a very humble style, with one servant only, and a courier; he was emaciated, and much out of spirits, and I was seriously hurt to perceive so visible an alteration.

Having spoken perhaps too freely of his Lordship's vulgarity, let me contrast some of the foregoing with a slight circumstance that occurred at Hampstead. The Misses Thurlow attended an assembly there, and when the ladies were about to return, there was a riot at the door, particularly amongst the servants. This creating some

alarm, a young officer stepped forwards, and offered his assistance and protection, which they gladly accepted; he handed them into their carriage, and very kindly followed, to see them safe to their apartments. The circumstance being duly reported to their father, he took an early opportunity of calling upon the gentleman, and finding him at breakfast, with the utmost condescension offered to partake of it. The Officer, with great pleasantry, gave a recital at the mess-dinner of some news that had been communicated to him that morning by the Lord Chancellor, when he had honoured him with a friendly visit, and of course did not a little puzzle his brother officers, till he fully unfolded the mystery. But this anecdote is merely introduced to prove that Lord Thurlow could be a courteous nobleman, as well as an affectionate parent.

My wife and I passed part of the following winter with her sister Mrs. Chetwynd, at her house in Gay-street, Bath, when the Lord Chancellor went there for the recovery of his health; we soon after, by her kindness, became possessed of it, but though very near to his Lordship, I could then afford him no assistance, but by my personal attendance. Counsellor Newnham, brother to the Alderman, informed me, that his Lordship would by no means suffer him to pre-engage apartments; and just at Christmas Bath generally overflows; the lodgings were noisy and inconvenient; no tolerable cook could be obtained, and he was every

way ill accommodated for such an invalid. In a morning, when the weather would not suffer him to take an airing, he seemed most amused by playing a rubber of whist, and a party of us made a point of being always ready to supply his card-table; to be sure the society was rather miscellaneous, consisting of Sir Richard Bickerton, Sir George Collyer, two barristers and myself; however his lordship was generally good-humoured with us, and, I believe, was convinced that we had all a due and anxious regard for his welfare.

Whilst at Bath a Bishop's lady, sister-in-law to a prime minister, conceiving, perhaps, that "the head was no member," refused to comply with the stated rules, as to full dress on a ball night, and absolutely determined to rebel against the remonstrance of the Master of the Ceremonies. This of course occasioned some civil commotion, and the company in general took part with their chosen monarch, and I believe the lady had reason at last to regret that she had so warmly and publicly expressed her resentment, which certainly exceeded the strict bounds of prudence. Lady Miller at this time occasionally entertained company at Bath Easton, where poems were read, that were taken and distributed from a Roman Vase which Sir John and Lady Miller had lately brought with them from Italy. Gentlemen read them aloud, and I was requested to recite one that her ladyship presented to me from the top. I be-

gan, but soon found that a mischievous trick had been played, and that this poem, placed there, alluded to the circumstance which lately occurred at the Bath ball. I stopped, for the truly respectable husband sat directly opposite, and then put the manuscript into my pocket. A nobleman immediately came up to me, and insisted, that if I was not amused myself, I should not prevent the entertainment of others; but I assured him I would not proceed, nor would I give the poem to him. Much confusion ensued; some said two gentlemen had quarrelled about who should first read it; others, that Lady Miller was taken ill; however, I left the entertainment, and destroyed the Satire. Wilkes, who was then at Bath, was afterwards judged to be the author.

Next day, the bishop honoured me with a call in Gay-street, and I am happy to say, that the acquaintance so commenced continued with great satisfaction to me, till his lordship, with the lady, retired for his health, and resided for some years on the Continent.

The Lord Chancellor still remained at Bath, and went soon afterwards to the Pump-room, and sat there with boots and spurs on. The Master of the Ceremonies immediately went up to his lordship, and informed him, that it was directly against the rules to appear there with spurs, to which reproof he most dutifully bowed, and directly replied, "that the rules of Bath must not be disputed;" he immediately ordered his spurs

to be taken off, and that an apology should be made loudly to all the company. His lordship's conduct was justly appreciated, and the moral of the tale needs no fuller explication.

The latter days of his lordship's life were much embittered by a long disagreeable dispute with his builder, Mr. Holland, about his house at Dulwich, which he would never occupy; and a public trial that was about to commence, was merely prevented by the intervention of Lord Kenyon and some private friends, without his direct permission.

His lordship, from violence of temper, often occasioned much unhappiness to himself and others connected with him; but he died with public regret, from his steady attachment to his sovereign in times of no common danger, and from a general belief of his strict integrity, and an inviolable regard to, what he believed to be, the due interests of the people.

It was generally supposed that Thurlow in early life was idle; but I always found him close at study in a morning, when I have called at the Temple; and he frequently went no farther in an evening than to Nando's, and then only in his *deshabille*. But he was always clear-headed, and read to good purpose; he knew exactly where, and how long, to dwell on any important point. As Lord Chancellor, from a well-placed confidence in Mr. Hargrave, who was indefatigable in his service, he had

occasion to give himself less trouble than any other man in that high station. An old free-speaking companion of his, well known at Lincoln's Inn, would sometimes say to me, "I met the great Law Lion this morning going to Westminster, and bowed to him, but he was so busily reading in the coach, what his Provider had supplied him with, that he took no notice of me."

Mr. Hargrave, I believe, was well paid, as indeed he ought to have been, for his services. His was a laborious task; for he frequently rummaged a whole day, to furnish his master with a strong authority or a case in point. I rather think, from papers since found, that I was distantly related to Mr. Hargrave, whose father married the celebrated Widow of the Wood, who, on the death of her husband, Mr. Whitby, first married Mr. Robins, and then Sir William Wolseley, and caused this latter marriage to be ante-dated, which occasioned a novel, a trial, and, I fear, the death of an indiscreet Clergyman, a well-meaning man, but who unfortunately fell a sacrifice to this fatal indiscretion.

My relations were numerous in the Counties of Salop and Stafford, and I find many applications to have been made there concerning them in regard to pedigree.

As Dr. Percy and Mr. Walpole were aware that I was connected with several of the Staffordshire families, who had intermarried with some of my

name, I was requested by the former to make inquiries about the C'radocs, on account of his Ancient Ballads; and by the latter, concerning that particular branch of C'radoc that lies buried in Herbert's Isle, Swansea church, whose daughter was married to Perkin Warbeck; and it was facetiously remarked by one of them, that "it was not very delicate to urge a man about the pedigree of a possible ancestor, who certainly was hanged as an impostor." However, I could then give them but little information on the subject. Since that time, I can refer to a correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Shaw, who unfortunately died before his History of the County of Stafford was completed; and I find likewise several papers, from Dr. Sneyd Davies, relative to Welsh Pedigree, which have since been published. The final defeat of Caradoc, called by the Romans Caractacus, it is well known, took place near a mountain of that name on this side Shrewsbury, and it now appears that part of the flying descendants settled in Staffordshire, part in Leicestershire, and a larger portion reached to Richmond in Yorkshire; but in travelling through a part of Britany, just before the Revolution, I recognized the crest of the family at a village called Caradoc, not far from Rennes, and the language of that province still bears great affinity to that of Wales. Many, and some curious events have since taken place in consequence of this discovery. The Mountain in Shropshire is gene-

rally called *Caer Caradoc*; but Mr. Gray, who interested himself on this subject asserts, that the middle syllable is long, or he could have used it in his poem of the Bard. Mason preferred the Roman title of *Caractacus*, as more classical; and the historians of the Opera-house have since celebrated the fame of the great warrior in a dance, under the softer appellation of *Caratico*; but I have not yet traced their authority in any edition of Tacitus. But to speak seriously. The anxious heraldist or historian may now readily obtain any information he may require; for two fine views of the mountain and encampment have been taken by Mr. Evans, pupil of Romney, an ingenious artist now residing in that neighbourhood; and an accurate description has been annexed to them, with all particulars as to arms, crest, and original motto, by the very learned Dr. Butler, from the archives of Shrewsbury.

I was never nearer to the mountain than the romantic territory of the Rev. Mr. Professor Mainwaring at Church Stretton, which lies at the foot of it. This of itself is an enchanting spot, but by the kindness of Lord Weymouth he could extend his walks near half a mile through a forest by a trout-stream, to a natural water-fall. Even Brown admitted that the whole was laid out to great advantage; Dr. Hurd admired, but thought "the place tasted too much of the savage." But the Rev. Dr. Powell, Master of St. John's College, Cam-

bridge, gave a better proof than either, of his approbation, by leaving his friend two hundred pounds to make additional improvements.

Before I left London to officiate as High Sheriff, I waited upon Judge Aston, with whom I was acquainted, to inquire whether he had any commands for me to execute, as I should have the honour of meeting him at the Spring Assizes at Leicester. He informed me, that he should bring his nephew along with him, but that he absolutely dreaded to encounter the roads near Oakham; and wished to know whether he could by any means avoid them. I told him that they were in such a state, that I had lately been obliged to apply to a friend in that neighbourhood for saddle-horses, and the keys of some private grounds; but that I should be happy to write to him again, and was certain that he would feel great pleasure in rendering any services in his power; in consequence of this negotiation, the course of the Circuit was afterwards changed, and the Commission is now opened at Northampton, and ends at Warwick.

The Judge was so much engaged at Derby, that he gave me no notice when to meet him, and it was only by accident that I was ready to exchange carriages with full ceremony in the middle of the county-town. There had been lately great riots about mills which had been destroyed on the river Soar, and there was the heaviest calendar of prisoners to be tried that had almost ever been

known at Leicester. The Judge regretted that no express had been sent to him, to apprise him of the circumstance before he left London, as he could then have nominated a Sergeant to have been put into the Commission. On the Sunday morning, when the Assize Sermon was to have been preached, I received a message from the Judge, to inform me, that he was so ill, that he had determined to keep his chamber for the day. This was not only a great disappointment to many of the inhabitants, but likewise to numerous parties from the neighbouring villages, who had put on their best habiliments, in hopes of paying their respects to "My Lord Judge."

The Under Sheriff, a very wealthy Solicitor at Leicester, invited many friends of the Grand Jury, the Counsellors on the Circuit, and others, to dine with him, as it was a vacant day; and, indeed, he gave us a most sumptuous entertainment. I had the pleasure to meet Sergeant Hill, and Counsellor Newnham, and in their company there was generally no lack of either mirth or conversation. If the Counsellor now and then trespassed rather too far at the expence of the worthy Sergeant, the antagonist was always able and ready to retort upon him with keen and just severity. Newnham, however, never gave in; for, when even Lord Thurlow has been known to hit him very hard, he scarce ever flinched, but always survived the blow, and returned again crowing to the pit. We staid

rather late; the Sergeant that evening was uncommonly pleasant, and in the fulness of his heart, when he retired, by a little mistake unfortunately gave a shilling to his bountiful host, and to our great amusement heartily shook hands with the attendant servant. The Judge was indisposed during the whole time that he remained, and with great difficulty got through the necessary business at the Crown Bar, but was obliged at last to leave most of the *Nisi prius* Causes as nest-eggs for a future Assize.

Judge Aston was always considered as a very sound Lawyer; friendly to those he liked, but rather rough in his manners; he had a kind of dry humour about him, that in company engaged attention, and in an evening frequently enlivened his friends with many pleasant anecdotes. Speaking of a brother Judge, on his entrance into a county-town, he informed us, that his Lordship had to encounter rather an unpolished High Sheriff (the world then, perhaps, was not so highly refined as at present), and that after the usual opening of common topics, such as the roads and the weather, the High Sheriff began to feel himself a little more emboldened, and ventured to ask his Lordship, whether, at the last place, he had gone to see the elephant? The Judge, with great good humour, replied, "Why no, Mr. High Sheriff, I cannot say that I did, for a little difficulty occurred; we both came into town, in form,

with a trumpet sounding before us, and there was a point of ceremony to be settled, which should visit first."

Judge Aston, when Mr. Aston, was one of the Counsel who, in the year 1757, was present, when Sir Eardley Wilmot had a most providential escape from being destroyed at Worcester, by the fall of a stack of chimneys through the roof. He was sitting in Court, and just beginning to sum up the evidence. His first Clerk was killed at his feet, and several others were dangerously hurt. The safety of the Judge was owing, it was thought, to his presence of mind and resignation, in remaining still till the confusion was over. His *mens sana* in every situation of life always predominated.

At the Summer Assizes following, I attended Lord Chief Baron Parker and Mr. Justice Gould, and then for the first time had the honour to become acquainted with the former. The Lord Chief Baron's eldest son was engaged to marry Miss Hawe, of Staffordshire, one of my nearest relatives, and he was pleased to enter upon some negotiation concerning the intended settlements. His Lordship kindly gave up to them the family mansion, called Park-hall, near Newcastle-under-line, and entirely fitted it up anew for their accommodation; but a most unfortunate accident occurred soon after they had taken possession of it. On receiving their first company to a grand dinner, in honour of the nuptials, the kitchen in the even-

ing took fire, and from a flue communicated the flames to all the apartments. The season was remarkably dry, no water could be sufficiently procured, and the family not only lost their furniture and many valuables, but even their very clothes. Some years afterwards, I met the Lord Chief Baron again at Leicester, and he informed me, that with difficulty to himself he had restored the damages, and reinstated his son, and daughter-in-law, in the family mansion. His Lordship was always affable and communicative, and gave me the particulars of his having allotted a small fortune to his own daughter, who had lately married an enterprising naval officer, Captain Jervis, and he hoped, that with strict economy, they might be able to live with tolerable comfort. The eldest son was originally intended for the Law, but he was naturally of a weak constitution; sensible, but very reserved; and by no means able to encounter a professional life of the greatest fatigue and difficulty. At the distance of some years he wrote to me from Welford, which was not far from my own house, to apologise for not calling upon me, but he was then in haste on his way to town, to congratulate his sister on the great victory that her husband, Sir John Jervis, and his gallant crew, had lately obtained off Cape St. Vincent. On his arrival in town, he found that a favourite tragedy was to be performed at Drury-lane, and, as the serious Drama was his chief entertainment, he

could not resist the temptation of attending the theatre.

On his retiring, it was unfortunately a very wet night, and, as no coach could be obtained, by getting cold, an asthmatic complaint, to which he had been long subject, immediately returned; and within three weeks, his corpse was conveyed through Welford, to be interred in the family vault at Park-hall, in Staffordshire. Mrs. Parker, the widow, had remained at the family mansion, which was immediately beset, by workmen from the potteries opposite, who first only intended, I believe, to secure the product of the hot-house and garden; ; but as I was journeying into the neighbourhood, I saw hand-bills stuck up against some walls, which mentioned, that soldiers had been placed in the rooms of the mansion itself, who had been obliged to fire from the windows. As I was particularly under an engagement at that time, I could only send immediately to Mrs. Parker, to entreat her by no means to remain in so dangerous a situation, and she followed my advice, and set off as soon as possible for Derby, which she made the place of her future abode, and where she died, after a quiet evening of life; much respected by a numerous neighbourhood. One of her daughters married her cousin, Mr. Ricketts, and they both conducted themselves with great prudence and discretion, till their wealth flowed in upon them, by the death of their Noble uncle; and long may

they enjoy it! I was in trust for their wedding settlements, and have reason to speak respectfully of them and all their immediate connexions; for their faithful solicitor, Mr. Harrison of the Temple, on every occasion that arose, either by direction of Earl St. Vincent, or themselves, always expressed a particular pleasure in transmitting to me some honourable token of their remembrance and esteem.

Sir Edmund Cradock Hartopp was travelling on the Continent with his family the latter part of the time that he held the appointment of High Sheriff for Leicestershire, and was at Rome when he had deputed me to officiate for him at the Summer Assizes at Leicester. The Judges were, Mr. Justice Gould and Mr. Baron Hotham; to the latter I was an entire stranger, and rather an awkward circumstance occurred at the commencement; for, as soon as the Deputy High Sheriff, and the Chaplain, the Rev. Gerrard Andrewes, were again seated in the coach, in attendance on their Lordships, Judge Gould said to me, "We set out so early from Derby this morning, that we did not receive any letters or public accounts; has any news arrived at Leicester, from America?" "None that is good, I fear, my Lord; there seems to have been some disaster in the expedition to the Chesapeake." "Has there," cried the Judge, hastily, "that is exactly what I feared; and expected." "And pray," exclaims

Judge Hotham, with no small warmth, "Why did your Lordship particularly fear and expect some disaster in the Chesapeak; was it because my brother was the leading Admiral on that station?" "Upon my honour," replied Judge Gould, with his usual calmness, "that circumstance never once occurred to me, or I should not have so expressed myself." However, Judge Hotham seemed by no means to be satisfied, and our journey to Leicester, in consequence, was rendered quite uncomfortable. When we arrived at the Judge's lodgings, the Under-sheriff whispered to me, "For Heaven's sake, what has been the matter; I rode close," says he, "to the side of the window that was open, to prevent an altercation from being overheard, but it was impossible to prevent it." I only replied, "that I would presently inform him of particulars;" and being much hurt, I absolutely rushed into the parlour to the Judges, and with great earnestness declared, that I had never felt myself so disagreeably circumstanced in my life, as I considered that I was the sole cause of the dispute, and entreated that on my account, as I took the whole blame upon myself, Baron Hotham would please to be reconciled." The Judge immediately relented, and peace was entirely restored. At their request I remained sometime at their lodgings, and wished not to dismiss the carriage, as the High Sheriff's mother had a house and gardens in the neighbour-

hood, called the Networks, and had left orders that both should be opened for their Lordships' accommodation; they courteously insisted on the cavalcade being dismissed, and with a party of friends, we all walked down together, and partook of coffee, tea, and an elegant regale of wine and fruits; and I believe the pleasure of a convivial evening was not a little enhanced by the unpropitious circumstance that had unfortunately preceded.

My father, in early life, was well known to Judge Wilmot, who was principally consulted as Counsel in the Midland Counties. I frequently received kindnesses from him in Derbyshire, and again in London; when Lord Chief Justice, he has more than once honoured me with an occasional visit. He resided almost next door to Mrs. Wyche, and a match was about to take place between her only son, and the second Miss Wilmot, sister to Lady Gideon; and indeed, had proceeded so far, that I was sent for to town by Mrs. Wyche to be present at the wedding. The Lord Chief Justice had acquiesced, as it seemed to be highly agreeable to some of the parties; but it was suddenly broken off, I rather think, from some hints being privately conveyed that some affection might still possibly remain with the gentleman for a celebrated actress much admired at the Opera-house. The union, I must confess, never appeared to me to be well assorted. There could be no great prospect of hap-

piness, between a lady of the finest moral feelings, and a young, gay, dissipated officer of the Guards.

Mr. Wyche was always considered as a man of excellent temper, and naturally well-disposed, but we are all, more or less, the creatures of time and circumstance ; in one situation he might have been prudent and discreet, and have lived long to have enjoyed a very ample fortune, but in another, in consequence of a high fever, he was prematurely taken off, although every possible assistance had been given to him by Dr. Addington and Dr. Heberden. He died unmarried, and was buried in the family vault at Godeby, near Melton-Mowbray, in Leicestershire.

Lord Chief Justice Wilmot was one of the five Judges that had been educated at Lichfield School; he was a Trustee for Bishop Warburton's Lectures at Lincoln's-inn Chapel, along with Lord Mansfield, and Mr. Yorke, who was afterwards, for a short time, Lord Chancellor ; and some directions for the study of Theology, written by Bishop Warburton, at the request of the Lord Chief Justice, were communicated to Dr. Hurd by the son, Mr. John Eardley Wilmot, who afterwards published a judicious memoir of his father's life, which entirely supersedes many of my private remarks.

Having just alluded to the short life of the much-regretted Mr. Yorke, after he was Lord Chancellor, I think it incumbent upon me to contradict the reported manner of his death, on the

authority of one of his own family. He certainly was much agitated, after some hasty reproaches that he had received on his return from having accepted the Seals, and he hastily took some strong liquor, which was accidentally placed near the sideboard, and by its occasioning great sickness he broke a blood-vessel. The friend, from whom I received the account, assured me that he was present, when the corpse was left openly in the chamber, that the attendants might gratify their curiosity, and see that his death could not be truly attributed to the direct means which had been so publicly and so confidently asserted.

Lord Chief Justice Wilmot gave to a party of us one evening a curious account of an innkeeper at Warwick, whom he had tried for having poisoned some of his customers with his Port wine, by which they had narrowly escaped with their lives; and that the indictment was quashed by the impudence of the fellow, who absolutely proved, that there had never been a drop of real Port wine in the hogshead.

Such wonders seem now to have abated, and the various manufacture of all sorts of wines are more fully understood; it is rather diverting to hear some professed connoisseurs assert, that they can nicely distinguish the vintages of particular years by their own taste; but they are not aware, perhaps, that even genuine wines are avowedly prepared for different climates; and that the strong

body of Port is not merely indebted to the grape. Old Lord Pembroke generally produced two sorts of wine, under the name of Port, at his table, one as imported from Oporto, the other as manufactured by his own receipt at Wilton, and the latter was generally preferred.

The celebrated wine, called Hermitage, is not all produced from the mountain of that name, near the river Saône ; nor Claret solely from the banks of the Garonne ; the finest wine I ever drank, under the name of Burgundy, and pronounced to be excellent by the French who partook of it, was given to me by Mons. De Coste, proprietor of the sailing vessel on the canal of Languedoc, and was made upon his own estate, near the city of Beziers.

In the year 1786, I was on a visit to one of the greatest wine merchants in the neighbourhood of Blois, and for several days had an opportunity of attending to the process. The great secret, he informed me, was to know the precise time, when and how the fermentation should be stopped, and that he paid a high price to a skilful person, who travelled for that purpose, and was then present. I freely conversed with him on the spot, but gained no instruction ; and the proprietor afterwards assured me, that he would suffer none of them to be present at the time, and that he, and all the labourers of his vineyard, were all equally strangers to the process, the ingredients, and the art.

Recurring to one more Judge, who resided in Great Ormond-street, though a star of less magnitude, I will just mention my friend, Mr. Justice Clive. He was a very worthy man, and from age and infirmities ought to have been enabled to have retired from the Bench much sooner than he did; but on the contrary, it was urged, that the Judge had lately married a young and beautiful wife, who certainly proved to be to him a very great blessing. Lady Clive was highly exemplary and estimated; and though her conduct would be strictly scrutinized by prying eyes, she might be said to have lived entirely without reproach. The Judge was frequently lethargic during long trials, and certainly inadequate to the duties of his exalted station. It was out of little circumstances that occurred at the time of some of those trials, that Foote might literally be said to have supported for a while his shameless character for ridicule and invective. It was after some most exaggerated recitals with which he had entertained his hearers, that a gentleman at a public table said privately to Johnson, "Why, Dr. Johnson, it is impossible that this impudent fellow can know the truth of half that he has told us." "Nay, Sir," replied Johnson hastily, "if we venture to come into company with Foote, we have no right, I think, to look for Truth."

With the great Lord Mansfield I cannot boast of the honour of being much acquainted, though some pecuniary negotiations, as to the affairs of

others, more than once took place between us; but I always anxiously attended to him, both at Westminster and in the House of Lords. His Lordship's words might be said to "drop manna;" and if the bolder metaphor of Anacreon could be any where justified, it might be here, that "he spoke roses," and though "he pleased the ear," I do not mean to insinuate that his words and actions did not strictly correspond. There might be, perhaps, some little affectation at times on the Bench, when he seemed quite inattentive to the evidence, and as soon as concluded would only coldly ask, "Whether he had done?" and then in the clearest manner possible would recapitulate the whole, to the admiration of all his auditors.

It was asserted, however, by some of his intimate friends, that though he was famous for bon-môts, yet he never got clearly through a plain facetious story of any length; for he was always so desirous of expressing himself elegantly, that the essence of a common joke was sure to evaporate. "Yes," replied another of the party, "and it is from knowing that such a remark has been made, and that you are all upon the watch, that his Lordship may truly attribute this embarrassment."

On the death of Mr. Bankes of Lincoln's Inn, an application was made to me, that part of Miss Wyche's fortune might be placed in the bank in Ayr, just then set up, and strongly patronized by

Lord Mansfield ; but I did not think myself authorized to take such a step, without the addition of his Lordship's personal security ; to this proposal I received no reply, and not long afterwards, the bank in Ayr blew up.

His Lordship was not at first much more fortunate in encouraging the buildings of the Adelphi. The houses on the Terrace, from the beauty of their prospects, were selected for particular friends ; the centre was allotted to Mr. Garrick ; but none of them were quite suited to him, as his health was then declining, and the bleak situation was ill contrasted with his own warm and sheltered apartments in Southampton-street, but he was tempted at last to make the experiment, and acceded to the proposal. Another of these elegant mansions, on more liberal terms perhaps, was bestowed upon Dr. Turton, who had the good fortune to be so great a favourite with his Lordship, that on sending him to Paris, to attend Lord Stormont, who was ill there, he pronounced him to be decidedly one of the ablest of all our physicians. This gave offence to an experienced veteran, who keenly retorted, that " though his Lordship might be an old Lawyer, yet, in this instance, he was but a young Judge."

When Bishop Hurd had been appointed preceptor to the Prince of Wales, he presented his coadjutor, Mr. Arnald, with high encomium to Lord Mansfield, but his Lordship was displeased

with the flattery that was so freely offered to, and accepted by the Bishop, and in his own sarcastic manner, said to a nobleman afterwards who had been a witness to it; "I am sorry that my friend Hurd's nostrils should require such gross incense." However his Lordship might have been informed, that absolute submission was always strongly exacted by most of the champions of the Warburtonian school.

Lord Mansfield was justly looked up to, and admired, as the Cicero of the age, yet he was never much relished by some of the old lawyers, who boldly asserted, that if his innovations were to be so freely adopted, they might shut up their long revered Law Authorities, and in compliment to his Lordship, merely adhere to the decisions that were recorded in Burrow's Reports.

I stood almost four hours very near to Mr. Horne Tooke, whom I had never seen before, when in the year 1777, he was tried for a libel at Guildhall, and conducted his own defence; and surely no humble individual could ever stand on higher ground. Lord Mansfield, with commanding eloquence, presided on the Bench. The stern Thurlow was Attorney-General, and the subtle insinuating Wedderburne the Solicitor; yet unawed by such authorities, he proceeded with firmness, and remained undaunted against this constellation of talents, this phalanx of abilities; and from his own deep knowledge of the Law, was able to com-

that all its subtleties, and convert every circumstance to his own advantage, to the admiration and astonishment of the most crowded Court.

The Midland Circuit was never honoured but once by the presence of Lord Mansfield, and then the greatest anxiety to see, and hear him, was every where excited; the second Judge only arrived with the cavalcade, and the superior merely stole into Leicester late at night, on a saddle-horse. Next morning, however, he appeared in all his splendour, and might justly be pronounced to be, Grace and Dignity personified; but when every eye was strained, and every ear attentive, and the Crier of the Court, in due form, had proclaimed silence, his Lordship only coldly got up, and said, that as he was certain the Grand Jury were so well informed of their duties, he should give no Charge, but proceed immediately to the trials; thus, by complimenting a few, he disobliterated the many; and this conduct was the more reprehensible, as he was not restricted for time, and could have gratified all, without giving himself the least trouble.

I once was very near to his Lordship when he was in the utmost danger of his life; it was on the opening of Parliament, about the time that Wilkes was so popular, and number Forty-five was displayed in every street; a long debate was expected, after his Majesty's Speech had been delivered, in consequence of the Middlesex Election having

been set aside. Confusion might then be said to be at its height, for the mob had broke into the passage that leads to the Throne; his Majesty was just robed, and was proceeding from the closet, when many of us were pressed directly forwards; and with our clothes torn were absolutely thrown into the House. Lord Carlisle seeing my distress, most kindly recognized me, and made room for me between himself and another nobleman; but no more could be made out concerning Lord Mansfield, till we heard that he had safely escaped at the opposite entrance. After his Majesty had finished his most gracious Speech, he retired, and intruders made every effort to follow, but found it impossible; and as candles were then lighted, I became less alarmed, and was assured I might remain quiet till the commencement of the debates; however, through favour or necessity, I staid in the House to hear the whole of them. I felt myself but little interested till the nobleman that sat next me got up to speak, and then I perceived that it was the great Lord Chatham, whom I had never before seen but as Mr. Pitt, and was not in the least aware to whom I was indebted for much civility and condescension. He arose, and spoke; but I by no means recognized the complete orator I had formerly so greatly admired, and indeed was never much more disappointed; he spoke only for a short time, was confused, and seemed greatly disconcerted, and then suddenly turning to me,

asked, whether I had ever heard him speak before? "Not in this House, my Lord," was my direct reply; "In no House, Sir," says he, "I hope, have I ever before so disgraced myself; I feel quite ill, and have been alarmed and annoyed this morning before I arrived; I scarce know what I have been talking about." I could only bow and look civil; for, to say the truth, I could not sincerely declare that I was of an opposite opinion. I still wished only to get away; but as the debates grew more interesting, I became more reconciled to my intrusive situation, and I was confidently assured that no notice would then be taken.

One nobleman was uncommonly keen and sarcastic, and directed some invective with great warmth personally against Lord Chatham; when, feeling himself stung to the quick, he suddenly arose, and poured forth a torrent of eloquence that utterly astonished; the change was inconceivable, the fire had kindled, and we were all electrified with his energy and excellence. At length he seemed quite exhausted, and as he sat down, with great frankness shook me by the hand, and seemed personally to recollect me, and I then ventured to say, "I hope now your Lordship is fully satisfied?" "Yes, Sir," replied he, with a smile, "I think I have now redeemed my credit." The Duke of Grafton that night was particularly animated; for, as Prime Minister, he was attacked with fury. The House sat very late, and happy was I to get home

again ; for since the morning before I had never taken any refreshment.

Lord Mansfield's night of life was disturbed by many difficulties ; yet he had undoubtedly many blessings to counterbalance them. Though his house was burnt down in Bloomsbury-square, he still possessed an elegant seat and extensive domain in the neighbourhood of London ; and his nephew and heir, Lord Stormont, was appointed as the representative of Majesty at the Court of France. He lived to much greater age than could have been expected, and died * in the zenith of his fame ; and his memory has been embalmed by the testimonies of some of the wisest and best of his contemporaries. Mr. Pope had celebrated him in a well-known distich, and other poets, *haud passibus æquis*, had followed in the train. Lord Chesterfield, in glowing terms, had freely spoken of the rising talents both of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Murray, in a letter to his son : " No man," says he, " can make a figure in this country but by Parliament. Your fate depends on your success as a speaker, and, take my word for it, that success turns much more upon manner than matter. Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Murray the Solicitor General, are

* It has been thought strange, that Lord Mansfield's Will should be written only by himself on half a sheet of paper, and that the contents there enumerated, in neglect of all the forms of legal practice, should have proved valid for the disposal of half a million of property.

beyond comparison the best speakers. Why? only because they are the best orators. They alone can inflame or quiet the House; they alone are attended to in that numerous and noisy assembly, that you might hear a pin fall while either of them is speaking. Is it that their matter is better, or their arguments stronger, than other people's? Does the House expect extraordinary information from them? Not in the least; but the House expects pleasure from them, and therefore attends; finds it, and therefore approves."

Bishop Hurd, after a very fine eulogium, adds, " Lord Mansfield's public senatorial character very much resembled that of Messala, of whom Cicero says, addressing himself to Brutus, ' Do not imagine, Brutus, that for worth, honour, and a warm love of his country, any one is comparable to Messala ;' so that his eloquence (in which he wonderfully excels) is almost eclipsed by those virtues; and even in his display of that faculty, his superior good sense shows itself most; with so much care and skill hath he formed himself to the truest manner of speaking! His powers of genius and invention are confessedly of the first size, yet he almost owes less to them than to the diligent and studious cultivation of judgment."

Bishop Warburton declares (in shadowing out Wilkes as Aristophanes, and comparing Lord Mansfield to the wise and virtuous Socrates), that during his Lordship's administration, the stream of

justice ran as pure as from its own celestial source; purer than Plato dared to conceive it, even in his feigned republic."

But his Lordship perhaps received on his resignation a more lasting testimony of the high and general estimation in which he was held, in a letter presented to him by Mr. Erskine, signed by all the Counsel of the King's Bench Bar, who had practised with him in that Court. This has appeared in various publications; but I will trespass with only one more extract, taken from his Lordship's own immortal speech, made at the time of the Wilkes riots. "I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels; all that falsehood or malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded people can swallow. I can say, with a great Magistrate, upon an occasion, and under circumstances not unlike, '*Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam haud infamiam putarem*.'"

The party of that day has now in a great measure subsided, and his Lordship's conduct receives that reward which is justly due to its merits. His firmness then stood the severest trial; for the multitude had been excited, even to madness, and his life was certainly aimed at. No end can justify such means; and it is to be hoped that a more honourable mode of procedure against antagonists of every kind, hereafter, will universally prevail.

I was much connected with the Duke of Grafton, and many of his party, during his stormy and tumultuous administration; and from all I witnessed of their anxious lives, have never regretted that I have more than once declined the honour of a seat in Parliament. The appointment of a Preceptor and Sub-Preceptor to the Prince of Wales was then much talked of. Doctor Hinchliffe was intended for the one, and I was powerfully recommended as the other; but from the confusion of the times, the determination was long held in suspense, until the Duke of Grafton suddenly resigned, and Lord North succeeded as First Lord of the Treasury. I soon afterwards had an interview with the latter; when, in his own frank manner, he freely declared, that as the Duke of Grafton was Chancellor at Cambridge, his Grace would naturally wish to nominate two of that University; but that, as he was a member of Oxford, he should therefore prefer his own, and intended to appoint Dr. Markham and Mr. Jackson. I assured his Lordship that I had not the least complaint to make of his conduct, but, on the contrary, rather wished to thank him for his open and ingenuous declaration.

I was in attendance on the Duke when he was installed, as Chancellor at Cambridge. Dr. Hinchliffe, Master of Trinity College, made a long and very elegant speech, on presenting to him the Statutes; his Grace was not aware of this, and cer-

tainly was taken by surprise, and I never heard him speak, or saw him appear to greater disadvantage. On returning to the Lodge, he rather strongly censured the Master for not apprising him of the custom, but no fair opportunity had occurred, and as Dr. Hinchliffe truly urged afterwards, had he taken such a liberty, the Duke, in some moods, would have asked, "What, Sir, do you think that a Prime Minister, who may be daily required to reply in the House of Lords, must collect a few sentences together, to make a suitable answer in your Senate House?"

Hinchliffe had travelled with his Grace on the Continent, and certainly afterwards owed much gratitude to his bounty; but he had a difficult part to act, for with every kind intention towards his Noble Patron, it was not easy for any one at all times to adapt his conduct to his gloomy and capricious temper.

The entertainment given in the Hall of Trinity College was most abundant; twelve turtles, I think, and fifty haunches of venison, decorated the tables; indeed no expence was spared to render this grand celebration memorable; but party raged so furiously in London, that the Chancellor himself experienced neither pleasure nor comfort. Previous to the installation, rather a curious consultation took place, in regard to that important article, the wig; and it was debated, what sort was most proper to be worn on this solemn occa-

sion; the Duke of Newcastle's abundant curls were well remembered, but this fashion would not suit the youthful appearance of the Duke of Grafton, who merely thought of wearing his hair full-dressed, as at his Majesty's preceding birth-day at St. James's; but this mode was considered as too light and airy, and not quite in character with the Chancellor's robes; yet to adopt an exact copy of the long-flowing wig, in a well-known portrait, would be ludicrous, and remind the wits of too strict a resemblance to a royal and facetious ancestor.

The pleasantest morning that I passed then at Cambridge, was in company with Mr. Gray and some critics, at the rehearsal of the musick for his own Ode, previous to its grand performance in the Senate-house; and I thought, that as he had so many directions to give, and such nice distinctions to make, it was well he had to deal with the pliant Dr. Randall, rather than with some of the very able Composers or Professors that I could have named in the Metropolis. Mr. Gray was not much more comfortable at this time than the Chancellor himself; for the press was teeming with abuse, and a very satirical parody was then preparing, which soon afterwards appeared. His own delicious Ode, indeed, must always be admired, yet this envenomed shaft was so pointedly levelled at him, though he affected in his letter to Mason to disregard it, that, with his fine feelings, he

was not only annoyed, but very seriously hurt by it. The society at Trinity Lodge, after the marriage of the Bishop with Miss Crewe, was always of the most elegant description; Mrs. Hinchliffe, Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Bouverie, were justly denominated the three Graces; Mr. Meynell, and all his fashionable party, were frequent visitants, and no one was more polished and refined than the Right Reverend host himself. I never had the honour to be present at any of these assemblies but once, and that was with Lord Granby and Admiral Walsingham, and they were of course received with the utmost elegance and attention.

Great changes had taken place at the Lodge in my remembrance, and our old-fashioned tutor of Emmanuel made strange comparisons between the manners that now prevailed and the days when Dr. Bentley, retiring from the combination-room of the College, haughtily exclaimed to the Vice-master, "Walker, our hat;" and then the obsequious followers thought it sufficient honour to be attendant in his train. Others had formed a strange contrast between the lofty bearing of Bentley and the mild deportment of the immortal Newton. Bentley was of himself a host of Literature, but at Cambridge he was generally considered as too severe a censor. Aristarchus and Bentley both, in some measure, revised Homer's Poems, but it was reserved for the latter, rather unfairly, to sneer at Pope's most elegant translation

of them. However the pedantry of those times has now totally disappeared, and a judicious life and character of this great critic will soon be justly given to the public, by the Rev. Dr. Monk, late Greek Professor of that most venerated University.

The next interview that I had with the Duke of Grafton was, by appointment, at Euston, when several of the Administration were present. He was pleased early in the morning to show me his grounds, and pointed out the alterations that he had made since he became possessor. He said, that formerly the great lake was above a foot higher than the floor of the mansion, but that now the water appeared to as great advantage, yet the whole place was rendered dry and comfortable; and, indeed, wherever his Grace resided, as far as my observation is valid, he seemed to have displayed both taste and judgment. On returning to the breakfast table I had the pleasure to meet Lord Denbigh, but the Duke and he did not always accord in sentiments; each had his own particularities, and neither was much inclined to yield;

“ And when both sides disdain to bend,
How can a contest have an end?”

The Duke, as was his custom, filled his own tea-pot full of the finest tea, and then dropped water into it from the urn, and drank the essence, professing that weak tea only was prejudicial, and

that he took it so strong for the benefit of his nerves; Lord Denbigh was immediately about to remonstrate, but suddenly halted, recollecting perhaps, that "Touch me, and no Minister so sore;" however, I must freely own, that I never could perceive that his Grace experienced any ill effects. Dr. Johnson, whose nerves were at least as susceptible, declared himself to be "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning." The Doctor's tea certainly looked as strong, but the quality perhaps might not be equally good; but to the present time it has never been accurately ascertained what quality, quantity, or strength, is absolutely required to suit the nerves of either Prime Ministers or Philosophers. Dr. Johnson, it is pretty well known, never submitted quietly to the most gentle reproof; for when a lady, on his sending his cup to be filled again, only ventured to hint, that he had taken six cups already, he hastily replied, "then, madam, I intend to drink six more;" and it was well if he did not inadvertently empty the contents of the bottom of each upon the lady's carpet.

Whatever were the Duke's pursuits, he was for the time "totus in illis;" he had always been a strenuous fox-hunter, and he had himself "decided," that no man better understood cattle of all

kinds than he did. In passing through Northampton to town, I once observed him, in the depth of winter, in the middle of the dirtiest fair; and he was then Prime Minister. I afterwards overtook him, on his return to Wakefield Lodge, surrounded with graziers, and all seemed equally interested in the same concerns; the subject was important, "and their discourse was about bullocks."

From Mr. Meynell, who was always the Duke's most intimate friend, I have occasionally gained various anecdotes. He, and many of the gentlemen of the Leicestershire Hunt, frequented the races that were held in the park there, near the lodge, where an open table for great sportsmen, during the week, was most hospitably kept. This custom has since "been honoured in the observance" by the Duke of Rutland, and several others of our first nobility. I never was a racer, although, through the kindness of Mr. Meynell and some of his party, my name was once inserted in the Newmarket Calendar, in consequence of their generously giving a sweepstakes, when I was Steward for Leicester Races; nor was I ever a fox-hunter, though I possessed a place that, in some black-letter books, was announced, as "famous for its fox-earths."

It was unfortunate, that about the time that a certain divorce took place, his Grace should, at one of his public dinners, remark, that frequent disputes took place about long horns and short

horns, and many asserted, that no horns should be introduced amongst deer; but that he had been long accustomed to them, and had not experienced the least inconvenience. Some of the company immediately smiled, but soon perceived, from the severity of the Duke's countenance, that no joke certainly was ever intended; but it was still more extraordinary that during the winter following, when the King's Speech, which is always considered as the speech of the Minister, was read in the Cock-pit, and every allusion that might either excite ridicule or debate was thought to have been most carefully avoided; that this very Speech should commence with congratulations "that the murrain amongst the horned cattle had entirely ceased." This was immediately caught at by some bystander, who silyly exclaimed to a friend near him, "Still harping on horns, you find!" Thus, in shunning Scylla he most unfortunately fell upon Charybdis. Few of the Duke's private friends were aware of all his particular opinions on the subject of religion; but when, after he had been elected Chancellor, the heads of houses found out that he had appointed Mr. Gilbert Wakefield as private tutor to Lord Euston, they took serious offence, and strongly remonstrated. His Grace soon afterwards thought proper to dispense with Mr. Wakefield's services; but made him liberal amends for the disappointment, either by a large present, or an annual allowance. The Duke built

a private chapel, near Stoney Stratford; and I recollect Lord Denbigh, in his own peculiar manner, asking some curious questions concerning it; but his Lordship himself could not always be considered as strictly orthodox; for, in his early days, he had either travelled or resided nine years at least, on the Continent, with the renowned Lord Bolingbroke.

In 1790, there appeared, "Considerations on the Expediency of revising the Liturgy and Articles of the Church of England," which was generally supposed to be by Bishop Watson, but written at least under the auspices of the Duke of Grafton: likewise, the second edition of Griesbach's "Greek Testament," in two volumes, large octavo, with various readings. Seven hundred copies of these were printed at the Duke's expence, and circulated amongst his friends. They were never sold, but some few of them, perhaps, may have accidentally strayed, and so have been inserted in a bookseller's catalogue. In 1799, a publication was ascribed to the Duke, entitled, "Hints submitted to the serious attention of the Clergy, Nobility, and Gentry newly associated, by a Layman." There were some other articles which, though printed, were never published, particularly a declaration of his own peculiar faith.

I had the pleasure to be acquainted with Watson at Cambridge, and he afterwards favoured me with a visit in Leicestershire. My wife and I

accompanied the Doctor and his lady, when he took possession of the living of Mowsley, where he that day preached ; but never saw the place afterwards. At the decease of the Bishop of Llandaff, it was asserted at a public table in town, that his Lordship had never retained that, or any other preferment, after he became Bishop ; but a much valued friend of mine ventured to assure the company that he could convince them of the contrary ; for that he himself had once been Rector of the adjoining parish, and that a gentleman was then in town, who held the manor of Mowsley under the Duchy of Lancaster, from whom he could readily obtain all particulars. The first Dignitary of the Church was present, and expressed his utter astonishment.

Mr. Wakefield was merely known to me in early life, as a most excellent Greek scholar ; he afterwards became deeply involved in political and religious controversy, and a public trial ensued ; on this occasion he applied to the Duke of Grafton, requesting that he would appear for him, and received the following kind and ingenuous reply :

“REV. SIR,

Euston, Feb. 2, 1799.

“ I am rendered, by a most irksome disorder, which has not allowed me to stir out of the house, except for air and a little exercise, for many months past, totally incapable of appearing any where in public. This will deprive me of the sa-

tisfaction I should otherwise have had in giving my personal testimony of that consideration, in which I hold your character, esteeming you for that integrity, conscientiousness, and sincerity, which direct you in all your actions; and which add much lustre to your learned labours in the cause of virtue and religion.

“ The same grievous complaint, which disables me from being present at the trial, rendered me unfit to attend my duty last Session in Parliament; and, I fear, will likewise prevent me this year from the discharge of that as well as other functions.

“ I am, Rev. Sir,

with sincere regard and esteem,

your faithful and obedient servant,

GRAFTON.

“ To the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield,
Mare Street, Hackney.”

I never much engaged in either politics or controversies of any kind, but once trespassed on the publick with an ironical pamphlet, entitled, “ The Life of Wilkes,” in the manner of Plutarch; this was a mere *jeu d’ esprit*, but perhaps I was at that time rather sore, as my house in Dean-street, Soho, had greatly suffered by the riots, which Wilkes certainly had occasioned. This pamphlet was presented to the Duke of Grafton, and was not ungraciously received in a higher quarter. I had almost forgot that such a publication had ever

been thrown out by me, but was lately reminded; that a copy was still extant, and was in the hands of a well-known and most respected biographer. The last time I ever saw his Grace was in Mr. Cadell's shop; he was emaciated, and seemed to be quite out of spirits, and it was remarked by several of us, how much he appeared to be sunk in height, though he did not stoop; yet the poet says, "Our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down." We were all surprised, likewise, that he should walk there, and be quite unattended. He did not live long afterwards; but he experienced, to his latest moments, the friendship and assiduity of his most able physician, Sir Henry Hallford.

The Duke of Grafton was born in 1735; was educated by Dr. Newcombe, of Hackney; was appointed Secretary of State in July 1765; resigned that office in May 1766; and in August was constituted First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, which he resigned in 1770. In June 1771 constituted Lord Privy Seal; in which high department he continued till Nov. 1775. He died in 1811, and was buried in the family vault at Thetford. He was punctual in his dealings; kind to his domestics; hospitable to strangers, and faithful to his friends. His abilities and his application were never duly appreciated; but, indeed, very few had any fair opportunity of judging of them. "To be moderate," says Erasmus, "amidst the extremes of party, is the first principle of patriotic courage." But moderation, alas! in those times, was utterly

unknown ; however, such strong mists of prejudice now no longer prevail, and whenever a true estimate is made of his Grace's character, the good and the honourable will greatly predominate ; at least, the humble individual who offers this slight sketch, and still laments his loss, will always retain a just and grateful regard for his memory.

Plays at Hinchinbrook had ceased before I had ever been in company with Lord Sandwich, and Oratorios for a week at Christmas, had been substituted. Miss Ray, who was the first attraction, was instructed in music both by Mr. Bates and Signior Giardini. Norris and Champness regularly attended the meetings, and there were many very excellent amateur performers ; the Duke of Manchester's military band assisted, and his Lordship himself took the kettle-drums to animate the whole. "Non Nobis Domine" was sung after dinner, and then catches and glees succeeded ; all was well conducted ; for whatever his Lordship undertook he generally accomplished, and seemed to have adopted the emphatic advice of Longinus, "Always to excel." Miss Ray in her situation was a pattern of discretion ; for when a lady of rank, between one of the acts of the Oratorio, advanced to converse with her, she expressed her embarrassment ; and Lord Sandwich, turning privately to a friend, said, "As you are well acquainted with that lady, I wish you would give her a hint that there is a boundary line in my family, that I do not wish to see exceeded ; such

a trespass might occasion the overthrow of all our music meetings."

From what I have collected, Miss Ray was born in Hertfordshire, in 1742, and that his Lordship first saw her in a shop in Tavistock-street, where he was purchasing some neckcloths. This was all that Mr. Bates seemed to have ascertained, for both his Lordship and the Lady were equally cautious of communicating any thing on the subject. From that time her education was particularly attended to, and she proved worthy of all the pains that were taken with her. Her voice was powerful and pleasing, and she has never been excelled in that fine air of Jephtha, "Brighter scenes I seek above;" nor was she less admired, when she executed an Italian bravura of the most difficult description.

When Mr. Bates became almost entirely occupied as secretary to Lord Sandwich, or as Commissioner at the Victualling office, Mr. Greator, equally well qualified in music, was engaged to teach, and to reside in the family both at Hinchinbrook and in town; and from thence rose to the very top of his profession. He was afterwards patronized by his late Majesty, and still more by the present Sovereign, who, whilst I am writing these hasty recollections, is conferring his bounty upon him, and his numerous and well-deserving family. His excellent sister came first, through my recommendation, to Leicester, and was then only just thirteen. From her superiority to other can-

didates, she was chosen Organist of St. Martin's Parish, and from being highly approved by the surrounding neighbourhood, gained such a competence, that she has now retired from public life, to enjoy her own house and pleasant little territory at Burton-upon-Trent.

When I was made Steward for the opening of the General Infirmary at Leicester, Dr. Greene, then Bishop of Lincoln, preached our first sermon, and the collection made at the church doors was beyond all expectation. An evening concert was projected for the benefit of the charity; and Mr. Garrick not only recommended, but assisted me with performers, as well as music-books. Dr. Fisher, who afterwards went from Covent Garden Theatre to St. Petersburg, led. Vernon, Champness, and Mrs. Barthelemon sang both at the church and in the evening; and we had Fischer, likewise, the celebrated hautboy player. Such schemes were new at that time. The selection was highly applauded; and at the request of the numerous assembly, the concert was repeated next morning with equal success. I ought not here to omit mentioning a slight circumstance of some ladies of distinction, who particularly wished to benefit the charity. Our concert room was used in the winter as a theatre, and finding that I was hard pressed for accommodation, they insisted on my fitting up the upper gallery at full price, and they would occupy the front rows. I accordingly engaged my own people, for the whole pre-

ceding night, and had the honour to hand up and down those narrow stairs, some of the fairest ornaments of our County.

From this commencement we had afterwards one of the best attended music-meetings that had been then in England. The parish of St. Martin's liberally subscribed for an organ by Snetzler, which was raised to concert pitch, that it might be used in the Oratorio, which the old organs could not be. Jephtha was the Oratorio that was selected by Lord Sandwich, as it had been well practised at Hinchinbrook, and all that band attended. Giardini led. Mr. Bates opened the organ. There were Norris, Champness, Miss Cecilia Davis, Inglesina, prima donna at the Operahouse; Mrs. Scott likewise, and all the Lancashire chorus, with our neighbouring singers, powerfully contributed. Miss Harrop, afterwards Mrs. Bates, was then first brought forward, trembling, to sing "the angel song;" and attracted much interest in her favour. All was pleasant from the very rehearsal, for the churchwardens had very respectfully stepped forwards, and intreated Lord Sandwich and his party to take refreshments in the vestry, which had not passed unnoticed by him.

I could have greatly wished Miss Ray to have been present at the meeting, but it was impracticable; however, she had strongly recommended Miss Davis, and wrote to me the following very obliging letter on the occasion, which I am happy

to have preserved in kind remembrance of her friendship and attention.

From Miss RAY.

“ London, June, 27, 1774.

“ SIR,

“ I, yesterday, was favoured with yours, which found me very unwell indeed ; but I myself sent the score of Jephtha directly to Miss Davis. It would have given me great pleasure to have heard Miss Davis, and I am very much obliged to you for all your polite attention to me. My opinion is, that every person will be pleased and delighted with her. Though I cannot be present at your most respectable meeting, which I hope will be very full, you will have my best wishes, and that you may continue well yourself. Should you have any other commands, pray let me know them, and they shall be readily obeyed.

I am your most obliged friend,

MARTHA RAY.

“ To J. Cradock, Esq. &c.

“ P. S. From myself, to tell you, that I have been confined to my bed these ten days, but am rather better.”

A stewardship for such a meeting, is a very anxious concern, as I can speak from experience. For two nights I was never in bed, partly from superintending a weakly built gallery, and still

more from not being able to supply, at a short notice, a second singer for the Oratorio of Jephtha. Leoni was depended upon, who had performed in it at Hinchinbrook; but on account of some high festival at the Jews synagogue, he could not obtain leave of absence; and such then was my distress, that I set off instantly for town, and brought down Mrs. Scott, who had been educated in the school of Handel, and could sing the part required, without any previous rehearsal. During the morning service, the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were performed; and then the *Hundredth Psalm* was, for the first time, introduced with full accompaniments, and greatly admired. After the sermon, Handel's grand coronation anthem succeeded; and as there seemed to be a wish that it should be repeated, a pause ensued, and I ventured to open the doors freely to all the surrounding multitude, who followed me in the most orderly manner, and arranged themselves around the ailes, with the utmost decorum; this animated chorus was then repeated, and closed the whole, with general satisfaction. Several London performers returning from the north, offered me their assistance gratis, if required. Lord Sandwich both days took the kettle-drums, and having brought Omai with him, who had only just arrived in England, he attracted the eyes of the company, more than any one. Some difficulties, perhaps some incongruities, might occur, but as all were in-

clined to be pleased, all passed off excellently well before the audience. The Castle was very handsomely fitted up for the evening performance, and though the rain was incessant, I think we disposed of eight hundred tickets at full price. An Ode was written for the occasion, which was set to music by Dr. Boyce, and ably conducted by his friend Dr. Howard. This was again introduced at Hinchinbrook at Christmas, and the Bravura air was executed by Miss Ray. It was likewise performed in Lent at Covent Garden Theatre, under the care of Mr. Linley, after Alexander's Feast; but the score has never been printed. The duet of "Here shall soft Charity repair," has been repeated at St. Paul's, and indeed is now admitted after an introductory line of recitative from Scripture, into almost all the cathedrals. Mr. Braham and Mr. Bartleman, from their own celebrity, have greatly contributed to make it so popular.

After a day and a half had been devoted to music, the races followed; when the young Duke of Rutland made his first public appearance at Leicester, as Steward. The deluge of rain still continued, and when the state of the course was inquired after, it was facetiously asked, likewise, whether it was then too late to exchange the horse, for a boat-race. However, this has since occasioned a judicious alteration, and the races are now held on a much more commodious spot.

On the return of Lord Sandwich, he waited on

his Majesty at Kew, and after more weighty business, mentioned the Music Meeting that had been held at Leicester. His Majesty was pleased to say, that he could have wished to have been present; for Jephtha (though but little known) was a favourite Oratorio of his, and very difficult to be well performed. From this conversation and a subsequent conference, the great Abbey Meeting originated, which Mr. Bates was afterwards solicited to conduct.

And perhaps here a few more anecdotes relative to Jephtha, and the old school of sacred harmony, may not be unacceptable.

In my early youth I was at times present at a musical treat, chiefly given by amateurs, at Mr. Jennings's house at Gopsal in our County, who possessed a good organ, with Handel's portrait in front of it, and where Handel himself had frequently presided, when the words of the Messiah were first selected. The Oratorio was soon afterwards brought out in London, and the grand Hallelujah Chorus was intended for the conclusion, but finding that the second act hung heavily, and that some disappointment began to be expressed, Handel instantly rushed forwards, and commanded the last chorus to be then performed. This was most triumphantly encored, and this expedient completely saved that inspired Oratorio. But my chief reference is to Jephtha, part of which was well sustained by gentlemen whose correspond-

ence with Mr. Shenstone has since been published. One of these amateur performers was highly spoken of, as giving the scene of Jephtha, in the second act, with peculiar feeling and effect. When Jephtha was first practised at Hinchinbrook, some expressed great surprise that I should be so well acquainted with the airs of it, as I did not profess to be a deep musician. Barthelemon very civilly once mentioned a singer, much like myself, who gave one of the airs in Artaxerxes most admirably, for he accompanied him. "Not accompanied him, Sir;" replied my friend, "for that was impossible; but you now and then succeeded in hitting him with a note as you shot after him flying." But the subject had been ably discussed in my presence. Part of this oratorio, where the words are from Milton, is particularly fine; but the rest, to say the least of it, requires much alteration. Mr. Professor Mainwaring, who wrote the Life of Handel, fairly criticised it all; and his friend, Mr. Gray, always spoke of "No more to Ammon's God and King," as one of the most masterly and characteristic choruses of the immortal Handel.

But it may be fairly asked, "What became of poor Omai, during all this celebration?" "Of Omai?" replies a friend, "Why I have just left him in the tea-room, at the assembly, the happiest among the happy, very gallantly handing about cake and bread-and-butter to the ladies;" but as

this was his first grand entrée into European life, I will venture to add a few particulars. The morning after he arrived at Leicester I was called up by the waiter very early, and informed that the "stranger gentleman" had run away. I hastily dressed myself, and endeavoured to pursue him as quick as possible. All windows of the market-place were shut, but one gentleman was just opening his door, to take his early walk, and to him I communicated my distress. "You need not be alarmed," says he; "for such a person as you describe I have just seen from my chamber window, walking about very leisurely, and we can instantly overtake him." When we found him, Omai expressed no anxiety or surprise, but returned with us with the utmost good humour and quietude. This was the first time he seemed to have obtained his liberty; and he made the most of it. Omai was not averse from admiration, and he soon gave me to understand how very happy he felt himself to be at Leicester, for he was kindly received every where; and the only unhappy moment that he experienced there was, when he was first informed that he must take his final leave of it.

After the return of the party to London, Greenwich Hospital was shewn to Omai, and Lord Sandwich was rather disappointed that he was not more struck with the sight of it, and said, "If that did not surprise him nothing would, for that

he never could have seen anything half so magnificent ;” but Dr. Solander assured his Lordship that he was with him when he was first introduced into the Dutch Governor’s house, at the Cape of Good Hope, which is immense, and that he had then expressed the utmost astonishment.

We were all afterwards at the launch of a man of war at Woolwich ; but Omai was very little entertained, and at last stole away to the tavern before us, and, according to his custom, had very neatly cut the cucumber, and dressed the salad. I once was with him at an elegant repast, where stewed Morello cherries were offered, which being mistaken by him, he instantly jumped up, and quitted the room. Several followed him ; but he gave them to understand that he was no more accustomed to partake of human blood than they were. He continued rather sulky for some time, and at last it was only by partaking of some of them ourselves, that he would be convinced of his error, and induced to return again to the table.

Lord Sandwich one day at Hinchinbrook proposed that Omai should dress a shoulder of mutton in his own manner ; and he was quite delighted, for he always wished to make himself useful. Having dug a deep hole in the ground, he placed fuel at the bottom of it, and then covered it with clean pebbles ; when properly heated, he laid the mutton, neatly enveloped in leaves, at the top, and having closed the whole, walked constantly

around it, very deliberately, observing the sun. The meat was afterwards brought to table, was much commended, and all the company partook of it. And let not the fastidious gourmand deride this simple method; for are not his own wheat-ears, or his field-fares, now frequently brought to table wrapped in vine-leaves? and are not his pheasants, or partridges, smothered up in cabbage, almost as well known in St James's-street, as in the purlieu of the Palais-royal?

But the most memorable circumstance I recollect, relative to Omai, was when he was stung with a wasp. He came in whilst we were at breakfast at Hinchinbrook; his hand was violently swelled, and he appeared to be in great agony, but could not explain the cause. At last, not being in possession of the word wasp, he made us understand that he had been wounded by a soldier bird. We were all astonished; and Dr. Solander very well remarked, that considering the allusion to the wings and the weapon, he did not know that any of the naturalists could have given a more excellent definition.

But now the time for his quitting England was fast approaching; for Government judged his return to his own country necessary, lest the natives might fancy that we had murdered him; and his stay might have rendered the cause of bringing him abortive. He was loaded with trinkets, but did not seem much to regard them, and after I had arrived in Leicestershire, I was informed that

he was not at all concerned at the thoughts of leaving any of us ; and indeed I felt rather vexed that we should have wasted so much anxiety about him ; but suddenly returning to town, I unfortunately met Omai on the raised pavement in Parliament-street, leading to the Admiralty, and there he strongly convinced me to the contrary. He was miserable, and I was never much more affected. He left, alas ! and the dreadful consequences have been but too well authenticated.

In consequence of my Master of Arts Degree, I became subject to various applications for my vote at every contest for the University of Cambridge ; but it was at the General Election, that Lords Clarendon and Sandwich particularly requested that I would regularly attend a Committee at St. John's College, as they knew that I was well acquainted with the Master and Fellows. Lord Hyde, a most excellent young nobleman, was remarkably shy, and was announced as a Candidate, I believe not entirely with his own inclination ; but it was judged that it might be every way serviceable to him ; and as Lord Clarendon was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Sandwich was then in full power, though in a different line, there was every probability of his meeting with success. The opponents were Lord John Townshend and Mr. Pitt. The Committee assembled at St. John's for about a week before the Elec-

tion; Dr. Beadon generally presided; some few attended from other Colleges, but all were equally friendly and strenuous in the cause. The Duke of Rutland, with whom I had the honour to be connected, as I was of the same County, either from delicacy to an acquaintance, or intimacy with all the Candidates, made only a general application to me in favour of Mr. Pitt, and being strongly solicited in another quarter, I gave my second vote to Lord John Townshend. After the election, which terminated in favour of Hyde and Townshend, the Duke of Rutland came to Cambridge from Cheveley, and I had a long interview with him. He was pleased to say, that as he knew I had been very active in a Committee at Cambridge, and had numerous connexions there, I could render great service to him, and his brother, though I had no vote for the County; that he should return immediately to Cheveley, and wished that I would meet Mr. Pitt that day at dinner, to make some stay with him, and help to arrange every thing for an immediate canvass. I certainly was desirous of paying due attention to the Duke's request, but felt very awkward at the thought of being introduced to Mr. Pitt, whom I had just been anxiously opposing; however, I obeyed, and having consulted with some of the Duke's relatives then at Cambridge, I hastily set out for Cheveley. When Mr. Pitt observed the intimacy that seemed to subsist between his Grace

and me, he appeared to be quite astonished, and could no ways account for my having exerted myself against him; and I could not be otherways than greatly embarrassed, as I was conscious he had every just cause for such surprise. The next morning, when walking in the park together, we compared notes, and many contradictory circumstances were then fully explained. Mr. Pitt was afterwards very complaisant to me, and our acquaintance, so commenced, continued during his life. He found from the Duke himself why he had not more avowedly interfered, and regretted that he had not sooner been apprised of his reasons, as he could, in a few instances, have made some greater exertions; but he was soon afterwards fully convinced (if any thing was then wanting) of the Duke's kindness and sincerity, by finding that, through the Duke of Northumberland's interest, he had secured for him a seat in Parliament, for the Borough of Appleby; once placed there, he soon gave the strongest proofs of his own rising abilities. No time was lost before a most active canvass for the County of Cambridge was engaged in, and at last Lord Robert Manners, though then on a foreign employ, succeeded. My chief business was (and here I can speak rather boastfully), through some friends at Emmanuel College, to hire a large piece of ground, and to engage a number of persons to take charge of the Freeholders' horses, that they might not be turned loose, as had

formerly been complained of (on the day of election), and it was acknowledged, that by this precaution much mischief had probably been prevented. During our protracted stay at Cheveley, Mr. Pitt and I were entrusted with the key of a very large old cabinet, which contained manuscripts and letters from Lord Bolingbroke, Dean Swift, and many of the first Literati of those times. They had belonged, as I understood, to the great Lord Granby; but at this busy season there was no leisure to examine them; and though an appointment was agreed upon afterwards for that purpose, yet other avocations interfered, and no progress, that I know of, has since been made in the inquiry. Most probably the greater part of them have appeared in print; and too much, perhaps, has already been given to the public indiscriminately, relative to those celebrated characters.

On my return to London, after these election exploits, I waited both upon Lord Clarendon and Lord Sandwich, at whose houses I often passed many pleasant hours. At the former I chiefly met Dignitaries of the Church, some of the Judges, and many persons of eminence in the Law. At the latter, Admirals, Naval Officers, Naturalists, and Philosophers, and the society was highly instructive at both. My kind friend, Lord Denbigh, was now and then of the party at the Admiralty, and as the two peers, most freely "gave and took," their "*Damus accipimusque vicissim*," was

at times most highly entertaining. Miss Ray presided, and some lady was generally in the house with her as a companion; often Signora Galli, who was formerly a very favourite pupil of Handel. There was no music after dinner, as at Hinchinbrook; now and then a whist-table was introduced after coffee, and I have sometimes accompanied the domestic party to the theatre. All was punctual to the moment, if possible; for I have known Lord Sandwich apologize to a Lieutenant in the Navy, for not being able to be exact to his appointment. The full table at dinner consisted, if I may be allowed the expression, of Sir Richard Bickerton, Sir George Collyer, Mr. Owen Cambridge, Dr. Solander, Dr. Burney, Dr. Hawkesworth, and Mr. Bates. This was the frequent assemblage. Lord Denbigh was only occasionally present. His Lordship always prided himself, and justly, on the elegance of his own table, and sometimes on retiring would say to me, "I often pass a very pleasant hour or two, at this house, but our friend Sandwich does not always engage a good cook, and some of his made dishes are either meagre or become absolutely obsolete." "You know, my Lord," I have replied, "that Lord Sandwich always eats what is plain himself, and is more attentive to the plenty and comfort of his table, than to the attainment of peculiar delicacies; but surely his wines are of the choicest quality." "Those," says Lord Denbigh, "that you allude

to, are either perquisites at the Admiralty, or they are procured for him, from the Cape of Good Hope, by Sir Joseph Banks, otherwise, I am sure he would give himself but little trouble about them." It would have been difficult, however, for any of us visitants to have decided which of the two Earls was most courteous or condescending to his guests. As they both exacted the strictest observance in regard to the dinner hour, I once ventured a little to remonstrate, and asserted, that those who had only to change their wigs, might easily be punctual, in comparison of those who were dependant on a hair-dresser; here a most violent exclamation was raised against me, but I looked to numbers, as in higher places, and putting the question to the vote, with the aid of the ladies, obtained no small majority. Seriously speaking, a high table may now be attended at one third of the expense and trouble that it was formerly; no full dress, consequently no carriage always required; and since hotels have been established, a prudent man, I am fully convinced, though he regularly pays his bills, which he must do in a foreign country, may yet live as cheaply and as commodiously in London, as in any part of France. As Lord Denbigh always humourously affected to triumph over Lord Sandwich about dinners, I once obtained from Mr. Bates an account of a most elegant entertainment, that had been given by Lord Sandwich to the Foreign Ambassadors.

The table was spread in the great room at the Admiralty, which is hung round with pictures of the South Sea Islands, and decorated with many naval emblems, and curiosities; the first course, which was chiefly of turtle, was served up in paste models of ships or boats, with the flags flying, so that all was classical and appropriate, and I hope no due encomium was lost in my report of it to Lord Denbigh, who very archly smiled, and said, "I hear all you say, and understand all you mean; but I can tell you more about it than you know. The dessert was by far the finest part, and the beautiful green pines that have been elsewhere specified, were all presented to him by Portland, from his admirable hot-house at Bulstrode."

When a meeting of friends was held at the Admiralty to consult about the South Sea voyages that were to be published by Dr. Hawkesworth, and the Preface was to be read by the Doctor; I presumed so far as to make one objection at the commencement. It was there asserted, that no crowned head, before his then present Majesty, had ever patronized any similar publication, and I exemplified the elaborate work of the Abbé d'Aute-roche, which had been magnificently printed at the expence of the Empress of all the Russias. The company, to my great surprise, all declared that they were strangers to it; and I assured them that I possessed a very fine copy, in three volumes minor folio, with prints, plans, maps, and an addi-

tional chart ; and as I was going into Leicester-shire, I would with pleasure immediately send them all up. They were accordingly forwarded, some alterations were made in consequence, and I received the following letter from the Doctor on the occasion. I can add, likewise, that I most respectfully retain a letter from Mrs. Hawkesworth, which was received, on the safe return of the books, after the decease of her much lamented husband ; and I here subjoin it, as every thing which came from her pen must do her credit.

“ Great Ormond-street, opposite Powis House,

“ DEAR SIR,

5th May 1773.

“ I am ashamed not sooner to have acknowledged the receipt of d’Auteroche’s Voyage, and to have expressed my sense of so obliging a favour. I have, however, been so pressed by the publication of the Voyages into the South Seas, and the multifarious business transacting at the India House, relative to the proceedings in Parliament upon the affairs of the Company, that I have not yet been able to taste the treat you have furnished to my mind. I shall take the liberty therefore that your kind politeness has allowed, and keep the books a week or two longer, after which they shall, with a thousand thanks, be dispatched to Gumley.

“ I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged, humble servant,

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.”

“ Mrs. Hawkesworth presents her compliments to Mr. Cradock, has had the favour of a letter from him, which she should sooner have acknowledged, if she had not been absent on a visit to a friend near twenty miles from Bromley, where she shall stay but a few days longer. She has the pleasure to assure Mr. Cradock that the books are safe, and shall at her return home be properly packed up and sent to Mr. Cadell’s in the Strand. Mrs. Hawkesworth thinks herself extremely obliged by the kind manner in which Mr. Cradock mentions *that loss*, which she has the mournful satisfaction of believing was much regretted by all who knew (but particularly those who *intimately knew*) her deceased, and by her ever to be lamented (*more than*) friend.

“ January 30th, 1774.”

The publication of the Voyages proved rather lucrative to Dr. Hawkesworth, but did not altogether contribute to his happiness, for it drew upon him a swarm of enemies. Mr. Cadell, who had been introduced by me, on the occasion, to Lord Sandwich, embarked freely at a considerable expense, and rendered every service in his power, but the voyages had scarcely appeared, before they were variously assailed; and Mr. Cadell particularly complained of some very sarcastical remarks on the mathematical and astronomical parts, which he had traced to Mr. Ludlam, who had been

particularly indebted to him, in regard to his own former publication. All Lord Sandwich's other friends likewise were severely assailed on account of a passage relative to a particular providence in the preface, and it was maliciously urged that, "till Dr. Hawkesworth had been connected with the India House and the Admiralty, he had always written on the side of morality and religion." But with all due deference to these violent antagonists, it may be justly pleaded perhaps, that there may be some danger of judging and deciding too partially of Providence on such occasions; and some fear of direct presumption may at times be fairly apprehended. I recollect a very worthy rector, possessed of a great living in one of the midland counties, who informed me, that on his induction to it, he had met with a particular difficulty, for an inclosure had just taken place, and half of his parish petitioned that he would pray for rain, that their quicksets might grow, and the other, that he would intercede for fair weather, as they were in the midst of their hay-harvest; but not to speak lightly or irreverently on a serious subject, is there no caution to be admitted in such occurrences? The poet objects, that Deity ought not to be introduced, as too frequently interposing in our behalf, and then but for special purposes, "*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus:*" and some of our ablest theologians have asserted, that a too free interpretation of the immediate interference of

Providence in our own favour, might sometimes savour perhaps, more of pagan arrogance, than of Christian humility.

“ Petitions yet remain,
Which heav’n may hear; nor deem religion vain;
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heav’n the measure and the choice;
Safe in his pow’r, whose eyes discern afar,
The secret ambush of a specious pray’r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest
Secure, whate’er he gives, he gives the best.”

The following adjoining lines, though not absolutely required for my purpose, are so very fine, that I cannot help transcribing them.

“ Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov’reign o’er transmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death, kind nature’s signal of retreat;
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow’r to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.”

The chemistry professorship becoming vacant, and a friend of Lord Sandwich’s at Trinity College, being a candidate, I was solicited for my vote and interest, and invited by his Lordship to

visit Hinchinbrook, on my way to Cambridge, and accompany him in his carriage. We went together, and passed a very pleasant evening with a numerous party at the Rose tavern; and having voted next morning, we returned to Hinchinbrook. Lord Sandwich, on meeting his neighbour Major Reynolds, in the gateway with another officer, insisted on their alighting, and taking a family dinner at his house. The Major apologized for his intrusion, hoped his Lordship would excuse the liberty he had taken of bringing a brother officer with him, and then introduced his friend Captain Hackman. The party merely consisted of Lord Sandwich, Miss Ray, and a lady with her, the two gentlemen, and myself. Dinner was soon served and coffee called for. We played two rubbers at whist. Lord Sandwich held with Miss Ray, against Major Reynolds and myself; Captain Hackman requesting that he might only look over the cards. Lord Sandwich, being much fatigued, and complaining of the head-ach, retired early in the evening, and on leaving the room said to me, "I have just received the instruments from Dollond's, and wished to have examined them, but must only now hope there is no damage. I immediately offered to see them unpacked, and as it was a fine moon-light night, I desired, after the ladies had retired, that I might be permitted to put the lunar telescope together; and the gentlemen very obligingly offered their

assistance. Lord Sandwich's old black servant opened the box, and we remained upon the lawn till it was late, and possibly might return again to the table. But all was safely restored, as I was to leave Hinchinbrook the next day at a very early hour for Leicestershire. This was the only time I ever saw Captain Hackman.

Lord Sandwich, in a friendly way, sometimes honoured me by making a little stay at my house at Gumley; and once having alighted at the door with Mr. Bates, he was informed that his black servant, who always travelled with him, was suddenly taken speechless; assistance was procured as soon as possible, when it was pronounced that the seizure was paralytic, and he remained full six weeks, before he was able to be removed. The following letter is merely offered to the public as it fully displays his Lordship's humane attention on the occasion.

“DEAR SIR,

Admiralty, Oct. 26, 1774.

“I am ashamed to think that my servant should have been so long troublesome in your family, and hope you will send him home as soon as it is possible for him to move, for it really hangs upon my spirits that he should have so long trespassed upon your goodness. I should imagine the easiest conveyance for him would be a one horse chaise, which I suppose may be easily hired at Harborough, by which conveyance he may very easily

get to Hinchinbrook in two short days journey. I hope you remember that our musick meeting begins on Monday the 2d of January, and that we depend on the pleasure of your company. My best respects attend on Mrs. Cradock, and I remain ever, with the utmost truth and regard,

Your most obedient

and most faithful servant,

SANDWICH."

I never saw the black servant again, till after the dreadful catastrophe had occurred at Covent Garden Theatre, and then went to the Admiralty on purpose to inquire for him. I said that it was utterly inexplicable to me, that I should never have seen or even heard of Captain Hackman before, and he then reminded me of my interview with him at Hinchinbrook. I found that the Captain was recruiting in Huntingdonshire, and that for three weeks after he had seen Miss Ray, whenever she took an airing, he generally was met bowing to her, as she passed, but the servant was not aware of intimacy. The Captain seemed to throw himself in her way, and either through Lord Sandwich or Major Reynolds obtained afterwards a recommendation or introduction to Sir John Irwine, Adjutant-general in Ireland, where he remained near two years; but not succeeding to any advancement, he soon afterwards left the

army, with an intention of going into the church. I then looked back on various occurrences.

Miss Ray, towards the latter part of the time that I frequented the Admiralty, did not ~~continue~~ to speak of her situation as before, ~~complained~~ of being greatly alarmed by ballads that had been sung, or cries that had been made directly under the windows that look into the Park; and that such was the fury of the mob, that she did not think either Lord Sandwich or herself were safe, whenever they went out; and I must own, that I heard some strange insults offered; and that I with some of the servants once suddenly rushed out, but the offenders instantly ran away and escaped. One evening afterwards when sitting with Miss Ray in the great room above stairs, she appeared to be much agitated, and at last said, "she had a particular favour to ask of me; that as her situation was very precarious, and no settlement had been made upon her, she wished I would hint something of the kind to Lord Sandwich." I need not express my surprise, but I instantly assured her, "that no one but herself could make such a proposal, as I knew Lord Sandwich never gave any one an opportunity of interfering with him, on so delicate a subject." She urged that her wish was merely to relieve Lord Sandwich as to great expense about her, for as her voice was then at the best, and Italian musick was particularly her forte, she was given

to understand that she might succeed at the Opera-house, and as Mr. Giardini then led, and I was intimate with Mrs. Brooke and Mrs. Yates, she was certain of a most advantageous engagement. I then instantly conjectured who one of the advisers must have been; and afterwards found that three thousand pounds and a free benefit had been absolutely held out to her; though not by the two ladies who managed the stage department. Whether any proposals of marriage at that time or afterwards were made by Mr. Hackman I know not, and I believe no one, after the unfortunate death of Miss Ray, but Mrs. Berkley, a Scotch lady, who resided in the family as companion, was ever well acquainted with all particulars. Mrs. Berkley, after the death of Miss Ray, had the care of a trusty department at Somerset-house, where I had a long conference with her; but in the course of her recital she became so dreadfully agitated, that I entreated her to desist; and though I had a letter and a friendly invitation, to visit her afterwards, I confess I had been so much hurt at what had passed, that I avoided a second interview.

From all that I now recollect, I merely conclude that Miss Ray had declined informing Mr. Hackman how or where she was engaged that evening, and finding that she and Mrs. Berkley were gone to the theatre, he might perhaps become jealous of some rival attachment. The ladies sat in a

front box, and three gentlemen, all connected with the Admiralty, occasionally paid their compliments to them; Mr. Hackman was sometimes in the lobby, sometimes in an upper side box, and more than once at the Bedford coffee-house to take brandy and water, but still seemed unable to gain any information; and I can add, as a slight circumstance, that in the afternoon I had myself been at the coffee-house at Charing-cross, and observing the carriage pass by, had remarked to my friend, that I wondered at seeing the ladies on their way to the theatre without Lord Sandwich; that I meant to have dined at the Admiralty, but had been prevented; so that it appears now that most of the circumstances must have been accidental. The dreadful consummation however was, that at the door of the theatre, directly opposite the Bedford coffee-house, Mr. Hackman suddenly rushed out, and as a gentleman was handing Miss Ray into the carriage, with a pistol he first destroyed this most unfortunate victim, and, though not at that time, fell a most dreadful sacrifice himself. The next morning I made several efforts before I had resolution to see any one at the Admiralty; at last Old James, the Black, overwhelmed with grief, came down to me, and endeavoured to inform me, that when he had mentioned what had occurred, Lord Sandwich hastily replied, "You know that I forbade you to plague me any more about those ballads, let them sing or say whatever they

please about me!" "Indeed, my Lord," I said, "I am not speaking of any ballads; it is all too true." Others then came in; and all was a scene of the utmost horror and distress. His Lordship for a while stood, as it were, petrified; till suddenly seizing a candle, he ran up stairs, and threw himself on the bed, and in an agony exclaimed, "Leave me for a while to myself—I could have borne any thing but this!" The attendants remained for a considerable time at the top of the staircase, till his Lordship rang the bell, and ordered that they should all go to bed. They assured me, that at that time they believed fewer particulars were known at the Admiralty than over half the town besides; indeed all was confusion and astonishment; and even now I am doubtful whether Lord Sandwich was ever aware that there was any connection between Mr. Hackman and Miss Ray. His Lordship continued for a day or two at the Admiralty, till, at the earnest request of those about him, he at last retired for a short time to a friend's house in the neighbourhood of Richmond.

On his return to town I waited upon him, as soon as I thought it might not be intrusive; and was admitted into the study, where the portrait of Miss Ray, a most exact resemblance, still remained over the chimney-piece. I fear I rather started on seeing it, which Lord Sandwich perceiving, he instantly endeavoured to speak of some uncon-

nected subject ; but he looked so ill, and I felt so much embarrassed, that as soon as I possibly could, I most respectfully took my leave.

His Lordship rarely dined out any where ; but after a great length of time, he was persuaded by our open-hearted friend, Admiral Walsingham, to meet a select party at his house. All passed off exceedingly well for a while, and his Lordship appeared more cheerful than could have been expected ; but after coffee, as Mr. and Mrs. Bates were present, something was mentioned about music, and one of the company requested that Mrs. Bates would favour them with " *Shepherds, I have lost my Love.*" This was unfortunately the very air that had been introduced by Miss Ray at Hinchinbrook, and had been always called for by Lord Sandwich. Mr. Bates immediately endeavoured to prevent its being sung, and by his anxiety increased the distress ; but it was too late to pause. Lord Sandwich for a while struggled to overcome his feelings, but they were so apparent, that at last he went up to Mrs. Walsingham, and in a very confused manner said, he hoped she would excuse his not staying longer at that time, but that he had just recollected some pressing business, which required his return to the Admiralty ; and bowing to all the company, rather hastily left the room. Some other endeavours to amuse him afterwards, did not prove much more successful. Indeed the tide seemed now to have set in against

all our pleasurable engagements ; for our excellent friends Mr. and Mrs. Bates not long afterwards lost all their property by the fire which unaccountably destroyed the Albion Mills.

For three years my wife and I travelled on the Continent, and at my return in 1786, I received a most kind letter from Lord Sandwich, inviting me to Hinchinbrook, where an effort was made to entertain the Prince of Wales for an evening in the old theatre ; but I was at that time unfortunately very ill : this was every way a great disappointment to me, as I had just visited some of those coasts of the Mediterranean, with which his Lordship was so well acquainted ; and had afterwards examined a large portion of Holland under the favour of his Lordship's more immediate instructions. Soon after this period his health began gradually to decline ; but I had not received even a distant hint, that there was any absolute danger, till Dr. Ash paid an accidental visit to me in the country, and informed me, that he feared my most valued friend was then chiefly kept alive by laudanum ; that he had tried the efficacy of the Bath waters in vain ; and had lately returned to London, without the least hopes of recovery. These particulars were almost immediately followed up by a full account, that his Lordship died on the 30th of April 1792 ; and, as might be expected, with the utmost fortitude and resignation. A sketch of his interesting life was published in the year 1799, by the Rev. Mr. Cooke, Chaplain of Green-

wich Hospital, who had resided in his Lordship's family ; and this was prefixed to Lord Sandwich's Voyage round the Mediterranean, which was made in the years 1738 and 1739 ; but a more elaborate recital is still required, and could now be amply supplied by the learned author of the Life and Works of Lord Bacon, who is every way qualified for such an undertaking. This voyage is, without exception, one of the most classical productions of the age in which we live, though it is not sufficiently known. It was ushered into the world with but little notice, and has been almost as much copied from, as read. His Lordship and his party travelled under great advantages ; they were accompanied by a painter of considerable excellence, to draw the dresses of every country they should go into ; to take prospects of all the remarkable places which had made a figure in history ; and to preserve in their memories those noble remains of antiquity of which they went in quest ; the whole, therefore, was pursued and performed under the most favourable auspices.

His Lordship, at a very early age, was sent to Eton School, and was placed under that eminent tutor, Dr. Sumner, of whom he always spoke in the highest terms of eulogium. In the year 1735 he was admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained about two years, and then set out on the travels before mentioned. During his residence in the University, he had distinguished himself, as one of the first noblemen who had pub-

licly declaimed in the College chapel; and, with the late Lord Halifax, had become an example of emulation to all his contemporaries. On his return to England in 1739, he brought with him, according to Dr. Dampiere, amongst many other curiosities, eight embalmed Ibises, from the catacombs of Memphis; a large quantity of the Egyptian papyrus; and a marble Vase from Athens, with a very long inscription on both sides of it. This marble, as a mark of respect to the Society of which he had been a member, he presented to Trinity College; and it is now most respectfully preserved in their highly valuable and magnificent library. The inscription, on which there had been much dispute, has been explained and illustrated by the late learned Dr. Taylor, who has now rendered it intelligible to every reader of the Greek language; and what is said of the noble traveller himself, by so excellent a judge, ought not to be withheld: "*Nolui certe meam opellam deesse tali potissimum viro hortante, cujus inter postremas laudes olim recensebitur, potuisse eum cum fructu, non solum proprio, verum etiam publico, peregrinari.*"—I shall trespass likewise with another learned testimony, which was given by Dr. Beadon, Public Orator, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, on his Lordship's receiving the Degree of Doctor of Laws in the year 1769, when the Duke of Grafton

* Lord Sandwich was the first President of the Egyptian Club, established by himself, Lord Pembroke, Dr. Stukeley, and others.

succeeded the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor for the University of Cambridge. After a just encomium on the merits of his Lordship's illustrious ancestors, this ingenious scholar thus introduces the Earl himself: "*Sed non tali præconio indiget comes hic illustrissimus. Quot enim, quantisque reipublicæ muneribus ipse fuit præpositus; quâ animi et dignitatis præstantiâ omnibus perfunitus est? Quas foris legationes obiit, quali magnificentiâ quantâque felicitate? Quid ejus memorem in Senatû eloquentiam, in conciliis gravitatem, in amicitiiis constantiam? Quid denique politissimas in agro suo rusticationes, raramque illam et naturæ et fortunæ donis fruendi artem? Agnoscite igitur, Academici, alumnum pristinum, præsens decus, perpetuum tutamen. Neque apud vos ulla ei honoris ornamenta desint, qui vicinas has musas summâ semper humanitate apud se soleat excipere.*" Such were the academical tributes that were heaped upon his merits and acquirements.

His Lordship's political life is before the world, and it might be presumption in me, perhaps, to expatiate largely upon it; but I may freely assert, that certainly no man for a while could be more persecuted. He bore daily insults and misrepresentations rather as a stoick than as an injured and a feeling man, and he could not be accused of ever retaliating in the usual mode of more modern politicians. Others received great emoluments for what they sustained; Lord Sandwich was always

content, by knowing that he had deserved them. On the secession of the Duke of Grafton, in February 1770, Lord North succeeded as First Lord of the Treasury, and Prime Minister. Under this administration the Earl of Sandwich was First Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, which office he soon resigned, and was for the third time appointed First Lord of the Admiralty January 12, 1771; a station more peculiarly adapted to his own inclinations, as well as to his most extensive knowledge of maritime affairs. This high office he again resigned, and for a while took the Rangership of the Parks; but finally retired, not long afterwards, from all State employments. His public career, which he had maintained for nearly half a century, terminated in the year 1784, when he made Hinchinbrook his chief abode. From this time he devoted himself almost entirely to the duties of a private life. There he still preserved the same calmness of mind, the same temperate forbearance, as had always before distinguished him; and enjoyed solitude, without writing daily to his friends to boast of his philosophy. He retired; and without the least remuneration for his services!

The extent of his literary attainments have never been duly appreciated by the publick; he was versed in modern languages, as well as in the Greek and Roman Classics; he spoke French and Italian fluently, and I have reason to believe he was

equally conversant with the German and the Spanish. He possessed a very curious collection of ancient coins, and was able to decipher most inscriptions in the Oriental languages; and what more could be required, since those languages have never been vernacular amongst us? The merit in his time was infinitely greater than at present, for the most accomplished scholars had not then penetrated to the utmost limits where any valuable information could be obtained.

His Lordship's fortune was never affluent; but he was always frugal as to himself; he never travelled but as a private gentleman, and did not possess even a villa in the neighbourhood of London. One summer, when his attendance at the Admiralty was almost daily required, he resided, by favour of Lord Chesterfield, at a house on Blackheath; and during another, that he might be near to Kew, he inhabited a retired mansion belonging to Lord Halifax, on the edge of Hampton Green; indeed, I never knew him to incur any lavish expence, but in his duteous zeal, when their Majesties were pleased to honour him by an unprecedented visit to the Dock-yards at Portsmouth.

The services that his Lordship rendered to Greenwich Hospital, and many other charitable institutions, of which he was Governor, are still remembered with gratitude; and he gave so many invaluable proofs of his devoted attention to the Navy, that it may be justly said, "His works will

live after him." Indeed it may fairly be assumed, that he was so clear in all his high offices, that his general merits will speak "trumpet-tongued" against the deepest clamours of persevering calumniators.

The Honourable John Montagu, who, on his father's death, became fifth Earl of Sandwich, was born 26th January 1743-4; and his brother, the Honourable William Augustus Montagu, chosen in 1774 Member for Huntingdon, was born the 12th February 1752, and died in December 1775. He possessed great talents, and, by a good education, had every opportunity of cultivating them; indeed every facility was afforded him of rising to high honours in the Law, for which he was intended; but, alas! from dissipated company, habits of extravagance, and a total neglect of his health and constitution, he was in early life obliged to try the air of Lisbon; but what could change of air effect, after all the stamina of life were inwardly exhausted? He died at Lisbon soon after his arrival, to the great regret of the writer of this memorial, who had once entertained some hopes of his recovery, after he had experienced the salutary quietude of a short residence in Leicestershire. The account of his death was received after the performance of the last Oratorio that I remember at Hinchinbrook.

Lord Sandwich, however, still possessed another son; but his Lordship did not live long enough to

know that he would hereafter prove one of the brightest ornaments of that profession in which his Lordship would most have wished him to excel.

I never visited Lord Denbigh in the country till after his marriage with Lady Halford, widow of Sir Charles Halford, Bart. of Wistow Hall in the county of Leicester. She was daughter of Edward Farnham, Esquire, of Quorndon, near Loughborough, of a very ancient family, with a small fortune. She was handsome, elegant in her person, and correct in her manners; possessed good natural abilities, but had not been so highly educated as the former Lady Denbigh*, who more or less was connected with most of the learned ladies of her own time. Miss Farnham had merely acquired some general accomplishments. Young ladies were not so deeply read then as at present; and if, when married, they went once a year to see fashions in London, and attend the theatres, it was thought sufficient. They neither wished to be presented at Court, nor to retain a box at the Opera-house; and even when Miss Farnham became Lady Halford, she could have no reason to expect that she might hereafter rank as one of the

* Basil sixth Earl of Denbigh was born on January 3, 1719; and on April 12, 1757, married, in Biggleswade church in Bedfordshire, Mary, third daughter and coheir of the worthy Sir John Bruce Cotton, of Connington, in Huntingdonshire, and of Stretton, in Bedfordshire, Bart. the last male heir of that great antiquary Sir Robert Cotton, Knt. and Bart. who at a vast expence and labour procured that inestimable collection, called "The Cotton Library."

highest in the most brilliant circles. There always was a time when some females possibly might distinguish themselves by extensive learning, but no great encouragement was given to their exertions; and it would not be incurious, perhaps, to trace how much the age has been improved by the *Spectators*, and other Periodicals, which not only rendered general reading fashionable, but likewise greatly contributed to correct the public taste.

When a year had expired after the death of Sir Charles Halford, a friend of Lord Denbigh's called at my house, and informed me that it was his Lordship's intention to make an offer of marriage to Lady Halford, and, as I was her nearest neighbour, and connected with her family, that he wished me to apprise her of it; but, though the match proved advantageous on both sides, I can truly declare, I had no other concern in the first recommendation. It now became my duty, however, to wait upon the Lady as soon as possible; and, finding her not indisposed to accept the offer, I immediately forwarded an account of the proceedings to her brother, Captain Farnham, of the Navy; and as few difficulties afterwards occurred, and his Lordship had no time to lose, the union of the contracting parties was soon afterwards solemnized. It was agreed that her Ladyship should reside at Newnham as the country seat, except for about six weeks in the year, when the family were to inhabit Wistow, chiefly at her expence, so that her own

place might be kept in repair, which, on her decease, was to devolve on Dr. Vaughan, now Sir Henry Halford. The house in South-street, Berkeley-square, was placed for her use under my care, and remained so much longer than I could have wished; for, since the death of both Lord and Lady Denbigh, owing to some nice distinctions in the Law as to whom it was to be given up, this house has not, till very lately, been surrendered by me in due form to Lady Fielding.

Immediately after the marriage, Lord Denbigh expressed great anxiety about the manner in which Lady Denbigh was to be received at Court; and a much fuller account of the nuptials than is usual on such occasions was forwarded by some trusty friends; but I believe their Majesties were still rather surprised at the youthful appearance of the Bride, who, when well-dressed, was quite interesting, and looked much younger than she really was. How his Majesty was pleased to express himself on the occasion, I am not fully acquainted; but Lord Denbigh was most highly delighted with the gracious declaration of the Queen: "Denbigh," said her Majesty, "you have always told me that you was blind; but I am sure you have proved to the contrary, when you made this choice!" The highest Personages are not always aware how much a word or a look, at a proper season, may sometimes contribute to abate or promote individual happiness.

I occasionally frequented the Royal Hotel, Pall Mall, from the day of its opening till its close ; indeed I had a small debt owing to me on the premises ; and after the Emperors and the King of Prussia had left London, and there could be no more hopes of such enormous gains in future, it was found expedient to get rid of the house altogether, on account of high rates and necessary repairs. I chanced to occupy some apartments there at the time that the Prince of Wirtemberg arrived to pay his addresses to the Princess Royal of England, and had rather an abrupt and awkward interview with his Serene Highness in the hall. He was not expected till about three o'clock in the afternoon ; but, before twelve, I suddenly heard a most violent shouting in Pall Mall, and almost instantly the Prince and his suite alighted ; but as nobody was ready to receive them properly, the mob rushed in after them, and it was with some difficulty that we could shut the door, and fasten the chain. The master and head waiter were gone to market, and the mistress, thus taken by surprise, was in fits in the bar-room, so that I was obliged to advance, and make some explanation. From former accounts that I had heard of his Serene Highness, I was not much pre-possessed in his favour ; but it was impossible for any one to behave with more affability, kindness, and good humour, than he did on this occasion. I told him, that I knew that the great apartments were ready

for his reception, and I attended him to them ; but, though he much approved of them as spacious and handsome, yet he regretted that there was no room fronting Pall Mall, instead of all merely looking into Carlton-house garden. I informed him that a change should instantly be effected, and immediately insisted on giving up my own parlour, which was so situated ; and he received this slight attention with polite acknowledgment. I never saw his Serene Highness except during that week ; but, when I took leave of him, he spoke in high approbation of all he had met with at the Royal Hotel.

As soon as I saw Lord Denbigh I recounted all particulars, and he immediately repeated many circumstances of the history and pedigree of the House of Hapsburg, to which he was so nearly allied. Whether Lord Denbigh was in waiting or not (at this time) I do not recollect, but his Lordship gave me afterwards the following anecdote : “ When the Prince of Wirtemberg was in conversation with his Majesty, he remarked, that he was surprised to see his family arms on one of the carriages at the Levee, and, on inquiry, heard it was Lord Denbigh’s ; he was not aware, he said, that his Lordship was descended from their House. ‘ Nor am I (replied his Majesty), but I know that your House is descended from that of Hapsburg. His Lordship is of that House, and is a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.’—‘ The kind condescen-

sion of my Royal Master in telling me this (said Lord Denbigh, exultingly) was absolutely a refreshing cordial to me in my old age' *."

* Titles.—" William Basil Percy Fielding of Hapsburg, Earl of Denbigh and of Desmond, Viscount Fielding and of Callan, Baron Fielding of Newnham Padox, and St. Liz, and Baron Fielding of Lecaghe. Also Count of the Holy Roman Empire."

According to Dr. Anderson's Royal Genealogies, this family is of a very noble extraction, being descended from the Earls of Hapsburgh, in Germany, which is apparent from divers authentic evidences; whereof I shall instance a letter of attorney made by Geffery de Fielding, bearing date at Munsterton, in com, Leic. on the feast day of St. Barnabas the Apostle, 1316, 9 Edw. II. in which he calls himself Filius Galfridi, Filii Galfridi, Comitis de Hapsburgh, et Domini in Laufenburgh, et Rinfilding in Germania: and therein, by the consent of Agnes de Naptan his wife, he gives power to William Purefoy to deliver seisin of his manor of Munsterton to Sir Raufe de Stanlow; as also one yard land in Lutterworth, which his mother Maud de Colville sometime held: also in an acquittance made by the said Sir Raufe, on the receipt from him of 10*l.* sterling, he therein mentions his descent as above said; which acquittance bears date at Westminster, July 5, 1319, 12 Edw. II.

And how it came about that a Foreigner, so eminent for his parentage, should thus settle in England, it is necessary to relate what is written in an ancient MS. about King Edward the Fourth's time, which manifesteth the occasion thereof, viz. that Geffery Earl of Hapsburg, by the oppression of Rodolph Emperor of Germany, being reduced to extreme poverty, one of his sons, named Sir Geffery, served King Henry III. in his wars in England; and because his father Earl Geffery had pretensions to the dominions of Laufenburg and Rinfilding, he took the name of FELDEN, and in English FILDING; and by Maud de Colville, his wife, left issue three sons, Geffery, John, and Thomas, then in their infancy.

On our return to England from the Continent, we found that our good friends Lord and Lady Denbigh, with Lord Rodney, were about to set out for Spa, and they greatly pressed us to be of the party ; but we had been so long absent from home, that we were obliged to decline the offer.

Lord and Lady Denbigh afterwards chiefly resided either at Newnham or at Wistow, and as I likewise generally remained for the winter in the neighbourhood, I became, almost to the very hour of his death, a frequent associate. During many a long evening, he has recounted to me a variety of curious circumstances relative to the reign of George the Second, the Court of the Prince of Wales at Leicester-house, and the juvenile days of his late Majesty George the Third, with all of which he was perfectly well acquainted.

It further appears, that King Henry III. considering the low condition of the said Geffery, who was thus in arms on his behalf here in England, gave him a considerable support in rents and fees lying in several places ; for in a roll of them yet extant, and written in King Edward the Third's time, whereunto the title is, *Redditus et Fœda Willielmi Filding, Filii Galfridi, Filii Galfridi, Filii Galfridi, Comitis de Hapsburg, Lauffenberg, et Rhinfeldi* ; in the margin thereof is this insertion, *Ex dono quondam Regis Henrici filii Regis Johannis*.

Many other testimonies of high honour likewise to this family may be referred to in the History of Leicestershire, by Mr. Nichols, to whom the late Earl gave up all papers and documents that he thought might be at all serviceable to the worthy Editor of that elaborate work.

As I was fully aware, when I commenced my travels in France, that I should be minutely questioned as to some of the places where Lord Bolingbroke and he had for any length of time resided, I determined to make myself as well informed of them as possible; and soon after my arrival at Paris in 1784, though it was almost immediately after the Peace with America, I found so many English resident there, that, though I pronounced the French tolerably well, having learnt it in my youth, yet, for want of practice, I should never be able to carry on any conversation in company; and therefore I determined to make my first experiment in going to pass a week at Orleans, to which I had a friendly admission by letters to some of the French inhabitants. During my stay near the pleasant banks of the Loire, I visited La Source *, about four miles distant from the city, where Lord Bolingbroke had resided for some years in his exile. He possessed for a time a large chateau, on a terrace, and extensive gardens. The place takes its name from a very extraordinary spring, which is supposed to be supplied by a cleft of a rock in the Rhône, but so copious, as almost immediately to form the little river LOIRET. Here, with French associates, I passed a most pleasant day; and, having seen several interesting spots in the neighbourhood, we returned again late at

* There is an exact view of La Source in one of the quarto volumes of Academie des Inscriptions & Belles Lettres.

night to Orleans. Whilst I remained in this city I visited all the public buildings ; particularly the Hotel de Ville, in which, Mr. Wraxall says, "There is a portrait of the Maid of Orleans, which was not done till 1581, near thirty years after her decease, and that this is the oldest picture of her now existing." The painter's initials upon it, which I copied, were G. V. G. P. P. 1581. There is, however, in another room, in a dark corner by the fire-place, a picture of the Maid triumphant, that is asserted to be older ; but it hung so high, and was so black, that we had no means of ascertaining any particulars.

Some Monks of a very large monastery, to whom I was introduced, sent me afterwards a present of some fine old red wine of their own vintage ; it was very strong, and nearly as rough as some of the famous cider of Herefordshire ; but, with the addition of spice, eggs, and sugar, made hot, as directed by my wife, I had the pleasure most amply to regale in the winter a large party of English at our apartments in Paris.

We were not at Blois till after our return from the South of France, and then we remained there for about a fortnight. Some very spacious rooms had been engaged for us, at a large forlorn inn, called La Gallère. We arrived at the time of the vintage, and the widow who belonged to the house, and her two daughters, had retired to their cottage in the neighbourhood for the wine harvest ;

but she had left a good cook, and, with the aid of our own people, we accommodated ourselves tolerably well. This famous inn was formerly a hunting seat of Lewis the Fourteenth, and the apartments seemed not to have been much altered from that time. The grand drawing-room was full upon the Loire; and when the rotten sashes were safely propped up, there was one of the most delightful views imaginable. The bridge was as superb as any in France: the river wide, and to a great extent; and woods, to which we saw no bounds. Our state-room was fitted up with silken tapestry, mixed in with dirty silver wire; and there was a very grand sopha of green velvet, on which, when it had been purified for a day or two, and covered with a clean white sheet, we ventured comfortably to recline; and having hired a bed, which was placed in the middle of an adjoining chamber, we made ourselves altogether contented. The additional suite of rooms were once termed likewise, I doubt not, very magnificent; but now, from time and neglect, they were chiefly hung with rags, "blue, red, and yellow; and seemed to speak variety of wretchedness."

When, at a distant time, I gave Lord Denbigh this description, he hastily said, "Those that you describe were the very apartments that Lord and Lady Bolingbroke and I once occupied; I remember them well, and they bring to my recollection a very curious occurrence. As we sat with a party

one late evening, contemplating the prospect, a wolf came down to drink ; which an officer with us perceiving, he instantly took his fusil, stole cautiously over the bridge, and killed it directly opposite to our windows." I then informed his Lordship, that there was a Royal wolf-hunting whilst we were there. The English termed it, "a Wolf Hue and Cry." The cause was, that three children had recently been devoured ; and all the country for twenty miles round were up in arms, and one wolf, particularly large, was killed. I did not then get a sight of it ; but, on our return to Paris, we rested at Vendôme, and there, for that evening only, it was publicly exhibited.

Blois, though particularly interesting, is not, even now, much frequented by the English ; indeed it lies out of the general route ; but scarcely any city of France has been more fruitful of events. The Castle, which is still in high preservation, has frequently been a Royal residence ; the Queen's garden only, as it was termed, contained five acres of ground ; indeed every thing here is worth observation, having been the scene of so many plots and conspiracies. We saw the room in which the Duc de Guise was murdered ; he was considered as a martyr, and parts of the stone-work, that had been stained by his blood, had been carried away as relics. The apartments in which Mary of Medicis died are still preserved and shewn. But what must have been the state of delicacy in those

days, when mention cannot now be made of some ornaments in the cornices, with which the Royal apartments were decorated.

I particularly studied, and meant to have abridged, the History of the city of Blois, by Jean Bernier, "naquit à Blois au commencement du dix septième siecle, d'une famille noble, originaire de Chartres. Nous avons de lui (says the Editor) des Essais de Medecine; Observations sur les Œuvres de Rabelais, et une Histoire de Blois, in quarto, imprimée à Paris en 1682." But, being favoured with an octavo volume of "Essais Historiques sur la Ville de Blois, &c. par M. Fournier, in 1785," well executed, my labours were happily superseded. Cæsar in his Commentaries does not even speak of Blois, but it is generally believed that the foundation of the city was laid soon after the arrival of the Romans in Gaul.

It has been said that Lord Denbigh never wrote his own letters, but always employed an amanuensis; but I still preserve one entirely in his own hand-writing, though franked, with special permission I suppose, by Lady Denbigh. On account of his defect in sight, I frequently read to him, and sometimes wrote for him, for even to the last he was particularly fond of politics.

His library possessed many valuable books, and his large room up-stairs contained a fine collection of original Vandykes. There were likewise several other good pictures in different rooms, and many

curiosities in separate cabinets; one in particular was the dagger with which Felton stabbed the Duke of Buckingham; and it will be recollected, that an ancestor of Lord Denbigh's accompanied his relative the Duke of Buckingham, when Charles the Second laid siege to the Isle of Rhée.

William first Earl of Denbigh married Mary, daughter of Sir George Villiers, of Brokesby, co. Leicester, Knight, sister to George Duke of Buckingham. At Brokesby-house, likewise, the late Earl of Clarendon, who was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was born; and it was afterwards inhabited by some of the Wright family, who were descended from the Lord Keeper of that name, as before mentioned, and nearly related to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

Lord Denbigh was remarkably clear in his judgment, and very retentive in his memory; and he often replied with great shrewdness in the House of Lords, when keen retort was least expected from him. His language in general was correct; he spoke French as a native; and it always appeared to me that he had obtained much subtilty in argument from his long intimacy with Lord Bolingbroke, who certainly was deeply versed in all the intrigues of the political world. Lord Denbigh died July 14, 1800, with the utmost quietude, entirely worn out; and from his strict punctuality in all his dealings, his kindness, his hospitality, and his steady attachment to all connected with him, was

most sincerely regretted by numerous friends and dependents. He was buried at Monk's Kirby, rather privately, according to his own particular request. His titles descended to his grandson.

I never had the honour to be much acquainted with Lord Rochford; but Lord Denbigh said, that, though he might not possess the first-rate abilities, yet it was always remarked, that he wrote a neater and more clear dispatch than almost any other diplomatist. Lady Rochford had presided as Ambassadress both at the Courts of Spain and France, and was altogether more accomplished than any other lady I had met with. As long as her health would permit, she received her friends on a Thursday night, in winter, in Berkeley-square; and though Lord Rochford often resided at St. Osyth, yet on these occasions he was always anxious that she should be attended by his upper household, with every mark of respect. The rooms were brilliantly lighted; the supper was magnificently spread, and scarcely any thing was ever wanting that might add to the splendour of the entertainment. During the Christmas, when there was a very hard frost, I recollect that Lady Rochford mentioned, that a parcel of plants, or cuttings, had just arrived from Italy, and she wished that I would direct the gardener what could best be done with them for the present. I advised that they should all be placed in the cellar till there was a thaw, and that notice should imme-

diately be given of them to Lord Rochford. Part, if not all, were cuttings of Lombardy poplars; and I afterwards planted a few of them in my own grounds with success. Mr. Walpole mentions, that "the first poplar pine, or, as they have since been called, Lombardy poplar, planted in England is that at Park-place, on the bank of the river, near the great arch. It was a cutting brought from Turin by the late Lord Rochford in his carriage, and planted by General Conway's own hand*." And Miss Hawkins still more recently states, that "Lord Rochford introduced into this country the Lombardy poplar, and told her father that he brought the original sapling from Turin, tied to the pole of his carriage. When the tree was a novelty, it became a general favourite, and was adopted universally, wherever a rapid growth of what may be called *screenery* was desired; but, being planted in straight lines, before rows of houses of as quick growth as itself, it became vulgarized, and was treated with neglect equal to the fondness which had made it common †."

The Lombardy poplar is of very quick growth, but frequently requires to be propped up, and is good for nothing as timber. The Acacia is brittle; but, where there is shelter, and when covered with flowers, it is highly ornamental. I once saw in the South of France a public walk planted with

* See Walpole, 4to. vol. v.

† See Hawkins's Memoirs, &c. vol. ii. p. 7.

three rows of plane-trees ; but it was unpleasing, and not shady, as had been at least expected from the broad leaves. There was a long elm-walk in the King's garden at Bourdeaux, where, even in the hottest season, the gloom was impenetrable.

During the evenings of the assemblies in Berkeley-square, it was astonishing how well Lady Rochford appeared ; but she suffered afterwards by these violent exertions ; and it was apparent to those about her, that the termination of her estimable life was fast approaching. I sat with her, however, for a considerable time one morning, and she was wonderfully cheerful. Something struck her, that she could materially serve me by writing to Lord Rochford, and she made a memorandum of it. I was not even aware of her intentions at the time ; but I received the favour from Lord Rochford almost immediately after her decease, and must for ever owe the tribute of gratitude to her steady friendship. She died of an abscess.

A special messenger was immediately sent off to her father, whose life might be said to be wrapped up in hers, and he was met by Mr. Young, at no great distance from Hyde-park corner, who hastily exclaimed, "Is my daughter dead?" The servant replied, "She is, Sir;" and gave him letters. He paused for some time, and then said, "I shall not proceed to town,—turn the carriage, I shall go home again;" which he did, but could not long survive this irreparable loss.

William Henry fourth Earl of Rochford, born September 16, 1717; K. G. in 1763; appointed Ambassador to Spain in 1766; Ambassador to France in 1776; Secretary of State for the Northern Department; married Lucy, daughter of Edward Young, Esq. of Durnford, co. Wilts. She died January 9, 1773.

The next friend whom I wish to commemorate was Admiral Walsingham, who was well known to and respected by us all. He used to boast that he had entertained more miscellaneous parties than any other man in London. At one time he had received the Duke of Cumberland, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Nairne the optician, and Leoni the singer; and, according to his own account, the skill of Boswell in diplomatic introductions of this kind would bear no comparison. Walsingham was always pleasant himself, and, if possible, would promote good humour in others; it was at his house that I first met with Erskine and Sheridan; and it was there that the scheme was laid, that the former should exchange the Army for the Law; and in consequence our excellent friend Dr. Hinchliffe was applied to, who kindly received him at Trinity Lodge, and obtained for him a Nobleman's Degree, which entitled him to some years precedence in the Courts of Law. Erskine sent to me his pamphlet on the Abuses of the Army; and we afterwards examined together his Remarks on

Annuities ; they were both printed by Tom Davies, of Russell-street, Covent-garden.

It was at Admiral Walsingham's table likewise, that Dr. Johnson made that excellent reply to a pert coxcomb, who absolutely baited him during dinner-time. "Pray now," said he to the Doctor, "what would you give, old gentleman, to be as young and sprightly as I am?"—"Why, Sir, I think," replied Johnson, "I would almost be content to be as foolish."

Walsingham once invited some Members of the House of Commons and others to an entertainment ; but the greater part never came, being detained by some unexpected debates ; and at another time, a large party arrived suddenly, when it was too late to be supplied, except with a scanty dinner. On leaving the hall, several proposed to adjourn to my parlour at the Royal Hotel, and order beef-steaks, and to go from thence to the Opera ; and on my return they were all assembled, and asked me to partake, but I assured them that I had dined. We all went to the Opera, when the first person we met was the Admiral, to whom they freely gave all particulars. I still persisted that I had dined, for I had no right to be so very easy ; but the Admiral commended the scheme, and only coolly upbraided them, for not having asked him to be of the party. But we were once to be treated at his house with electrical experiments before dinner, when, by some little error,

the fire was caught by the wire of the bell, and was immediately conveyed throughout the house. Doors and windows were all thrown open, and we strongly urged that we should all repair directly to a neighbouring tavern. It was fortunate that Mrs. Walsingham did not arrive that day from her apartments at Windsor. And here ended, as I recollect, all our ludicrous adventures in this friendly mansion.

I was at the Admiralty when the gallant Admiral most strenuously requested that he might embark in the *Thunderer* for the West Indies, and Lord Sandwich strongly remonstrated against it, as that ship had but lately returned into port, and he doubted whether, according to the maritime phrase, she was absolutely sea-worthy, till she had undergone a thorough repair. Walsingham would hear of no objections; and every exertion was made, day and night, under Lord Sandwich's special directions, till all Walsingham's particular friends should likewise be convinced of her absolute safety. At last the ship sailed, and the gallant Admiral, with all his crew, perished in a hurricane, and no authentic particulars have ever yet been received of this most dreadful misfortune.

The Honourable Robert Boyle Walsingham was youngest son of the Earl of Shannon; and, when Commodore in the Navy, married Charlotte, second daughter of Sir Charles Williams; she was a lady of high attainments, and was considered as

a very superior artist in painting. She borrowed a very fine old Italian picture from Burleigh, which she copied so exquisitely well, that the substitute was hung up, and the ingenious lady was presented with the original.

Let me add likewise, that it was at the house of my much to be lamented friend, that I first became acquainted with the celebrated Bruce; he was just then returned from his travels to Abyssinia. In consequence of a slight introduction only, we afterwards became intimate, and I derived much entertainment, and still more instruction, from his interesting recitals. He favoured our party with the sight of many Oriental curiosities, and from the earliest period, minutely traced particulars of the rise, progress, and decline of the learning of the Egyptians.

It has been said, that on his return to Europe he was received with general admiration, but that was not entirely the case, as to London. His accounts at first were rather discredited, and he was greatly hurt by the ridicule that was attempted to be thrown on his marvellous adventures. His passage across the Desert, and the recovery of his baggage, were particularly dwelt upon; and the truth of some of the difficulties that he had encountered between Assouan and Cairo, was absolutely denied *. It is true that

* The particular account here alluded to was, that "from a disappointment that occurred at Teawa, where he arrived on the

all these mysteries have been since cleared up, and at last his Works are fully appreciated; but his spirit was broken, his health impaired, and he returned to his native country without those rewards which were so justly due to his vast achievements. These are the disappointments that bring merit to a premature end, and make the most learned men consign to the public the labours of their lives with cold indifference, "regardless of either censure or of praise."

James Bruce, of Kinnaird, near Falkirk, the celebrated traveller, was born December 14, 1729. He was of a very ancient and honourable family. His father David Bruce, Esq. married Marion Graham, daughter of James Graham, Esq. of Airth, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, in Scot-

21st of March, 1772, he set off from that place immediately, and making use of his foreknowledge of an eclipse of the moon, which happened on the 17th of April, he arrived at Sennaar on the 29th of the same month. He left Sennaar on the 5th of September, and arrived on the 3d of October at Chendi, which he quitted on the 20th, and travelled through the Desert of Gooz, to which village he came on the 26th of October. On the 9th of November he left Gooz, and entered upon the most dangerous part of his journey. All his camels having perished, he was then under the necessity of abandoning his baggage in the Desert, and with the greatest difficulty reached Assouan, upon the Nile, on the 29th of November. After some days rest, having procured fresh camels, he returned into the Desert, and recovered his baggage. On the 10th of January, 1773, after more than four years absence, he arrived at Cairo."

land. He was sent to London, to the house of William Hamilton, Esq. a Barrister, with whom he remained for some time, and in 1742, was placed at Harrow school, where he made great proficiency in classical learning. Various authors may be referred to, as to his life. His Travels were published in 1790, in five vols. 4to, embellished with plates and charts, and have since been abridged. On the 26th of April, 1794, Mr. Bruce had the misfortune, in handing a lady down stairs, at his house at Kinnaird, to fall down headlong; he was taken up speechless, his face, particularly the forehead and temples, being severely cut and bruised, and the bones of his hands broken. He remained in a state of insensibility for eight or nine hours, when he expired on Sunday the 27th of April, 1794, in the 65th year of his age. A friend of mine still possesses a lock of his hair, which was black when he set out on his travels, but after his return became white and silvery. He has since walked over Mr. Bruce's former house, and visited the adjoining territory, and reports, that every where he was highly spoken of, and his loss was most deeply regretted by all who had the honour of his acquaintance.

A Collection of Manuscripts, including about one hundred volumes, has very lately been announced. They belong to Mr. Bruce's daughter-in-law, and are deposited at Chelsea Hospital, under the care of Col. Spicer. They could not be placed under a more respectable guardianship.

It is rather painful to pursue a narrative, in which I, the most offensive of the pronouns, as Mr. Gibbon justly terms it, must so frequently intrude; but authenticity demands it, especially, as I chiefly wish to give those occurrences, in which I, however humble, have played no unimportant part.

Many obligations were due from me to the Rev. Mr. Hurd, Rector of Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, who much interested himself in my education; and from the time he gave me an introduction to Emmanuel College, I was proud, perhaps, of speaking of him there, and he was not always averse, when at leisure in a lonely village, from hearing my accounts of his own University.

At my vacations I paid him occasional visits, and recollect that the first time I accompanied him on a Sunday to his parish church, he after service asked me what was my opinion of the discourse. "You are to speak freely;" said he. I told him, that "I thought it was good, but I did not consider it as his own; for it rather appeared to me, that it was given from a printed book." "You are right," replied he; "it was one of Bourdaloue's, and I had only the French volume before me, with many marks and alterations. This is a good practice to obtain the language, and I consider this sermon, on the prospect of Death, as particularly suited to such an audience, and let me recommend to you to make such experiments;

for, in a retired place, it will become your duty to read something instructive, perhaps, on a Sunday evening, to your own family." On studying Bourdaloue afterwards, I was more pleased with him than Massillon, though in general, I believe, the latter is more estimated. Bourdaloue is certainly more impressive; but Massillon, perhaps, is the most refined. When Mr. Hurd was deeply engaged, he would often give me the key of his closet in the parlour, which contained letters and criticisms, from Warburton, and others of the most learned of his acquaintance; and required that I should make remarks, and sometimes take extracts from them. In weighing this correspondence I could readily perceive that, though he was placed in "low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower," it was not intended to be his constant abode; and that though the sage Hooker might only wish "to eat his bread in peace and privacy," yet the more elegant Mr. Hurd considered himself as better adapted to pass his days in the most elevated walks of the highest society.

Mr. Hurd, in summer, more than once favoured me with a day's visit to Gumley, where all his injunctions were to be strictly obeyed. "I shall bring a friend with me," said he, "and we shall come early, and stay late. We must only have a plain dinner; for I request that we may give you as little trouble as possible. It is always a treat to me to walk over your romantic territory; and I

shall minutely examine all the books that you have lately purchased. I do not wish to meet the Rev. Dr. Parry. He is a good Hebraist; but he is devoted to some Dignitaries, who are the avowed antagonists of Bishop Warburton. There is a lady from Harborough, Mrs. Allen, who I find frequently visits at your house. I should be happy to be introduced to her. She is daughter of the late Professor Sanderson."

On examining my alterations, he observed, that "this was a most interesting spot. From hence," said he, "on a clear day, both Bosworth and Naseby may be distinctly seen. My young friend, there must be either a building or pillar erected, to commemorate the great events that have taken place there; and the next time I come, I shall require one or two specimens of good inscriptions, which I shall very freely criticise as usual." No inscription, however, was attempted by me. A short poem on the subject of the latter has been printed by Dr. Bennet, of Emmanuel College, late Bishop of Cloyne, and has been rendered conspicuous in Northamptonshire; and I retain an elegant elegy by a learned neighbour of mine, an early friend of the late celebrated Thomas Warton, who possesses the very spot at Lubbenham, where, according to Evelyn, Charles the First slept the night before the ever memorable battle of Naseby.

Bishop Warburton once honoured Mr. Hurd

by staying with him a week at Thurcaston; and though they were ever the best friends, yet no two could be more dissimilar in disposition. Hurd was cold, cautious, and grave; the Bishop, warm, witty, and convivial; and after he had been shut up for a day or two at Thurcaston, he began to inquire whether there were no neighbours. "None, that might be perfectly agreeable to your Lordship," was the reply.—"What," said the Bishop, "are all the good houses that I see around me here utterly uninhabited? Let us take our horses and beat up some of their quarters. I have no doubt but several will be well inclined to be friendly and sociable."—"I certainly cannot refuse attending on your Lordship anywhere."—Accordingly they waited upon five gentlemen whom I had the pleasure to know, and they all kindly accepted an invitation to take a family dinner at Thurcaston. When I heard of this at Leicester, I determined to call on Mr. Hurd, who received me with great cordiality. "Why, Sir," said I, "there is nothing talked of but your gaiety; it has even reached your friend Dr. Bickham at Loughborough."—"I don't doubt it," replied he; "and, if you will pass the day with me, I will treat you with some of the remains of the festival, and give you an account of all particulars. I can assure you, I was at first alarmed as to the provision that could be made by my little household; but all the company were disposed to be pleased. The Bishop

was in the highest spirits; and when the gentlemen took leave of me in the hall, they went so far as to declare, "that they thought they had never passed a much pleasanter day."—"And as you have been so successful, Sir," I ventured to add, "in this first effort, I have no doubt but the experiment will soon be repeated."—Mr. Hurd was silent.

At Thurcaston I think I had never met any one but Mr. Ball, the Curate, who always seemed dissatisfied with his situation; he said, "I do not pretend to be very learned, but I have never been treated with such distance, or rather disdain." I assured him, that it was the manner of Mr. Hurd to others; that I was certain he had a favourable opinion of him; and I urged him not hastily to give up his situation, for I was convinced that Mr. Hurd was intrinsically good. Mr. Ball, however, would not have long followed my advice, but that his Rector had been appointed Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and he availed himself of his absence to be more comfortable. Mr. Ball, however, was at last convinced of the truth of all my assertions; for as soon as ever his Rector rose to be Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, he presented the first living he had in his gift, without the least application, to his astonished Curate, the unassuming Mr. Ball.

Almost as soon as Dr. Hurd was fixed at Lincoln's Inn, he was seized with rather a dangerous

illness, which confined him to his apartments for a great length of time; and as I then resided in Dean-street, Soho, I thought it my duty to devote as much time as possible to his service. I was then rather apprehensive of giving him offence, by bringing out a Tragedy at Covent-garden Theatre, as taken in part from Voltaire; but, on the contrary, he mentioned it himself to me, and congratulated me on my success, but added, "I think you have been rather remiss in not sending to me a copy of it." Of course I immediately took the hint; and he not only received it cordially, but afterwards spoke handsomely of the Tragedy. It was about this period that Mr. Mason's Life of Gray was advertised; and he desired me to read it as soon as it appeared, and give him the particulars of the contents. I then perceived there was an *interregnum* in the friendship between him and Mr. Mason; for as soon as I looked over the book, I was fully convinced that he had never been consulted about the publication. The censures passed on the University of Cambridge would by no means have suited; and I informed him that I was quite astonished at some of the affected vulgarisms in the letters of Mr. Gray. "You were not aware then," said he, "of Mr. Gray's peculiar humour."—"I was aware, Sir, that Mr. Gray was a keen satirist; for I possess some of his epigrams, and some epitaphs that may as properly be termed epigrams; but I could not have

believed that Mr. Gray would have written such passages as "On a bank squats me I;" and "Pray take care of not catching an agoe."—"I have no reply to make to you on the subject," said he; "the letters were never selected by me." But not long afterwards he hastily accosted me with, "Have you read the Heroic Postscript? Who, I entreat you to tell me, is the author?"—"It has been imputed to several, Sir; amongst others, to your friend, Mr. Walpole; but Mr. Garrick thinks it was written in part, if not wholly, by Mr. Mason."—"And you could not give me better authority," replied he. "Mr. Garrick is a very discreet man. I had the pleasure of passing a most agreeable day in his company at Bishop Warburton's palace at Gloucester."

Some interruption of the cordiality subsisting formerly between the eminent Critic and the Author of *Elfrida* had then certainly taken place; but I am happy to add, that Mr. Mason afterwards, in very feeling terms, addressed a Sonnet to the "Friend of his Youth;" and I am convinced that all unfortunate differences were then entirely obliterated. From time to time I had treasured up many *bon mots* of Mr. Gray, communicated by Mr. Tyson*; and by the former Fellow Collegian

* There was a caricature of Tophet, the anagram of Etoph, a dependant on Sir Robert Walpole, which was given to me by Mr. Tyson, with eight or ten satirical lines under it by Gray. They have since been published by Mr. Mitford. "Such Tophet was," &c.

of Mr. Gray, the Rev. Mr. Sparrow, of Walthamstow, who was always attentive to his witty effusions. Some few of these have been printed incorrectly, and freely bestowed on others, in the "Johnsoniana." Johnson was highly displeased that any should be attributed to him, as mentioned by Mr. Davies. When the Doctor was publishing his "Lives of the Poets," I gave him several anecdotes of Gray; but he was only anxious as soon as possible to get to the end of all his labours. Not long since, I have received a very kind message from the Rev. Mr. Bright, of Skeffington-hall in Leicestershire, to inform me, that he had wished to deposit with me all the remaining papers and documents of Mr. Gray, as bequeathed to him by Mr. Stonhewer; but that he found they had all been carried to Rome, inadvertently, by a learned Editor. If recovered, they should certainly be consigned to me.

Whilst Dr. Hurd was preparing his Sermons on the Prophecies, he was frequently so ill, that I almost despaired of his ever completing them. His table was generally covered with various books of reference, which he had borrowed from Mr. Cadell; and when he was overcome with fatigue by looking them over, I several times took many of them home with me for more minute examination. I had from early life always, more or less, studied Divinity; and it was some satisfaction to me, if I could make any due return, by my assi-

duity at least, for innumerable favours that I had formerly received.

Some inexperienced friends were at this time about going into Holy Orders, and I was requested to lend them my assistance. One young gentleman of a noble family was just inducted into a very valuable living, and was obliged almost immediately to preach a Visitation Sermon; and I made the best effort in my power to supply him. The discourse, if such it could be called, was delivered in a Northern Cathedral, and was much approved of by the Bishop; and it was not my fault if the real author was ever even guessed at. Not many years since, in a sick chamber, these clerical efforts were attentively revised: and have been printed by Messrs. Nichols, under the title of "Four Essays, Moral and Religious, addressed to the rising generation." They possibly may hereafter re-appear.

Before Dr. Hurd was quite recovered at Lincoln's Inn, I once called upon him; and he told me that Bishop Warburton was to preach that morning, at St. Lawrence's church, near Guildhall, an Anniversary Sermon for the London Hospital. "Then, Sir," said I, "I shall certainly attend him."—"I wish you would," replied he; "and bring me an account of all particulars. I believe I know the discourse; it is a favourite one; but I could rather have wished that his Lordship would have substituted some other;"

then, hesitating, added, "but it is, perhaps, of little consequence; for he does not always adhere to what is written before him; his rich imagination is ever apt to overflow." I was introduced into the vestry-room by a friend, where the Lord Mayor and several of the Governors of the Hospital were waiting for the late Duke of York, who was their President, and in the mean time the Bishop did every thing in his power to entertain, and alleviate their impatience. He was beyond measure condescending and courteous, and even graciously handed some biscuits and wine on a salver to the Curate who was to read prayers. His Lordship being in good spirits rather once exceeded the bounds of decorum, by quoting a comic passage from Shakspeare, in his lawn sleeves, and with all its characteristic humour; but suddenly recollecting himself, he so aptly turned the inadvertence to his own advantage as to raise the admiration of all the company. Many parts of his discourse were quite sublime, and were given with due solemnity; but a few passages were, as in his celebrated Triennial Charge, quite ludicrous; and when he proceeded so far as to describe some charitable monks who had robbed their own begging-boxes, he excited more than a smile from most of the audience. "Though certainly, Sir," said I, "there was much to admire, yet upon the whole, to speak the truth, I was not sorry that you were absent; for I well

knew that you would not have absolutely approved."—"Approved, Sir," said he, "I should have agonized."

I have very few more anecdotes in store but what have been better given by others. When Dr. Hurd was presented at Court, his Majesty was pleased to remark, that he thought he was more naturally polite than any man he had ever met with.

Various accounts of both Warburton and Hurd have been displayed by different biographers; a history of their lives and works has been offered to the public, and in the best manner possible, under the express order and direction, as left for that purpose by the very learned Prelates themselves.

It was almost immediately after the death of Bishop Warburton, that my wife and I made the longest stay with Mrs. Chetwynd at Bath; and it was at the house of an intimate friend of hers, where I had first the pleasure of an introduction to Mrs. Warburton. The lady to whom I was indebted for this favour was Mrs. Hedges, formerly Miss Wolferstan of Statfold, Staffordshire. She had married an officer, and they then resided at Widcombe, not far distant from Prior-park. Mrs. Warburton made frequent calls there in a morning, and greatly noticed a young lady who was brought up under the respectable direction of Mr.

and Mrs. Hedges. Mrs. Warburton always appeared to me to be a most agreeable lady; she was exceedingly engaging in her manners, and seemed to feel a particular satisfaction in recounting the many excellencies of the Bishop. She now and then would dwell upon some ludicrous circumstances, as well as serious ones, and gave many occurrences in early life that had passed between the Bishop and his numerous associates. When afterwards we became more intimate, I ventured to mention to her, that Mr. Hurd always wondered where it was possible for the Bishop to meet with certain anecdotes, with which not only his conversation, but likewise his writings frequently abounded. "I could have readily informed him," replied Mrs. Warburton; "for when we passed our winters in London, he would often, after his long and severe studies, send out for a whole basket-full of books from the circulating libraries; and at times I have gone into his study, and found him laughing, though alone; and now and then he would double down some entertaining pages for my after amusement."

It will be recollected that Mrs. Warburton afterwards married the friend and Chaplain of the late Bishop, and I have understood they were very happy; but she certainly never anticipated, that the interesting young lady whom she had so much noticed and admired at Widcombe, would ever

become her successor under the rival appellation of Mrs. Stafford Smith.

It is incumbent upon me to devote some small portion of this memorial to my much honoured friend the Rev. Mr. Professor Mainwaring. From the time that he became Fellow of St. John's College, he was much connected with Hurd, Gray, and Mason, and had the happiness to preserve that intimacy, I believe, uninterrupted to the last. He was greatly respected by them all, and they willingly confessed, that his style was as pure and correct as that of Addison. He printed several discourses, which had all been preached at the University Church of Cambridge, a duty which he annually performed, and which cost him, as he declared, an illness; first from the apprehension, and then from the consequences of the effort he had made. He was at times much afflicted with an asthma. His health was afterwards greatly benefited by a tour on the Continent, which he took with the Rev. Dr. Fisher, late Bishop of Salisbury. They were at Rome, when Mr. Grey and Mr. Whitbread were on their travels, and all the learned and elegant English frequently met at Cardinal Berni's palace, whose splendid table was as full famed as that of Sir Horace Mann, at Florence. Mr. Mainwaring was a man of great taste and refinement. He published, without his name, a judicious life of Handel, and would have offered his remarks on painting and sculpture, but he

thought the market was already overstocked; and for the same reason, Mr. Professor Martyn has ordered his criticisms on the same subjects to be suppressed.

On the return of Mr. Mainwaring to England, he married the sister of a Rev. Divine, of Church Stretton, who was both the Curate and 'Squire of his parish. When the handsome bride, whom he had known from her infancy, had the honour to be presented to Bishop Hurd at Hartlebury, she was diffident, and expressed her apprehensions that his Lordship would rather censure his old friend, for taking a wife so late in life; but the Bishop most courteously replied, "till I saw the lady." This was soon reported, and on the best authority, when they visited my humbler dwelling on their return to Cambridge. When we met our friends some years afterwards, my wife expressed great fears that she perceived strong symptoms of consumption in Mrs. Mainwaring, though she then appeared so healthful and florid; and in the course of another spring she died. The following letter from the worthy Professor, which was carefully preserved, will best testify his own feelings just before the melancholy event took place:

"DEAR MADAM, Cambridge, 9th June, 1795.

"I have been favoured with a most obliging letter from Mr. Cradock, expressing his own and your very friendly concern for poor Mrs. M.'s si-

tuation, which for a year and a half past has been, and still is, to me a constant source of the most anxious and gloomy apprehensions. They who are acquainted with her worth, may form some estimate of my loss, should it please God to take from me the great support and comfort of my declining years. If this be His righteous will, as to all appearance it is, I have only to imitate, though I can hardly hope to equal, her patience and fortitude, her piety and resignation. In that dreadful case, my sentiments, I trust, will be what they ought to be, but my strength under such a trial must totally fail me without that aid, which Christians who ask it with sincerity, and strive to deserve it, may hope to obtain.

“Mrs. M. desires me to express her thorough sense of your and Mr. Cradock’s particular kindness to us both on all occasions, and in wishing to see us in the autumn, if she should be well enough to visit her friends. Heaven grant she may! is my daily prayer; but my hopes are almost extinct, and my reasons for fearing the worst as great as they well can be.

“God bless you, my dear Madam, as well as our good friend, to whom, when you write, you will please to present our kind remembrances. Mrs. M. unites in every good wish to you both, with

Your obliged and affectionate servant,

J. MAINWAIRING.”

Mr. Mainwaring's Discourses, separately inscribed, were all collected into one large octavo volume, and published with a Preface not long before his death. Some Sermons likewise, on the same subjects, have been printed in the posthumous works of Mr. Mason; one certainly should have been omitted, as vastly inferior to those so celebrated on Pity and Courtesy by Mr. Mainwaring. Mr. Mason's fine Discourse, preached at York, for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, will bear any competition. It had a great effect at that time, and it will always continue to be admired and felt, where humane intercession can have any weight. Various were the effusions both in prose and verse, which were then committed to the press, and amongst the latter, let me again offer, with all deference,

THE NEGRO'S HUMBLE PRAYER.

Parent of light and life, thou glorious Sun!
When I on earth my weary course have run,
With wife and offspring, in thy realms above,
Let me again be join'd in tend'rest love;
Let not my race oppress, in ling'ring pain,
Still drag along the ever-galling chain;
O let not all, lost liberty deplore,
Till God, not man, shall guard the happy shore!

It was at the time of the Coronation of George the Third, that I first made any stay in London. Mr. Garrick then frequently appeared on the Stage; and I had the pleasure to be introduced to him behind the scenes, when he was dressed for the character of Oakley in the *Jealous Wife*. This Comedy was then highly attractive, as every Part was exactly suited to the Actor or Actress that was to perform it. I never met him afterwards, till he and Mrs. Garrick visited the Rev. Mr. Arden, of Brampton in Northamptonshire, when he took possession of that Living. It was in the gift of Lord Spencer, to whom Mr. Arden had formerly been Tutor, and a great intimacy had commenced between all the parties, from the time that they had encountered each other in their travels on the Continent. The place was particularly pleasing, and Lord Spencer had incurred no inconsiderable expence in the decorations of it, under the care of his own gardener. As soon as I knew of their arrival, I took an opportunity of waiting upon my good friend Mr. Arden; and there I found his Rectory overflowing with company; amongst the rest was Dr. Caleb Hardinge, Physician to the Tower, who, after dinner, was so kind as to engross all the conversation. He stuttered immoderately; and in a most ludicrous manner attacked Mr. Garrick for his recital of many passages in Shakspeare, first giving them, as he informed us, exactly like Mr. Garrick, and then with his own

most valuable improvements. Garrick took all with apparent good humour, and some of the party seemed inclined to smile, but others were only struck with astonishment. When we were walking in the garden in the evening, Mr. Garrick asked me, "whether I had ever met with Dr. Hardinge before?"—"Never, Sir," was my reply;—"Then," said he, "you would be greatly entertained; he is a professed wit, a man of very high connexions, and is licensed to say whatever he pleases in all companies."—I coldly said, "it might be so, but to me he appeared exceedingly intrusive and presuming."—Mrs. Garrick immediately looked full at me, and seemed not to be entirely of an opposite opinion.

As soon as the facetious Doctor had taken his leave, I found that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and Mr. Arden were to set out next morning for Lichfield; and as my place lay near the road, and Mr. Arden was always partial to it, I asked the favour of them to halt during the middle of the day; and told them, that, as I had but one large room, and was between two houses, I could only offer them some cold entertainment. They replied, that nothing would be more agreeable; that they would come early, as the weather was very hot, and at their leisure examine the prospects, and in the evening would proceed to Leicester. When I reached home, my gardener informed me, that there were some large carps in a small pond, if they had not

been stolen, and accordingly I ordered the bank to be cut through in the night, as it was full of weeds; and we found a brace very large indeed, and in the best possible condition, and my old-fashioned cook engaged to stew them well, and they met with the highest approbation. The party, however, rather upbraided me for not keeping my word as to a cold repast; but I assured them, with truth, that I was as much out of the secret as they were. Garrick was all life and spirits, and said, "Arden shall give us some of Falstaff after our refreshment, in which, I can assure you, he excels even Quin himself; and we will all take some other parts, and without a change of scenery convert your apartment here into a Spouting Club." But in the afternoon they all walked so far, and staid so long, that the proposal was then obliged to be deferred. After supper at Leicester, however, some recitals took place; and several of the inhabitants of my native town being aware that the great Actor was present, placed themselves in the bed-chamber annexed to the great-room at the Cranes Inn, and kept the door ajar, in hopes of getting a sight of him. Whilst we were amusing ourselves with the humours of the fat Knight and his companions, from the play of Henry the Fourth, my attending friends so far forgot themselves, that, being exceedingly diverted, they suddenly burst into a violent fit of laughter. "So," cried Garrick, "we have got an audience, I find; but if they

are at all entertained, I desire that the door may not be shut." This civil conduct of his was highly commended, and the only regret next day was, that more notice had not transpired of the overnight performance.

From Leicester they went to Lichfield, where they made some stay; then to Warwick, and meant to have dined at the Castle, but from some mistake in a message, due notice was not given, and a disappointment occurred, and the two Wits being much hurt, in a ludicrous poem too rashly attacked

" The blade bone of the boar,
And the rib of the famous dun-cow."

The matter being fully explained afterwards, to their entire satisfaction, they became horribly vexed at their hasty indiscretion. How far any neglect might arise from the inattention of that Earl, I know not, but his liberal successor, I can speak from experience, was at all times most famed for his kindness and hospitality. They then visited Lord and Lady Spencer at Althorpe, and generally afterwards from town, passed part of their summers there. The mansion was always highly spoken of from the elegance of the society, and the great attention that was paid to all the friends who had the honour to be admitted into it. The Library then was merely good, and the collection was well arranged, but it had by no means attained that celebrity, that now, with its vast additions, and through the learned labours of Dr. Dibdin,

has caused it to become the envy of all Biblioplists.

The following Letter from Mr. Garrick, concerning a bust of himself, purchased for Lord Spencer, but of the particulars of which at this great distance of time, I have now no recollection, was, as I think, the commencement of our literary correspondence :

“ DEAR SIR,

December 30, 1768.

“ In the hurry of my business, which at this time comes with double force upon me, I forgot to pay my acknowledgments to you for the friendly care you took of my request,—be assured that I shall be happy to have an opportunity of returning your favour.—I have heard from Mr. Isted that Lord Spencer has got the bust ; I could not wish it in more agreeable hands, and were it mine, I should have with pleasure have given it up to Lord and Lady Spencer. I am greatly honoured that they think my head worth the having. Pray have you heard of any new publication by your friend Mr. Farmer ? it would give me great pleasure to hear that he has such a design. I heard a hint of such an intention ; but as you did not mention it to me, I suppose there is nothing in it. If I can execute any commissions for you here, pray command, dear Sir, your most sincere humble servant. D. GARRICK.”

“ J. C. Esq. at Gumley, near Harborough,
Leicestershire,”

Another summer Mr. and Mrs. Garrick proceeded from London no lower into the country than Althorpe; and on their return, I met with them resting their horses at Dunstable, and by a little exchange of servants, accompanied them in their coach to Saint Alban's, where we all took tea together, and from my persuasion, for the first time, they visited the old Abbey Church, and were greatly struck with the beauty of the interior. The Clerk entreated us to examine the vault, where the remains of Duke Humphrey were deposited, after he had been murdered by Cardinal Beaufort; and the recollection of the exquisite scene in Shakspeare, so animated the great Actor, that he violated, I fear the rules of decorum, till Mrs. Garrick was obliged to remind him of the sacred precincts that he was about to profane.

I strongly afterwards exhorted him to review all the plays of Henry the Sixth, and to make at least one good tragedy of three Acts out of them, and to perform the Cardinal himself; but he replied that he had absolutely pledged himself "never to appear again in a new character, not even in one that might be taken from Shakspeare." I then determined, in my hasty zeal, to make some efforts at alterations myself, "that no drops," to use his own words, "should be lost of that immortal man;" and meeting with encouragement, I proceeded so far, as even to attempt to bring the whole of the fifth Act of Henry the Eighth, into

action, with the death of Wolsey. Had these schemes taken place, the one Cardinal, would have expired near the front of the stage, in the agonies of despair; and the other would have died, "broken by the storms of fate," surrounded with all the monks, in his own venerable Abbey, at Leicester. But the dreams of those days have long since vanished; a new race has now sprung up, who

———"cannot know, what we have known;
They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their own."

Of the first of these celebrated characters I knew little or no more, perhaps, than that of seeing him once or twice with his intimate friend, Mr. Hawkins Browne, at Bath; but of Mrs. Cibber I could minutely trace the history, from our first meeting at Scarborough to her final retirement from the theatre of Drury Lane; but of her accomplished daughter afterwards I had entirely lost sight, till by accident I was in company with her at Coombe Abbey, in Warwickshire. Having expressed our mutual surprise, I then found that she had been long married to a Clergyman, to whom Lord Craven had given the living, annexed to another seat of his at Benham in Berkshire.

To me, Mrs. Cibber was charming in every part she undertook, but she appeared to be identified with the melancholy fair Ophelia; and after her decease I offered the following humble tribute to

her remains, particularly in that interesting character :

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. CIBBER,
IN OPHELIA.

Ah! who shall heave the tender sigh,
Who shed the pitying tear,
The flow'ry tribute who supply
To deck this mournful bier !

“ Let rosemary to remembrance ” due,
“ Pansies for thoughts ” be laid !
Funereal emblems oft renew,
To soothe Ophelia's shade !

Though near her grave no Hamlet stray,
Let none unhallowed tread ;
The sickly moon through tears survey
This mansion of the dead !

Roses and violets and lilies bright
Might well have been supplied,
But they, alas! all sunk in night,
Woe-struck, when Cibber died.

Yet when the morn fresh blossoms brings,
Let some choice gifts be strown,
And Angels spread their balmy wings
O'er Merits like their own !

The Comedy of the Clandestine Marriage made its first appearance at Drury-lane Theatre in the year 1766 ; and, as I recollect, a grand masquerade at the Pantheon rather interfered with it ; but the zealous partizans of the authors, went half-dressed for the characters that they were afterwards to assume, and left the additions that might be required, at some of the neighbouring taverns. It may not now be easy to separate exactly the shares of merit that belonged to Mr. Colman and Mr. Garrick, yet I think some distinctions may still be traced, though the classical accuracy of the one, and the deep knowledge of theatrical effect in the other, are happily combined. The character of Lord Ogleby certainly bears some resemblance to that of Lord Lavender, in a slight piece, called " False Concord," once acted for the benefit of Woodward, at Drury-lane. Mr. Garrick was very intimate, I know, with the Rev. author Mr. Townley, who afterwards brought out successfully, with his aid, the lively Farce of " High Life below Stairs ;" but Mr. Garrick assured me, that he had taken the Character of the gallant Lord from an old humourist in Norfolk ; and that he had read the specimens of the dialogue in a rude state before their Majesties, and that they had been greatly amused with them.

On the night of the first appearance of the Comedy, an unexpected opposition arose in the house, when in the second Act, Canton, the Swiss servant,

informed Lord Ogleby, that there was nothing in the papers but Anti-sejanus and Advertisements ;” and immediately several jumped up in the pit, and pointing to a side-box, violently exclaimed, “There he is, turn him out, turn him out, I say.” The Rev. Mr. Scott directly arose, and being upwards of six feet high, attracted no small attention ; he remained, however, perfectly undaunted, as I have more than once seen him, in the University Church at Cambridge, when violently assailed by the Under-graduates, and having descended from the pulpit, has openly declared, that “he doubted whether the Scrapers, or the Scrapee, had been best entertained.” To those, however, who are acquainted with theatres, it is well known on what slight hinges the success or destruction of a Piece often turns ; and Mr. Garrick was much displeased with Scott, for greatly contributing to increase the irritation ; but the passage itself should have been omitted. The politics of the day are not properly adapted either to the Pulpit or the Stage. Party then ran high ; and Mr. Scott was publicly known to be the author of those violent invectives which daily appeared under the signature of Anti-Sejanus.

The first danger that had previously been apprehended, was from the scene of the Lawyers, which not being essential to the plot, though now much curtailed, has yet never been greatly admired ; but this insipid exuberance coldly escaped.

In the Fifth Act, however, there was a terrible uproar; the fact was, that so many alterations had been made at the last rehearsal, that the performers scarce knew what was or what was not intended to be spoken, and the clamour at last became so loud, that some of the lighter troops seemed inclined to retire; but Mrs. Clive was herself a host, and though only half-dressed, from her bed-chamber, as Mrs. Heidelberg, rallied the forces, and bustled about in such a style, that victory was proclaimed, and the play was afterwards given out with the loudest acclamations.

When these circumstances were reported to Mr. Walpole, he told Garrick, "that he could inform him of at least as great an achievement as that, by Kitty Clive," "You know," said he, "that she lives in a cottage that I built for her near Strawberry-hill, and when some great persons in my neighbourhood attempted to stop up a foot-road, the opponents were very numerous, but they wanted a leader, and some one suggested, that Mrs. Clive should be applied to; and on the morning of the meeting, Kitty, not the beautiful and young, but Kitty, the old and the red-faced, appeared, and with so determined an aspect, that the assailants instantly laid down their arms." "Upon my honour," replied Garrick, "I can assure you, Sir, that I once solely conquered Clive myself; but as to Mrs. Cibber, she could persuade me out of any thing."

Garrick afterwards recurring to the character of Lord Ogleby, said to me, "I know, that you all take it as granted that no one can excel, if he can equal, King in Lord Ogleby, and he certainly has great merit in the part ; but it is not my Lord Ogleby, and it is the only character in which I should now wish to appear. There is a project, and I believe you will be applied to concerning it, which is, to get up the play, with alterations, in a temporary theatre in the country. You are intended to act two characters, Sir John Melville and Brush, that I may have some one that I can depend upon, in my own scenes ; for there is to be a mixture of amateurs and veteran performers." I assured him, I should be happy to render any assistance in my power, but that I was utterly astonished at the proposal. "The whole scheme is," added he, "to have a tragedy and comedy for alternate nights ; the tragedy intended, is to be Hamlet. You are to perform Hamlet, and I shall take the Ghost ; as I did, you know, for Holland's benefit." This great plan, however failed, in consequence of the sudden death of the chief promoter.

Still, however, to pursue the character of Lord Ogleby, I shall proceed to mention, that I saw King, after he had been long ill, walking in the City, and I asked him, whether he ever meant to return to the Stage again ; he replied, "that he knew he should not be wanted for the present, as

the house was constantly full from a successful entertainment." But on returning by the Theatre, I saw a large bill stuck up, announcing that the performance for that evening, was obliged to be changed to the *Clandestine Marriage*. The part of Lord Ogleby by Mr. King; and I went on purpose into the pit, to see how the mystery was to be explained. The performers were evidently all taken by surprise, and there was a very thin house; when King, catching my eye, gave me fully to understand, how great was his mortification; the circumstances of his vexation were certainly conveyed to the highest quarter; and Mr. King, not long afterwards had the honour of playing his favourite character of Lord Ogleby, well supported by the gracious command of their Majesties.

When Rousseau was in England, Mr. Garrick paid him the compliment of playing two characters, on purpose to oblige him; they were *Lusignan* and *Lord Chalkstone*; and as it was known that Rousseau was to be present, the Theatre was of course crowded to excess. Rousseau was highly gratified, but Mrs. Garrick told me, that "she had never passed a more uncomfortable evening in her life, for the recluse philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat, that he might not fall over into the pit." After the performance, however, he paid a very handsome compliment to Mr. Garrick, by

saying, "I have cried all through your Tragedy, and laughed through all your Comedy, without being at all able to understand the language." When the whole was concluded, the celebrated foreigner was treated with a most elegant supper at Mr. Garrick's house in the Adelphi, and many of the first literary characters were invited to give him the meeting.

Dr. Percy did not return to town, from a short excursion, till late that afternoon, and immediately wrote to Mr. Garrick for an admission to his Theatre; Mr. Garrick had then adopted a rule, never to receive either note or letter in his dressing-room, when he was just ready to appear upon the Stage, and this slight circumstance caused a lasting quarrel between the two former friends. I took great pains, as they were both kind to me, and I had an equal regard for both, to effect a reconciliation between them, but found it impossible. Dr. Percy most indignantly replied, "that he had put it once into Mr. Garrick's power to have obliged him, but as he had chosen to neglect it, he should not give him a second opportunity."

How frail, alas! are all human friendships! I was witness to an entire separation between Percy and Goldsmith, about Rowley's Poems; and almost the last time I ever saw Johnson, he said to me, "notwithstanding all the pains that Dr. Farmer and I took to serve Dr. Percy, in regard to his

Ancient Ballads, he has left town for Ireland, without taking leave of either of us."

I possess, however, several letters, that throw a full light on all these unhappy differences; and with all my partiality for Dr. Johnson, I must freely declare, that I think Dr. Percy had received very great cause to take real offence at Dr. Johnson, who, by a ludicrous parody on a stanza in the "Hermit of Warkworth," had rendered him contemptible. It was urged, that Johnson only meant to attack the metre; but he certainly turned the whole Poem into ridicule.

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand."

Mr. Garrick, in the Postscript of a letter to me, soon afterwards asked me, "Whether I had seen Johnson's criticism on the Hermit? it is already," said he, "over half the town."

Though Mrs. Garrick often censured Mr. Sterne, yet both she and Mr. Garrick had a real regard for him. Sterne never possessed any equal spirits. He was always either in the cellar or the garret, and once meeting him at Drury-lane Theatre, I said to him, "As you are so intimate with Garrick, I wonder that you have never undertaken to write a Comedy." He seemed quite struck, and after a pause, with tears in his eyes, replied, "I fear I do not possess the proper talent

for it, and I am utterly unacquainted with the business of the stage."—"The latter," I said, "would readily be supplied." I found, however, that he was at that time under embarrassment, and that a successful Comedy would have been particularly serviceable to him. But afterwards I had the pleasure of diverting him exceedingly by the following anecdote.

"A gentleman applied to his friend to lend him some amusing book, and he recommended Harris's *Hermes*. The gentleman, from the title, conceived it to be a novel, but turning it over and over, could make nothing out of it, and at last coldly returned it with thanks. His friend asked him how he had been entertained: "Not much," he replied, "he thought that all these imitations of *Tristram Shandy* fell far short of the original."

Mr. Sterne, it may be supposed, was no great favourite with Dr. Johnson, and a lady once ventured to ask the grave doctor, how he liked, *Yorick's Sermons*."—"I know nothing about them, Madam," was his reply. But sometime afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them; and the lady very aptly retorted; "I understood you to say, Sir, that you had never read them."—"No, Madam, I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach; I should not have even deigned to have looked at them, had I been at large."

When Mr. Boswell was at Lichfield with Dr. Johnson, he wrote a Prologue to be spoken by some players, who were performing there, and this caused afterwards a proposal to be made that the Comedy of the Beaux Stratagem should be got up in a good style by amateurs and others. "Then," exclaimed Goldsmith, without hesitation, "I shall certainly offer to play Scrub." This of course excited no small ridicule, and to be sure, the part of Scrub, by a grave doctor, would have been rather an awkward announcement; however, Johnson and Garrick were pleased to be silent on this occasion, for they were fully aware of his friendly meaning. Every scene of the Beaux Stratagem, it is well known, is laid at Lichfield, and its powerful ale, as well as the character of Boniface, are still duly appreciated. The four first Acts of the Comedy are completely excellent; but Farquhar died before the winding up of the plot in the last was properly adjusted.

Though Garrick was always pleased to encourage my theatrical efforts, I never recollect writing for him any Prologue, but once; and then I had found him exceedingly ill at the Adelphi. He said, "he had promised to send one to Reddish, whose benefit was announced for the next evening; and he should be sorry to disappoint him, which must be the case, unless I would immediately undertake the task; it was to precede the revived Tragedy of Timoleon."—I told him, that "I had

never even read the Play, but would make any endeavour that might tend to his relief ;” and accordingly I sent him the following hasty production, which was spoken at the time required ; and was printed by T. Davies, with my name, in his third volume of Miscellaneous Tracts. It is now re-published, not for its merit, but merely for the sake of making this apology.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE REVIVED TRAGEDY OF TIMOLEON.

Too long had Corinth wept her evil hour,
Too long had Corinth felt a tyrant’s power,
Too long had groan’d in chains—her fate deplor’d,
Ere fam’d Timoleon liberty restor’d.

He, like some rock the billows lash in vain,
Still tow’rs aloft, and overawes the main ;
In vain the surges roar, the clouds impend,
The thunder rolls, the forked fires descend ;
He like their fam’d Colossus awful stood,
A steady patriot for the public good.

A Grecian Daughter too demands applause,
Who nobly combats in a Parent’s cause.
O spare—in mercy spare—she trembling pleads,
And Pity struggles tho’ a tyrant bleeds :
View well the motives all their actions move,
Timoleon wonder claims, Eunesia love.

Ye generous bulwarks of the British State,
Who live again those wonders we relate,
Who still the bright career of glory run,
Transmit the laurels that yourselves have won.

With unabating zeal your course pursue,
Ye keep not Corinth, but yourselves in view.
Nor think ye Fair, your glories more confin'd,
Who sooth the heart, or humanize the mind ;
The generous labour will at length recoil,
The generous labour well repays your toil :
Succeeding annals trace Eunesia's fame,
Succeeding annals bless Timoleon's reign.
The world perceives that influence ye bring,
From great examples future heroes spring ;
Heroes with more than mortal ardour fir'd,
When Beauty crowns that Virtue she inspir'd.

I have hitherto abstained from mentioning the Stratford Jubilee, which took place in 1769 ; and perhaps the subject is now become " flat and unprofitable ;" but as Mr. Garrick was pleased, in some letters afterwards, greatly to over-rate my services, I recur to my old journal for those particulars which accidentally preceded, and principally caused those acknowledgments. About a fortnight before the time, we made a visit to Merevale-hall, and Mrs. Stratford kindly offered that, as my wife and her sister were very anxious to attend the Jubilee, and as I was intimate with Mr. Garrick, she would frank us for the week ; and accordingly sent her coachman to the Peytons, who kept the only great inn there, and to whom she was well known, to desire them to recommend some suitable apartments for us, and secure good stabling for her horses ; and from this

application we derived every possible advantage. After the return of the servant, I took a ride over myself to reconnoitre the premises, and hear all that was going on ; and soon after my arrival, I met an acquaintance, who openly accosted me with, " Surely, you cannot think that any Jubilee will take place here, I doubt whether any one was ever seriously intended ; but if it was meditated, you may depend upon it, that it is entirely given up." I assured him, that I was quite of an opposite opinion. " Nay," says he, " if you are incredulous as to my account, only take a walk with me at your leisure, to what they call the amphitheatre, but for the completion of which, the boards are not yet arrived ; and so far from it," added he, " they are not even yet bargained for at Birmingham. There will be no Jubilee, and there will be a riot." According to appointment we went together ; and, I must confess, that a more desolate appearance could not be presented. " Take care," said he, " that you do not cut your shoes from the broken lamps, which have just arrived. They were intended for the illumination of this building ; but, if ever they left Drury-lane in safety, you see they are here all shivered to pieces." And, as we proceeded, he made similar observations. As I found he wished " to flout and mock at our solemnity," I took a civil leave of him as soon as I possibly could ; and, on returning, I privately questioned some steady persons, whom I had before met with in London,

and they freely confessed their uneasiness. "We never were," said they, "so uncomfortably circumstanced in our lives; we are sent down here to make some preparations for the entertainment, but we are absolutely without materials, and we can gain no assistance whatever from the inhabitants, who are all fearful of lending us any article whatever. We would do any thing in the world to serve our good Master, but he is entirely kept in the dark, as to the situation of every thing here, and we only wish to return to London again, as soon as possible, to save expenses." And here, though certainly rather out of its place, let me take this opportunity of recording, that, from the first performers down to the lowest menials, and through all privations, I never witnessed more attention and fidelity than were displayed on this memorable occasion. In the evening I was engaged to sup with some of the principal inhabitants of the place, and of course the Jubilee was the general topick of conversation. They said, that they greatly feared the consequences, and only wished for an excuse to leave their houses in safety for a while, and they were certain that the Peytons had just reason to be under the greatest apprehensions; that they were good people, and would be ready to do any thing in their power to accommodate old customers, but they could not receive even the twentieth part of those that had applied to them; and in case of a disturbance they should

have all their plate stolen, and their furniture destroyed, which was afterwards the case.

One of the company mentioned that he had just left a very zealous gentleman, who was lately returned from town, and he talked in the wildest manner possible; he urged, that all necessary precaution was taken; for he was sure, that the Warwickshire families, from their own proper enthusiasm, would freely open their houses for the accommodation of all strangers. I told him, "that I had no doubt but the Warwickshire families would hospitably receive their friends; but, with all their due enthusiasm for the memory of Shakspeare, it was not very easy to be credited, that they would open their doors for the reception of all stragglers that might be willing to intrude upon them."

After supper the subject was resumed, and all particulars were fully discussed, and a very serious consultation took place. It was generally agreed that some intimation should be forwarded to Mr. Garrick; and it was hinted, that it would only be the part of a friend to trust him with all the truth. I assured them, that I did not consider myself as any ways authorized to take such a task upon me; but, if urged by them, at their request, I would write to him a full account of all that had passed before I went to rest, and confidentially state by whom, and in what manner, I had been solicited.

After my return to the inn, my written state-

ment occupied the remainder of the night, and I concluded my long letter with the following passage, "I am fully aware, Sir, of all the danger that I incur, but I hope I have done the duty of a friend, and I throw myself on your discretion."

After breakfast I left Stratford for Merevale.

On the Monday following we set out in a coach full-freighted with cold provisions, which were to supply us for the time, and they were safely deposited at a clean baker's house, who was to retain the use of his oven, and furnish us with new bread; and this quiet retreat proved to be one of the greatest comforts during this bustling celebration. We first wished, however, to drive to the great inn; but arriving in the neighbouring street, we found that there were so many loose horses, that the ladies could not safely alight, till Mr. Peyton privately conveyed them by another route to his house, and placed them in security in Mrs. Peyton's bed-chamber, till our supper could be served up, on the landing-place of the great stairs; and after midnight we quietly occupied our most estimable apartments.

The grand festival was ushered in by a serenade of guittars and chorusses before day-break;

"'Tis Shakspeare's, Shakspeare's holiday," &c.

and the morning performance took place at the church, with the Oratorio of my friend Dr. Arne's Judith, with all the assistance of his family and

connexions. Mr. Barthelemon led, and his wife, niece to the old Doctor, was the first female singer; the airs were all given in the best style, but the chorusses were almost as meagre as the appearance of the audience; and I felt much hurt for all that were engaged to perform in it. The company of any rank had not half arrived; and an Oratorio was but a cold introduction to a tumultuous Jubilee.

We had the pleasure of meeting Lord Beauchamp unexpectedly from our own neighbourhood, who said he had merely taken a ride from curiosity, for he had never been at Stratford before. I urged him exceedingly to stop and to take the lead at the assembly in the evening, and open the ball with Mrs. Garrick; but he replied, "that he was there only as an observer, and had not even brought a pair of shoes with him; and, if it were known that he was long absent at that time, his Father would not be very well pleased that he had left the Warwickshire militia."

Mr. and Mrs. Garrick had excellent apartments at the Mayor's house, but I saw little of him, though I held frequent conferences with his lady, who, indeed, was indefatigable. My wife and sister were all astonishment at her skill, and constant exertion in such difficulties as she had to encounter. Garrick was not in spirits; and on the morning before he was to speak the Ode, he was teased with innumerable petty circumstances.

The man who was to shave him, perhaps not quite sober, absolutely cut him from the corner of his mouth to his chin; and whilst I was bustling with some of the performers at the amphitheatre, the ladies were engaged in applying constant stip-tics to stop the bleeding.

Garrick was aware likewise that there were many on the spot, ready to take advantage of every unfortunate occurrence. One facetious gentleman openly exclaimed, "What is this thing that is to be performed this afternoon? I hear Garrick is to set the staves, and the parish are to sing after him." And it was not altogether unfortunate that the weather was stormy and tempestuous, as it formed an excuse for no procession to be expected to pass through the streets; for if any dresses had arrived, they were of such a sort as would by no means have borne either day-light or any near examination; and here, the ever-ready Mr. Foote might be a little disappointed, perhaps, for he had aptly enough prepared the following alliterative couplet:

"To solemn sounds see sordid Scene-men stalk,
And the great Shakspeare's vast Creation—walk!"

The best circumstance was, that Garrick was well satisfied, as to the correctness of the composition of the Ode; for he told me that it had been fully examined, and ably criticised by his friend Dr. Warton, but he felt that

reciting an account of characters by day-light, instead of acting them in the evening, would not fully come up to the public expectation ; however, under all discouragements, the Ode went off much better than could have been expected ; and Garrick found himself surrounded by a most judicious circle of friends, as well as splendid fashionable admirers.

An attempt was made to detain the audience awhile after the performance of the Ode, by a stranger from the gallery, which was Mr. King, who endeavoured to turn all to ridicule, by introducing several malicious remarks that had been previously circulated in some newspapers, and they were replied to by some of the performers in the Orchestra, and this produced no effect, certainly no good one ; but the higher company were generally retreating from the Jubilee.

Mr. Meynell, with all his fashionable party, had relays of horses from town, which waited to convey them back again without stopping at any house in Stratford.

There was a masquerade in the evening, and all zealous friends endeavoured to keep up the spirit of it as long as they could ; till they were at last informed, that the Avon was rising so very fast, that no delay could be admitted. The ladies of our party were conveyed by planks from the building to the footstep of the coach ; and we

found that the wheels had been two feet deep in water from the rapid inundation.

We had the next day an invitation to halt at Guy's Cliff, where a numerous circle of Warwickshire friends were assembled, but we had been all so thoroughly fatigued that we only wished to arrive in safety at Mrs. Stratford's hospitable mansion at Merevale.

The following Letters, according to their dates, were afterwards received :

“ DEAR SIR,

London, October 2, 1769.

“ As I suppose you are returned to your own house, I shall now thank you (being somewhat recovered from my fatigues of body and mind) for your very obliging letter dated from Merevale. Your polite and friendly description of our Jubilee was very flattering. Your behaviour, your partial behaviour and kind assistance to me at the ball, I shall ever remember with gratitude. When I have the pleasure of seeing you in town, I will thank you in person. We are preparing to Jubilee it upon the stage. Mr. Colman enters the lists with us, much to my surprise. Mrs. Garrick presents her compliments, and

“ I am, dear Sir, your much obliged,
and most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

“ Is your friend Mr. Farmer asleep? Such men ought to be waked *pro bono publico*.”

The first part of the following letter from Mr. Garrick relates, I think, to the Installation, which was brought out at each theatre :

“ DEAR SIR,

September 4, 1771.

“ Ten thousand thanks for your intelligence— We have all hands at work, and shall make as good a Puppet-shew of it, as it really is. I have a thought beyond the mere exhibition of procession and feasting ; and if I please myself in it, you shall know it, but *mum* I beseech you. I have consulted some old books, and have got all I wanted as yet ; should new doubts arise, “ *Eris mihi magnus Apollo.*” The settling of the Singers and first fiddle, as you have done, secures you much credit in your stewardship *. You have got the very people I would wish you to have. The Concert will be respectable. I will underwrite it at any price. I have had a small fit of the gravel, but am better, and working like a horse. In every circumstance and situation,

“ I am, dear Sir, most sincerely,

your friend, and very humble servant,

D. GARRICK.”

Before I went to the Jubilee, Mrs. Boothby, of Tooley Park, in Leicestershire, requested me to gain any information in my power as to her family of the Cloptons, who were connected with Shak-

* At Leicester.

speare, and were buried in Stratford church ; and the following was the result of my inquiries :

Anne, daughter of Hugh Clopton, Esq. a Counsellor of Middle Temple, and Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heiress of Thomas Milward, of Stantonward, Derby, Esq. was married to Thomas Boothby, of Norbury, Staffordshire, son and heir of Thomas Boothby, of Tooley, Leicestershire.

Mrs. Boothby was a lady of fine person and elegant manners, and possessed much celebrity during the latter end of the reign of George the Second, and the commencement of that of George the Third ; and at one time disposed of more preferment in the county of Leicester amongst her friends, as Lord Denbigh asserted, than any other person whatever.

Fielding was intimately connected with the family of Boothby, of Tooley Park ; and it is supposed that more than one character in his excellent novel of Tom Jones was drawn from thence.

Some time after the Stratford Jubilee, Mr. Garrick, who must probably have known Mr. Boothby as one of the most fashionable men of the time, sent some queries to me, having eight or ten thousand pounds to put out on mortgage on the great Leicestershire estate, and I readily furnished him with all particulars. As nothing more was said on the subject, I supposed that all was settled to his satisfaction ; but, in a letter afterwards, I was struck with the following passage :

“ I have now no money for any thing, of which, I doubt not, by this time, you must be well convinced ;” and on making enquiry in town, I learnt, that after all had been settled to mutual satisfaction, he had been suddenly persuaded to cancel the whole, and in hopes of much greater interest, to place his money on a West India security, and that in the course of a few months the Island was taken by the French.

The subject was never recurred to by either of us ; but I think that this great vexation, added to his continued complaint of the stone, materially hastened the death of that celebrated man, whose loss the publick so generally deplored.

It was constantly asserted, that Mr. Garrick had amassed great wealth, but this I rather doubted, though I was convinced that he and his lady were generally the best managers I ever knew. He had built a handsome house at Hampton, and a temple near it, dedicated to Shakspeare; the gardens were well kept, and his table, when there was company, most liberally supplied. There was likewise an elegant coach and four. In London, he inhabited the centre house of the Adelphi; and he chiefly brought up at his own expence, all his brother George Garrick's numerous family. The eldest son I introduced as Pensioner, at St. John's College, Cambridge; and he afterwards obtained the valuable living of Hendon, in Middlesex. The next son, Captain David Gar-

rick, was the exact resemblance of his uncle, and he died in early life, of an asthma. Of the daughters, I was only acquainted with the elegant Mrs. Payne, whom my wife and I met at Ghent, and she immediately announced her husband, who was nearly related to the eminent London bankers. They very obligingly accompanied us to Bruges, on our return, in 1786, to England.

The strongest likenesses of Garrick are best preserved by Sir George Beaumont, who was intimately acquainted with him; the two drawings of Garrick, in Richard, and Abel Drugger, are superior, in point of resemblance, to either of the celebrated pictures, from which they are chiefly taken; the prints from them are just published by Mr. Colnaghi; and I have no doubt, will greatly tend both to his credit and his advantage.

I would readily have supplied the Rev. Mr. Rackett, Rector of Spettisbury, Dorsetshire, with any letters or documents of which I am in possession, as he is one of Mrs. Garrick's two executors, to all the correspondence that passed between her late husband and his friends; but I am lately informed by him, that his publication, so long expected, is at least deferred; and I am apprehensive, that instead of an interesting work, given under the eye of a judicious selector, the valuable materials will now more probably be consigned, through family disputes, to the deep chest of the Court of Chancery.

I think my acquaintance with Dr. Goldsmith must have commenced at Mr. Yates' house. My introduction to Mr. Murphy certainly took place there. The doctor afterwards favoured me with a Prologue for my tragedy of Zobeide, probably in consequence of some application made by the Yates' family, and he sent it to me with the following note :

“ Mr. Goldsmith presents his best respects to Mr. Cradock, has sent him the Prologue, such as it is. He cannot take time to make it better. He begs he will give Mr. Yates the proper instructions ; and so, even so, he commits him to fortune, and the public.”

“ For the Rt. Hon. Lord Clare,
(Mr. Cradock,) Gosfield, Essex.”

This Prologue was evidently intended to be spoken by Mr. Yates, but it was forwarded to Mr. Quick ; a comic Prologue, by the husband, in the character of a Sailor, would have ill-suited with the lofty dignity of the first tragic Actress ; indeed their names rarely appeared in the same play-bill, they were not calculated for the same meridian.

The following note seems to refer to one of his earlier productions ; but I retain neither letter nor written document of any kind from him with a date :

“ Mr. Goldsmith's best respects to Mr. Cradock, when he asked him to day, he quite forgot

an engagement of above a week's standing, which has been made purposely for him; he feels himself quite uneasy at not being permitted to have his instructions upon those parts where he must necessarily be defective. He will have a rehearsal on Monday; when, if Mr. Cradock would come, and afterwards take a bit of mutton chop, it would add to his other obligations.

"Sunday morning.

"To J. Cradock, Esq. at the Hotel in Pall Mall."

The first letter I ever received from Dr. Goldsmith, was sent to me in Leicestershire, where I had previously altered his Comedy of "She stoops to Conquer."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The Play has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your Epilogue, which, however could not be used, but with your permission, shall be printed*. The story in short is this; Murphy sent me rather the outline of an Epilogue than an Epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved. Mrs. Bulkley hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part, unless according to the

* The Epilogue, as Dr. Goldsmith terms it, was a mere *Jeu d'esprit*, returned to him, with the copy of his Comedy, as a ludicrous address to the town by Tony Lumpkin, but not intended to be spoken; parts alluded to in it, had been even struck out by myself, as too free, in the Doctor's original manuscript.

custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the Epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarrelling Epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the Epilogue, but then Mrs. Catley refused, after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed; an Epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkley. I made one, and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken; I was obliged therefore to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing, as you'll shortly see. Such is the history of my Stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying, that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall upon the whole be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation.

"I am, my dear Cradock,

your obliged, and obedient servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P.S. Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock."

ADDRESS, IN THE CHARACTER OF TONY LUMPKIN.

Well, the Play ended, and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of mother's n'only son;
A hopeful blade! in town I'll fix my station,
And cut a dashing figure through the nation;

Turn Author, Actor, Statesman, Wit, or Beau,
 And stalk the Hero of the "Puppet Show."*
 Could I but gain some present firm support,
 I'd quickly barter Country Ale for Port.

No "Piety in Pattens," I renounce her;
 Off in a crack, and carry big Bet Bouncer;

Bill Bullet now can drive a roaring trade,
 And picks up Countesses in Masquerade,
 Walks round the new Great-room † with Dukes and
 Peers;

And swears he'll never balk his country jeers;
 Nay, more, they much admire his lounging gait,
 And talks to him as to the Lords of State.—

And there's my Comrade too that lived o'th' hill,
 Odzooks! he quite forgets his father's mill;
 Says he was born to figure high in life,
 And gets in keeping by a Nabob's wife.

Why should not I then in the world appear?
 I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year;
 What signifies below what men inherit?
 In London, there they've some regard for merit.

Mother still talks "of larning," "modes refin'd;"
 They're all for making mince-meat of my mind.
 I'll no such stuff; for after all their strife,
 'Tis best, what haps, in lottery and in life.

I'm off—the horses scamper through the streets,
 And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
 To every Race; to Pastimes every night,
 Not to the Plays, (they say) it been't polite;
 To Sadler's Wells, perhaps, or Operas go;
 And once perchance to th' Roratorio.

* Alluding to Foote's.

† Pantheon.

Then Bet herself, shall sit at top o' th' table;
She manages the house, and I the stable;
The rest o' th' time we 'll scamper up and down,
And set the fashions too, to half the town;
Frequent all auctions, money ne'er regard;
Buy pictures like the Great, ten pounds a yard;
Odzooks! we 'll make these London gentry say,
We know what's high genteel as well as they.

Though I was inattentive to my own productions of every sort, I hope I was always careful as to those of others. Dr. Goldsmith presented to me his *Threnodia Augustalis*, written on the Princess Dowager's death; I gave it up to Mr. Nichols, and have since seen the following extract from Mr. Chalmer's *Life of Goldsmith* in the collection of English Poets, published in 1810:

"The present edition of his poems is copied from the octavo principally, with the addition of the *Threnodia Augustalis*, a piece which has hitherto escaped the researches of his editors. It is now printed from a copy given by the author to his friend Joseph Cradock, esq. of Gumley, author of *Zobeide*, and obligingly lent to me by Mr. Nichols. If it adds little to his fame, it exhibits a curious instance of the facility with which he gratified his employers on a very short notice."

Dr. Percy very kindly introduced me to dine at the Literary Club, at the bottom of St. James's-street, where we met Dr. Goldsmith. The table that day was crowded, and I sat next Mr. Burke;

but as Mr. Richard Burke talked much, and the great orator said very little, I was not aware at first who was my neighbour. One of the party near us remarked, that there was an offensive smell in the room, and thought it must proceed from some dog that was under the table; but Mr. Burke, with a smile, turned to me, and said, "I rather fear it is from the beef-steak pie, that is opposite to us, the crust of which is made with some very bad butter, that comes from my country." Just at that moment Dr. Johnson sent his plate for some of it, and Burke helped him to very little, which he soon dispatched, and returned his plate for more; Burke without thought, exclaimed, "I am glad that you are able so well to relish this beef-steak pie." Johnson, not at all pleased that what he eat should ever be noticed, immediately retorted, "There is a time of life, Sir, when a man requires the repairs of a table."

Before dinner was finished, Mr. Garrick came in, full-dressed, made many apologies for being so much later than he intended, but he had been unexpectedly detained at the House of Lords; and Lord Camden had absolutely insisted upon setting him down at the door of the hotel in his own carriage. Johnson said nothing, but he looked a volume.

During the afternoon some literary dispute arose; but Johnson sat silent, till the Dean of Derry, very respectfully said, "We all wish, Sir,

for your opinion on the subject." Johnson, inclined his head, and never shone more in his life, than at that period ; he replied, without any pomp ; he was perfectly clear and explicit ; full of the subject, and left nothing undetermined. There was a pause ; and he was then hailed with astonishment by all the company. The evening in general passed off very pleasantly. Some talked perhaps for amusement, and others for victory. We sat very late ; and the conversation that at last ensued, was the direct cause of my friend Goldsmith's poem, called "Rétaliation."

Dr. Goldsmith and I never quarrelled ; for he was convinced that I had a real regard for him ; but a kind of civil sparring continually took place between us. "You are so attached," says he, "to Hurd, Gray, and Mason, that you think nothing good can proceed, but out of that formal school ;—now, I'll mend Gray's Elegy, by leaving out an idle word in every line!"—"And, for me, Doctor, completely spoil it."

"The curfew tolls the knell of day,
The lowing herd winds o'er the Lea ;
The plowman homeward plods his way,
And ——"

"Enough, enough, I have no ear for more."

"Cradock (after a pause), I am determined to come down into the country, and make some stay with you, and I will build you an ice-house."—"Indeed, my dear Doctor," I replied, "you will

not; you have got the strangest notion in the world of making amends to your friends, wherever you go; I hope, if you favour me with a visit, that you will consider that your own company is the best recompence." "Well," says Goldsmith, "that is civilly enough expressed; but I should like to build you an ice-house; I have built two already; they are perfect, and this should be a pattern to all your county."

"I dined yesterday," says he, laying down his papers, "in company with three of your friends, and I talked at every thing."—"And they would spare you in nothing."—"I cared not for that; I persisted; but I declare solemnly to you, that though I angled the whole evening I never once obtained a bite."

"You are all of you," continued he, "absolutely afraid of Johnson,—now I attack him boldly, and without the least reserve."—"You do, Doctor, and sometimes catch a Tartar." "If it were not for me, he would be insufferable; if you remember, the last time we ever supped together, he sat sulky and growling, but I resolved to fetch him out;"—"you did, and at last he told you that he would have no more of your fooleries *."

* Though Johnson was sometimes very rough with Goldsmith, yet he always made him only his own property; for when a bookseller ventured to say something rather slightly of the Doctor, Johnson instantly retorted, "Sir, Goldsmith never touches any subject, but he adorns it." Once when I found the Doctor very low at his chambers, I related this circumstance to him, and it instantly proved a cordial.

It was always thought fair by some persons to make what stories they pleased of Dr. Goldsmith, and the following was freely circulated in ridicule of him, "That he attended the Fantoccini in Penton-street, and that from envy he wished to excel the dexterity of one of the puppets." I was of the party, and remember no more, than that the Doctor, the Rev. Mr. Ludlam of St. John's College, and some others, went together to see the puppet-shew; that we were all greatly entertained, and many idle remarks might possibly be made by all of us during the evening. Mr. Ludlam afterwards laughingly declared, that he believed he must shut up all his experiments at Cambridge and Leicester in future, and take lectures only during the winter, from Fantoccinis, and the expert mechanists of both the Royal Theatres."

The greatest real fault of Dr. Goldsmith was, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket, he would go into certain companies in the country, and in hopes of doubling the sum, would generally return to town without any part of it.

One of the worst affrays that Dr. Goldsmith was ever engaged in, was with Evans the Bookseller, of Paternoster-row. Evans was the Editor of the Universal Magazine, and had suffered a most offensive article to be inserted therein, which turned to ridicule, not only the Doctor, but some ladies of the highest respectability. The Doctor unfortunately went to dine with the family, in West-

minster, just after they had read this insulting article, and they were all most highly indignant at it. The Doctor agonized all dinner-time ; but as soon as possible afterwards, he stole away, set off in great haste for Paternoster-row, and caned Evans in his own shop. This was every way a terrible affair ; and I privately consulted with Dr. Johnson concerning it. He said, “that this at any time would have been highly prejudicial to Goldsmith, but particularly now ;” and he advised me, as I was intimate with both, that I should call upon Evans, and endeavour to get the matter adjusted. I followed his advice ; and Evans really behaved very kindly to me on the occasion. I truly urged, “that this publication had cut off Dr. Goldsmith from the society of one of the most friendly houses that he had ever frequented, and that he could not have tortured him in a more tender point.” Evans calmly attended to me ; and after much negociation, and the interference of several discreet friends, this vexatious affair was at last finally got rid of. The name of Johnson on such an affray, will perhaps remind the reader that he himself once knocked down a very worthy bookseller in his own shop, at Gray’s Inn (as related by Boswell). The story was currently reported ; and caused the following extempore, which has never extended before beyond a private circulation :

“ When Johnson, with tremendous step, and slow,
Fully determin'd, deigns to fell the foe,
E'en the earth trembles, thunders roll around,
And mighty Osborne's self lies level'd with the ground.”

“ Lie still, Sir,” said Johnson, “ that you may not give me a second trouble !”—Mr. Nichols once asked Dr. Johnson, “ if the story was true.”—“ No, Sir, it was not in his shop, it was in my own house.”

I had not seen or heard from Dr. Goldsmith for a very considerable time, till I came to town with my wife, who was to place herself under the care of Mr. Parkinson, dentist, in Fleet-street, for rather a dangerous operation ; and we took lodgings in Norfolk-street, that we might be in his neighbourhood. Goldsmith I found much altered, and at times very low ; and I devoted almost all my mornings to his immediate service. He wished me to look over and revise some of his Works ; but with a select friend or two I was most pressing that he should publish, by subscription, his two celebrated poems of “ The Traveller,” and “ The Deserted Village,” with notes ; for he was well aware that I was no stranger to Johnson's having made some little addition to the one, and possibly had suggested some corrections at least for the other ; but the real meaning was, to give some great persons an opportunity of delicately conveying pecuniary relief, of which the Doctor at that time was particularly in need. Goldsmith

readily gave up to me his private copies, and said, "Pray do what you please with them." But, whilst he sat near me, he rather submitted to, than encouraged my zealous proceedings.

I one morning called upon him, however, and found him infinitely better than I expected, and in a kind of exulting style he exclaimed, "Here are some of the best of my prose writings; I have been hard at work ever since midnight, and I desire you to examine them."—"These," said I, "are excellent indeed."—"They are," replied he, "intended as an Introduction to a body of Arts and Sciences,"—"If so, Dr. Goldsmith, let me most seriously entreat, that as your name is to be prefixed, more care may be taken by those who are to compile the work, than has formerly been the case, when Knaresborough was printed for Naseby, and Yorkshire for Northamptonshire: and you know what was the consequence with Mr. Cadell."

We entered on various topics, and I left him that morning seemingly much relieved.

The day before I was to set out from town for Leicestershire, I insisted upon his dining with us. He replied, "I will; but on one condition; that you will not ask me to eat any thing."—"Nay," said I, "this answer, Goldsmith, is absolutely unkind; for I had hoped, as we are entirely served from the Crown and Anchor, that you would have named something that

you might have relished.”—“ Well,” says he, “ if you will but explain it to Mrs. Cradock, I will certainly wait upon you.”

The Doctor found, as usual, at my apartments newspapers and pamphlets, and with a pen and ink he amused himself as well as he could. I had ordered from the tavern some fish, a roasted joint of lamb, and a tart; and the Doctor either sat down or walked about just as he liked. After dinner he took some wine with biscuits; but I was soon obliged to leave him for a while, as I had matters to settle for our next day's journey. On my return coffee was ready, and the Doctor appeared more cheerful (for Mrs. Cradock was always rather a favourite with him) and in the course of the evening he endeavoured to talk and remark, as usual, but all was force. He stayed till midnight, and I insisted on seeing him safe home; and we most cordially shook hands at the Temple-gate.

Dr. Goldsmith did not live long after our return into Leicestershire; and I have often since regretted, that I did not remain longer in town at every inconvenience. Yet, alas! what could I have done? With one or two select friends I might have stood by his bed-side, deeply lamenting his most unfortunate fate, till he, in a last agony, would have exclaimed

—— “ Dear friends, adieu !

For see the hounds are full in view.”

I had the pleasure of introducing a Relative of mine, as Gentleman Commoner of University College at Oxford, when the learned Mr. Scott, now Lord Stowell, was the highly respected tutor of it, and by him I was made known to Dr. Johnson. They were to have honoured me by a visit at my house in Leicestershire; but Dr. Johnson was suddenly taken ill, and remained in London.

Dr. Percy took me with him to Johnson's apartments in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, and we found him rolling upon the floor, surrounded with books, which had just been brought in to him; and he shewed us a Runic Bible, which he considered as particularly curious. Dr. Percy, in the course of conversation, mentioned some friend of theirs who had taken a short journey into the country on horseback; but by setting out too late had got wet through, and had lost his labour. "Sir," exclaimed Johnson, "mankind miscalculate in almost all the concerns of life. This man set out too late, got wet through, and lost his labour; but then, I suppose, he hired the horse the cheaper."

I first dined in company with Dr. Johnson at Mr. Davies's house in Russell-street, Covent-garden, as mentioned by Mr. Boswell, and the Doctor was that day all forbearance and civility. After dinner he looked about to see who left his company for the theatre, and at six o'clock there remained, with Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, and Dr. Harwood, a Dissenter, who

wrote "The Harmony of the Gospels." In the course of the evening Johnson gave me some encouragement to talk, and the subject of conversation was the tragedy of *Œdipus*, of which Mr. Davies knew I then meditated a revival. I ventured to assert that Sophocles made that tragedy for the stage at the public cost, and that it was the most celebrated piece of all antiquity. Dr. Johnson said, that *Œdipus* was a poor miserable man, subjected to the greatest distress, without being at all culpable. This I in part admitted; but urged that Aristotle, as well as most of the Greek poets, were very partial to that character: Dr. Johnson getting rather loud, I drew in, and said, "It would appear presumptuous in me, perhaps, more strongly to oppose his opinion."—"Nay, Sir," replied Johnson, "I would not have disputed with you at all, if I had not wished to hear your arguments."

As I was only occasionally in town, I had not often the opportunity of being in the company of Dr. Johnson, and then chiefly with Dr. Percy; but we held some correspondence in regard to Books, and I supplied him with several papers and documents, when he was writing his *Lives of the Poets*. But Dr. Percy was the leading star; for at his apartments I often read in a morning, and in his absence took extracts with his Secretary. Dr. Percy was a most pleasing companion, and to me a steady friend; there was a violence in his temper which

could not always be controlled ; but he had a wife

“ Without one jarring atom form'd,
And gentleness and joy made up her being.”

The Doctor for a time made me a kind of tutor to a young Relative of his, who was going into Orders, and was so well satisfied with my attention to him, that he very politely sent to me the following acknowledgment :

Northumberland House,
Sunday Evening.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Mr. Bromwich read the service pretty well at Oxendon Chapel ; but his fear made him go on too fast, and of course made him low ; it also occasioned him to end his sentence sometimes with a disagreeable cadence, not unlike a tone ; all which, I am persuaded, when he comes to shake off his fears, he will lose, especially with the aid of your excellent instructions, which, if they could be repeated two mornings, would be indeed desirable.

“ I hope you will be tempted to come, and hear your Pupil how he officiates in my church at Easton Mauduit, for which place he sets out on Wednesday next.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and very faithful,

T. PERCY.”

In the country I had often the pleasure of receiving Dr. and Mrs. Percy on their excursions from Northamptonshire to Thurmaston, near Leicester, where some of Mrs. Percy's Relatives resided; and the Doctor frequently rallied Mrs. Cradock, on Dr. Johnson's intention of speedily paying a visit to Gumley; but she generally made him the same answer—that she only wished to be certain of his near approach, as that would be a sufficient signal for her to retreat to Merevale. Mrs. Percy, however, seriously assured her, that Dr. Johnson was by no means so formidable as he had been represented; for that he had once staid at Easton Mauduit with them near a month, and that he was perfectly quiet and contented; and as a strong instance of his occasional politeness to her, she mentioned, that when Dr. Percy once gave him notice that he had arranged some books for his perusal after breakfast, Dr. Johnson most courteously replied, “No, Sir, I shall first attend upon Mrs. Percy to feed the ducks.”

When the tragedy of Irene made its appearance at Drury-lane, I was not in the habit of frequenting theatres; but I have heard the particulars of Dr. Johnson's conduct on that occasion from several of his contemporaries. By favour of Mr. Garrick, he was in possession of the strength of the stage, but he was determined to make but little use of any part of it. The Play abounds

with the finest lines imaginable ; but fine lines, as Mr. Gray well remarked in a letter to Mr. Mason, " are not sufficient to make a complete tragedy." Dr. Johnson insisted upon Mr. Garrick's playing the part of Demetrius, merely on account of speaking some favourite passages in the first Act ; and he persisted in urging that Irene should be strangled on the stage, though a similar circumstance had been strongly reprobated in the play of Tamerlane. The dialogue always shines, but the plot stands still ; and Mr. Garrick, from every friendly motive, entreated Dr. Johnson to give him some opportunity, at least in the last Act, to render the Play finally successful. For this purpose, he proposed that he should act Mahomet, instead of Demetrius, and that Dr. Johnson should write for him a mad scene, which might very well be introduced, and he would exert himself to the best of his abilities ; but this proposal was only met by the rudest reply possible.

In justice, however, to all parties, it ought now to be fairly stated, that Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, openly declared, " that he had been greatly to blame ; for, though at that time he was in deep distress, and had possessed innumerable friends, yet, from strong prejudices, he obstinately had availed himself of the services of none of them."

I was in London once when Dr. Percy returned

from Northumberland, and found that he was expected to preach a Charity Sermon almost immediately ; this had escaped his memory, and he said, that "though much fatigued, he had been obliged to sit up very late to furnish out something from former discourses ; but suddenly recollecting that Johnson's fourth Idler was exactly to his purpose, he had freely engrafted the greatest part of it." He preached, and his discourse was much admired ; but being requested to print it he most strenuously opposed the honour intended him, till he was assured by the Governors, that it was absolutely necessary, as the annual contributions greatly depended on the account that was given in the Appendix. In this dilemma, he earnestly requested that I would call upon Dr. Johnson, and state particulars. I assented ; and endeavoured to introduce the subject with all due solemnity ; but Johnson was highly diverted with my recital, and, laughing, said, "Pray, Sir, give my kind respects to Dr. Percy, and tell him, I desire he will do whatever he pleases in regard to my Idler ; it is entirely at his service."

But these days of friendly communication were, from various causes, speedily to pass away, and worse than indifference to succeed ; for one morning Dr. Percy said to me, "I have not seen Johnson for a long time. I believe I must just call upon him, and greatly wish that you would accompany me. I intend," says he, "to teaze

him a little about Gibbon's pamphlet."—"I hope not, Dr. Percy," was my reply. "Indeed I shall, for I have a pleasure in combating his narrow prejudices." We went together; and Dr. Percy opened with some anecdotes from Northumberland-house; mentioned some rare books that were in the library; and then threw out, that the town rang with applause of Gibbon's Reply to Davis; that the latter "had written before he had read," and that the two "Confederate Doctors," as Mr. Gibbon termed them, "had fallen into some strange errors."

Johnson said, "he knew nothing of Davis's pamphlet, nor would he give him any answer as to Gibbon; but, if the 'Confederate Doctors,' as they were termed, had really made such mistakes, as he alluded to, they were Blockheads."

Dr. Percy talked on in the most careless style possible, but in a very lofty tone; and Johnson appeared to be excessively angry. I only wished to get released; for, if Dr. Percy had proceeded to inform him, that he had lately introduced Mr. Hume to dine at the King's Chaplain's table, there must have been an "Explosion."

When Dr. Johnson was busily engaged in writing his Lives of the Poets, I mentioned to him one day, that Lord Harborough, in his library in Leicestershire, had a folio volume of manuscripts, magnificently bound, which contained poems by James the First, Sackville, and many eminent

persons. He said, he greatly wished to get a sight of it; and I accordingly borrowed it for his perusal.

Some time afterwards he wrote the following note to me to say, "that he had never received it:"

"Jan. 20, 1783.

"Mr. Johnson is very glad of any intelligence, and much obliged by Mr. Cradock's favour and attention. The book which he has now sent, shall be taken care of; but of a former book mentioned in the note, Mr. Johnson has no remembrance, and can hardly think he ever received it, though bad health may possibly have made him negligent."

"To Mr. Cradock,"

This of course made me very uneasy; and I particularly questioned Mr. Steevens on the subject. "That then," replied he, hastily, "is the book, which now lies under his ink-stand; it is neatly packed up, and sealed; and I never was able to make out what it was; well," says he, "if after all the caution I have given you about lending books to Johnson, you would persist, you must not be surprised, if the valuable book is finally lost."

During the latest years of Dr. Johnson's life, I was most connected with him; and when I was to take leave of him to visit the Continent, he seemed quite affected, and said, "I wish I could accompany you, for I dread the effects of this climate during the ensuing winter." I received the melancholy account of his death, at Marseilles,

and was greatly shocked ; for Johnson had been uniformly civil to me, and I had derived from him numerous advantages ; but when the circumstance of the book recurred to me, I became quite agitated ; and in haste wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Cadell, and recounted all particulars. They kindly answered my letter immediately, and informed me, that they had found the book unopened, on the identical spot that had been pointed out, and it was in consequence safely restored to the Reverend Earl, at Stapleford, with all due acknowledgments.

During the time I was most frequently in town, I collected various anecdotes of Garrick, Johnson, and others ; but as I made no secret of them, one half at least have already appeared in print ; and it is too late for me now to select many more of any kind, from my Reminiscences. The intelligent reader will perceive that the plan of the Whole, if it had a plan, has been altered since the commencement ; but the truth is, the Author has been greatly alarmed from fear of total loss of sight—the press has been stopped,—and the work has since only been occasionally resumed, at sudden and interrupted intervals.

SERIOUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN DR. JOHNSON AND A
FRIEND.

As many accounts have been circulated, that are injurious to the memory of Dr. Johnson, on the subject of Religion, particularly at the latter part of his life, I have endeavoured, in a fancied dialogue between him and a friend, to give as faithful a picture as possible, from himself, as well as from a free examination of all his works. He was a good man; but, to use his own phrase, a "morbid melancholy" had been impressed on him, even from his infancy at Lichfield.

Johnson. Pray, Sir, sit down—I have been, and am too ill to receive mere visitors; but the attention of a friend is always consolatory.

Friend. I should have waited upon you yesterday; and, indeed, had made inquiries at your door for that purpose, but found that Dr. Brocklesby was with you; and then I am always gratified, as I think his society may afford a double advantage.

Johnson. Sir, Brocklesby is a skilful Physician, and a very generous man, but his conversation is not always conciliating; he possesses some opinions that may not tend to his own, any more than to the happiness of others. It is the heaviest stone that you can throw at a melancholy man, only to insinuate a doubt upon the truth of his Religion.

Friend. But when the Patient can so readily apply a remedy unto himself——

Johnson. Sir, the Patient may not be always inclined to controversy; he may wish to enjoy truth, without the labour of contest.

Friend. But there can be no contest with Dr. Brocklesby; for when he has only attempted to dispute, I have known you instantly to overthrow him with the most absolute authority.

Johnson. Sir, you must give up nothing to infidelity. The Infidel is always endeavouring to supply by authority the deficiency of his own arguments; and, to make his cause less invidious, by shewing numbers to be on his side.

Friend. It must be the fate of most men to reject or embrace tenets, merely on the authority of those whom they may think wiser than themselves——

Johnson. And therefore the addition of every name to infidelity, in some degree invalidates that argument, upon which the religion of multitudes must, from necessity, depend. “The hand that cannot build a hovel, may destroy a temple.”

Friend. At present, the Wisest of us can only see “through a glass darkly;”—many things are hidden from learning, as well as from ignorance——

Johnson. They are; and I do not wish to add the shame of imposing words for ideas, either upon myself or others.

Friend. I think it was Bacon, who observed, that “to be willing to remain ignorant of what

our Great Creator has thought proper to conceal from us, is in reality the first and best part of human knowledge."

Johnson. Your quotation is apt. The learned Boerhaave likewise professed to worship God, as he is in himself, without attempting to inquire into his nature. He desired only to think of God, what God has revealed of himself. There he stopped, lest by indulging his own ideas he should form a Deity from his own imagination, and commit sin by falling down before him.

Friend. I have repeatedly read your Life of Boerhaave, as I know you wrote, it with peculiar satisfaction; and you there added, "may those who study his writings imitate his life; and those who endeavour after his knowledge, aspire likewise to his piety!"

Johnson. I retain the same veneration for his memory now. I am convinced his chief view was the benefit of mankind, and the chief motive of his actions was the will of God, whom he never mentions but with due reverence.

Friend. Neither Newton nor Locke ever introduced that sacred name into any light discourse.

Johnson. Never, Sir, but

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Friend. The patience and resignation of Boerhaave in the severest trials have particularly been dwelt upon; his composure of mind would have been for ever the boast of the Stoic school.

Johnson. Sir, his was the true Patientia Chris-

tiana ; it was that, that Lipsius so much wished to possess in his last moments ; but we cannot all aspire to the patience and firmness of Boerhaave. In proportion to our belief being rational, it will be lasting ; but there are hours when gloomy reflections will obtrude, and I must freely confess to you, that the thought of death at times grievously oppresses me.

Friend. But as a passport to eternal life——

Johnson. “ Aye, but to die, and go we know not where !

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods ; or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice ;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world ;
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death ! ”

Friend. I have heard you before repeat those lines with energy, and have felt their force ; but let me endeavour in some measure to counteract their effects, though by a quotation of far inferior excellence, from Garth.

“ To die, is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar,
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.”

Of course I can only mean to refer to the pain that we may experience in passing from this world to a better.

Johnson. Pain, Sir, I would endure, were it only to protract existence. Who can enumerate all his secret sins, or who can dare to assure himself, that God will pardon them; and, in this doubtful state of fear and apprehension,

“What better can we do than prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat’ring the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign’d, and humiliation meek?”

Friend. Dr. Johnson, you quite alarm me; and I feel shocked, lest any thing I have inadvertently thrown out, may have contributed to augment your agitation.

Johnson. No, Sir; but Eternity is a prospect that no man can look into without awe and apprehension. He may boast of his own courage, but he may be as easily mistaken in estimating his own courage as his own humility; and till the hour of death cometh, it will never be known, who can, or who can not sustain that decisive crisis. Then he can deceive the world no longer; but must solely rely on the Mercies of his God, and the dying Merits of his blessed Redeemer!

APPENDIX.

AS my Travels in Flanders and Holland in 1786 are connected with many persons and circumstances alluded to in the preceding Memoirs, I am induced to anticipate a part of them in this annexed Appendix.

Before I engaged in this additional Tour I found it necessary to pass a week in London, to make some previous arrangements; and at the Royal Hotel, Pall Mall, I met with two Milanese Noblemen who wished to engage the whole of it for the Duke of Milan, but the master could not comply, as it would exclude all those who usually frequented his house. I knew but little of these Noblemen at that time; but not long afterwards was introduced to them at Paris in due form, where they were announced, as Count Piazzzi, a nobleman of Milan, much connected with the Duke; and Chevalier Carlucci, nephew to the reigning Pope; but the most pleasing part was, that they spoke in the highest raptures of the kind reception they had met with in the British metropolis. The morning my wife and I left Paris, our good friend Mr. Metcalfe, of Suffolk, who had travelled with

Mr. Wraxall, informed us, that we should save five pounds in the hundred, in Holland, by carrying with us dollars, instead of the depreciated gold coin of France ; we followed his advice, and experienced that advantage on our arrival at Amsterdam. At Brussels, we found at the Hotel, Lord Lisburne, whom I well knew at the Admiralty, and Governor Ellis, in whose company we had passed part of the preceding winter at Marseilles. Lord Lisburne, with his son Mr. Vaughan, was on his route for Gottingen, but the Governor assured him, I was so intimate with Dr. Fischer, and some other Professors of that University, that he thought by letters, his Lordship's own journey might be dispensed with. I wrote accordingly ; and my friends there made every thing so satisfactory, that Mr. Vaughan proceeded on his journey, and Lord Lisburne soon afterwards returned to London. I became connected with Dr. Fischer at the French Academy at Paris, and he travelled and resided with us in 1785, at Marseilles. I had the pleasure to introduce him to our best friends, the Argyle family, and when he left, the Duchess gave him a letter to the Duke of York, then residing in Germany*.

* The Duchess of Argyle never appeared but once in public at Marseilles, during the three months the family resided there, and that was, from great solicitation, at the Pic Nic Ball, much promoted by the English. I had the honour of dining with them that day, and the Duchess, as soon as possible, retired from the company to dress. She came down to coffee in all her splendor ;

Dr. Fischer, in the winter following, again visited Marseilles, as Physician to Prince Augustus, now Duke of Sussex, and I retain a journal of most of his proceedings on the Continent; he has since travelled through England with the Austrian Princes. Governor Ellis was a rich old bachelor, one of the greatest humourists I ever knew; he was the oldest pensioner on the English list, as Governor of Georgia; he regularly took his flight from North to South, like certain birds, and when Lord Denbigh was about to set out for Spa, he said to me, "I go once for the benefit of my health, perhaps, but mark, like Governor Ellis, I will not become a Climate-hunter." The Governor on his annual route regularly visited Tissot and Voltaire, and was as free in all opinions as any of them. He published a small tract on Police, which was much admired by Count de Vergennes, and he meant to have favoured England with some of the same remarks; but unfortunately, the day after he arrived at the Royal Hotel, he got hustled in Pall Mall, and lost his watch and seals, and all every one was struck with astonishment; and I could not refrain from saying, that I thought her Grace really looked as well as when I first saw her in the Court-room in England, as Duchess of Hamilton. The Duke, with a smile, replied, "Less aided then, perhaps, than now, Sir." Her Grace could not but be apprized of the wonder that was excited, and the Lieutenant of Police, rather too loudly, exclaimed, "I have never seen any one so completely beautiful before." This was the last time that her Grace ever appeared at any public Assembly.

his pocket-money. The Governor was quite outrageous, but the master and mistress of the Hotel did not speak of the circumstance with all the regret they might have done, for he was rather a troublesome customer. He soon afterwards left, and I think never more returned to England. I heard many particulars of him from Colonel Bosville, as well as from the Rev. Mr. Archdeacon Burnaby, who was acquainted with him, from the time that he had been Chaplain to the Factory at Leghorn; he died at Naples, in 1807.

Lord Lisburne and Governor Ellis offered to introduce us at the Court of Brussels, but our luggage had all been examined, and "plumbed," as the phrase goes, for Holland; and, indeed, we were not very ambitious of the honour at that time, for the Court had been horribly annoyed by the numbers of English who had intruded themselves into the Drawing-room, and Thicknesse had published a very curious account of them. This, however, occasioned some very necessary alterations;—one person I well knew, afterwards assured me, that the fright he had sustained in that Drawing-room, had proved a good caution to him through life; for that he was pressed almost immediately upon a certain English Earl, who though too near-sighted to detect him directly, yet had caused to him some terrible apprehensions.

My wife was so pleased with Brussels, that we

loitered there for ten days, and, as our apology had been made at the Palace, we regularly frequented the gardens; but on the Sunday night before we left, we received the favour of places at the Opera in a private box, and were honoured with some particular notice by the Archduke himself.

We staid a few days only in the much pleasanter, though rather melancholy city of Antwerp, and were most excellently well accommodated at the Grand Laboureur, in the Mere-street, which very nearly resembles Bridge-street, Black-friars. Here we engaged a coach and four good horses, had an honest intelligent coachman, and never before or since, travelled so commodiously on the Continent.

It was disputed whether there was any boundary-line or mark, between Flanders and Holland, but as I was determined to walk part of the dreary way from Antwerp to Breda, I had an opportunity of making some examination; and after much difficulty, a very large stone was pointed out, and seemed to form such a mark, as continually occurred when lands were in an open field state in England.

At Breda, though the Hotel was very clean, yet we found our bills doubled, from having exchanged the light wines of France for the weightier ones of Moselle or Hock, and we paid as much for seeing one monument at the church as for all the

greater curiosities, in the interesting Cathedral at Antwerp.

This monument, or rather mausoleum, the Dutch are pleased most highly to estimate. It is of Anglebert, Count of Nassau; and is most wonderfully celebrated for a transparent arm of the principal figure; but this arises from a flaw or vein in the marble; and, if of value as a natural curiosity, in a Statue it appears absolutely incongruous. The church we found stripped of all ornaments, except gloomy escutcheons in broad black rotten frames. One of their Elders held forth by the hour-glass, and most of the congregation appeared to be dozing, and all with their hats on; now and then, they just opened their eyes, when a man came near them, ringing a little bell with a purse in his hand, which was to remind them of making some oblations to the poor.

Breda is the capital of Dutch Brabant; is under the United Provinces, but sends no Deputies, neither is it subject to the controul of any separate Province, but under the jurisdiction of the whole.

Many classical allusions are not likely to obtrude themselves in travelling through the United States; some parallel might, indeed, be drawn between the Province of Holland and the country of Attica, in ancient Greece. Both are republics abounding with learned men, merchants, and navigators. The fields of Attica were fitter for pasture than corn, and the Athenians were fond of planting

and adorning their country with trees and rich plantations. In the time of their great lawgiver Solon, the people consisted of four classes ; merchants and mechanicks, farmers, graziers, and soldiers. Trade was in great honour amongst them. Solon made good laws for merchants, and traded himself, as Plutarch informs us. " In his time," says he, " according to Hesiod, trade was not thought dishonourable, nor did it in the least debase those who made it their profession ; but above all, Commerce was deemed a worthy calling, that brought home the good things enjoyed by the barbarous nations, was the occasion of the amity and alliance with their kings, and was the Mother of Experience."

The Athenians likewise invited and encouraged strangers to settle amongst them, by granting the privileges of their city.

There is a nearer resemblance, undoubtedly, between the Commonwealth of Holland and the little States of Greece, than the latter have with any other modern Republics, whether the Swiss Cantons, Venice, or Genoa ; the two last resembling them scarcely in any thing except the name.

We set out on May the 5th, very early. The road was a high rampart, without any fence, and we had just cause for real apprehension, but greatly relied on the discretion of our coachman. The meadows on each side were well stored with cattle, and the villages were numerous and very

neat. We stopped for a while at noon, and after a good bait, crossed two small rivers in ferry-boats, but did not remain in the coach, though there was no danger. In the afternoon we reached a village on the banks of the Maes; here we were most reluctantly obliged to part with our Antwerp coach, and wait till a vessel could be procured to convey us to Gorcum, where we landed at an excellent hotel, and with tea and a good fire, enjoyed all the luxury of the best travelling accommodation in England.

Next morning we stopped some time at Vianen, a small pleasant town on the river Leck, and here, for the only time in my life, I experienced a total want of language; however, a person at last was found, who spoke a little French, and through his interpretation we settled our account with the mistress of the inn. We were now only two leagues from Utrecht, the road broad and straight, by the side of a fine canal; carriages continually passing and re-passing, as near to a great city; handsome houses by the road side, and the contrast to our former journey was truly wonderful. We arrived in good time at Utrecht, and were ushered through a long passage, across a marble floor, into some elegant apartments, at the celebrated hotel, called the Chateau d'Anvers.

As soon as we had taken breakfast, the respectable master of the hotel, who bore all the appearance of an old English Gentleman, inquired after

our healths ; informed us, that it was his wish to keep his doors closed whilst he and his household attended God's temple ; said that we should have any thing he could procure for us to dinner, and at our own hour, as he was anxious every way to make us as comfortable as in his power. We replied, that we were rather fatigued with our journey, and should not go out during the morning, but desired by no means to interfere with the usual decorum of his well-regulated family. We observed from our windows, that all the inhabitants wore mourning ; for, in their zeal for Puritanism, they still seem desirous of receding as far as possible from the more lively customs of their Catholic neighbours. Indeed the houses were generally as much barricadoed as during the time of a siege.

Utrecht is advantageously situated on the ancient canal of the Rhine, and in point of science still boasts of being the rival of Leyden. The Academy here is highly spoken of ; most of the Students are said to be Bohemians, or other Germans ; and many formerly came hither from Great Britain, to study the Civil Law ; but Physic has been better cultivated at Leyden, as the Botanic Garden there has always been best furnished with plants.

There is extant an ancient Chronicle of the Church of Utrecht, which was written by Beka, in the thirteenth century.

The greatest part of the Cathedral still lies in

ruins, and only one aisle of it remains, in which Divine Service is performed; the Cloisters are converted to the use of the University, and serve for halls, where the Professors read public lectures to their pupils. The steeple is very handsome, and so high, that there is a prospect of great part of five of the Seven Provinces from the top; and on the South-east, all the route to Cleves may easily be discerned. It is asserted, that upwards of fifty walled towns, lie in a manner under the eye of the observer, and are all within a day's journey of Utrecht.

The Catholics, it is well known, boast of a native of that city having been raised to the Pontifical throne; this was Adrian the Sixth. The house where he was born is still shewn to strangers, and distinguished by an inscription. That learned and honest man, who was at the head of the Church about the beginning of the Reformation, was much inclined to do all for the good of Christianity in general, that was incumbent on him; but he was taken off in the midst of his glorious design. His epitaph, directed by himself, argues his humility, as well as his refusal to change his name, though born of mean parentage. It is this: "*Adrianus Sextus hic situs est, qui nihil sibi infelicius in vitâ duxit, quàm quòd imperaret.*"

Utrecht has had sixty-one Bishops: the first was Willebrod, the Englishman, who, according to Bede, died in 636, and was succeeded by S. Boni-

face. The Diocese was afterwards so much enlarged and enriched by Pepin, Charlemagne, and other Princes, as to make the Bishop of it one of the most powerful Prelates in Christendom; and enable him to sign leagues with the Counts of Holland, and other formidable neighbours. It continued to be a considerable Principality till the time of Charles the Fifth; that Emperor, not approving the donations of his predecessors, reclaimed the Diocese, which was resigned to him by Bishop Henry of Bavaria. Charles having set this example, a Protestant State thought it might very equitably do what a Roman Catholic Emperor had done before it. This vast Diocese is now a mere temporality; but the States of the Province admit a titular Archbishop, who commonly resides at Amsterdam. The Chapter still subsists, and is composed of a certain number of Lay Canons, who buy their Prebends. On the death of one of these Gentlemen, the public are informed by advertisements in the newspapers, and affixed on the gates and other places of the city, "That a Canonical Prebend in the honourable Chapter of St. Martin's, Utrecht, is to be sold to the highest bidder;" specifying the day and place of the sale.

The Dutch are believed to have possessed some of the ablest Civilians in Europe, and it is certain that there is no University where the Civil Law has been taught with more dignity than at Leyden and Utrecht. Vinnius and Voet, the first in

particular upon the Institutes, and the latter on the Pandects, have been considered as the standards of that Law. It has been lamented, however, that the generality of their Law Writers are so very prolix, that they overwhelm their readers with a deluge of words, and make them lose sight of the main point by the multiplicity of explanations with which they surround it. A similar complaint has been made against the Dutch Divines; that they will write a volume of a good size on a Hebrew word; and another, by way of Supplement, on the Root, or pronunciation of it. Discreet learning, however, prevails generally in Holland, and many Dutch Professors are well qualified to give instructions in most branches of polite as well as useful Literature.

Our dinner was exceedingly good, but as all the Dutch chimnies in their apartments for company are closed on the first of May till the first of November following, we sat shivering with cold; and we had unfortunately brought with us only such seasonable dresses as were suited to the climate of Paris. The meat in Holland is not to be despised, but the flesh is not so firm as that in England; it is spongy, from the rankness or luxuriance of the herbage with which the cattle are fed. Very little beef is ever brought to table in Holland. The numerous herds of black cattle, which every where cover the meadows, are not the growth of the country, but are brought more than an hundred miles, from Holstein and Denmark; and it is ob-

served, that the very hides are not so strong, or so capable of making good leather, as those of England. The beef that you chiefly see is preserved in the winter, when they smoke a great quantity of it, to eat in summer with butter or sallads. But those who have frequented the great fair annually held at Yarmouth, will readily recollect what sort of cattle the Dutch are pleased to buy up for that purpose. This, however, is well cured, and then returned to England, where it is sold at a high price, and is either sliced or grated, and introduced at table as a very relishing dainty. Their butter is of the best quality, but they cut off all the fat from their mutton or veal cutlets, and bring them congealed in no small quantity of it; for, from their long passages, and want of proper covers, it is difficult sometimes to raise them with a strong fork from the dishes. However, they make full amends by their puddings, which are pronounced to be good for the stomach, and they are amply fortified with the best spices, and very superior brandy.

The Mall of Utrecht is reckoned one of the finest in Europe, and on Sunday evenings, in what they call summer, it is frequented by all the best company in the neighbourhood; it is about three quarters of a mile in length, and has four parallel walks on each side, adorned with rows of high trees, which are kept in excellent order. At the further end of the Mall, there is a grand vista to

the ramparts ; and it is recorded, that Lewis the Fourteenth was so enamoured of this grand promenade, that he consigned it to the care of his soldiery, who retained it, at the Dutch expence, for near two years under the safest custody.

On our return from rather a pleasant walk, we found that the Milanese Noblemen had just alighted, and the whole hotel was put into a ferment. They accosted us with the most friendly cordiality, and we immediately, without much question, joined parties together, for we soon perceived that they likewise were next day destined to set sail for Amsterdam. I had obtained leave, by great favour, that a good fire should be made in one of the offices adjoining the kitchen, and this was equally acceptable to all. The Count appeared to us to be a man of the most amiable manners, but by no means to enjoy the boisterous health of the Chevalier, and as there was no female of their party, he seemed very desirous of resorting to my wife for advice and assistance, both as to quiet as well as regimen. He spoke some English, but his colleague was well qualified in almost all languages, and was altogether one of the most accomplished men I had ever met with. We all partook of an elegant supper, and we requested the master of the house to favour us with his company ; he afterwards entertained us by shewing us a manuscript, with regular dates, which recounted the particulars of his having entertained at his

house four if not five crowned heads. These were George II. on his going to and returning from Hanover *, the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, the Emperor of Germany ; and, I think, the King of France had once alighted at his hotel. He proposed that we should hire a vessel for ourselves, which would be more commodious than the common passage-boat †, and he dispatched a messenger to engage apartments for us at the best hotel, the Arms of Amsterdam ; indeed, this excellent man left nothing unthought of that might contribute to our comfort or accommodation.

I rose very early in the morning, and examined all the papers and instructions that I had previously been favoured with, by Lord Sandwich and Mr. Bates, and found that they spoke of the thirty-six miles from Utrecht to Amsterdam, to be as highly cultivated as almost any part of Europe ;

* The King of Great Britain had a Commissary at Utrecht, who lived in a house belonging to his Majesty, and whose business it was to provide travelling equipages in his journey to and from Hanover. There was also a large house applied to the same use at Rhénen, twenty miles from Utrecht.

† The province of Holland is of so small an extent, that with a part of Utrecht, it may be travelled over in two days, in the common passage-boats upon the canals. From the Hague to Leyden is three hours, from thence to Haerlem four, from Haerlem to Amsterdam two more, from Amsterdam to the city of Utrecht eight, from Utrecht to Gouda six, from thence to Rotterdam, in the post waggon, three, from Rotterdam to Delft two, and thence to the Hague one.

and recommended some comparison to be made between the passage from Utrecht to Amsterdam and that from Ipswich to Harwich on the beautiful river Orwell.

We set sail next morning under the most favourable auspices, for two very agreeable ladies were, by appointment, to be added to our party. We were by recommendation to see some most splendid grottoes on our way ; for it was wonderful to hear of the expence that the prudent Dutch would incur in these curious superfluities. That which we examined could not have cost less than thirty thousand pounds ; it was very large, and besides the most costly shells, there were statues and vases of the most expensive description ; indeed, one statue in Mosaic work, of a Negro, as large as life, our foreigners declared to equal any of the kind they had ever seen in Italy.

The Dutch are fond of introducing water-works, but our friends rather wished that fire-works had been substituted as more appropriate ; but before we left, great offence was justly taken by us all, from a most vulgar joke being played upon us, for on a sudden a little *jet d'eau* spouted from the floor, and sprinkled us all over with water ; and we had afterwards to sit in wet clothes, with great danger to ourselves of serious consequences. However, let us not throw all blame upon our neighbours ; for I well remember in my younger days when the same species of vulgar trick was in vogue, and was prac-

tised in two of the finest old-fashioned gardens then known in England.

We thought we had arrived at Amsterdam, from the numerous ships and crowded mart for merchandize, full three quarters of an hour before the patron of our vessel announced that we were then only passing the barrier. We stopped to see no more grottoes, however, on our route, but pressed on, and arrived at a very warm hotel (for the master was a native of Brussels), in the longest street of the crowded city of Amsterdam.

Our hotel unfortunately overflowed with company in every part, and nine languages were spoken in the servants'-hall. Here we had the pleasure to meet again Prince Gallitzen, who the winter before had been our opposite neighbour at Marseilles, and we had many acknowledgments to make to him; for, at the great fair at Agen, in the autumn, he found we could obtain no apartments, and had forced his own upon us; and would set out at night merely for our accommodation; and take his immediate departure for the Baths of Bagneres and Barrege. He was likewise very intimate with my ever kind friend, the Ambassador from the Court of Russia to that of London.

We occupied the adjoining apartments to those of the Italian Noblemen, and they requested us to accompany them the next evening to a concert, which was to be given by one of the most celebrated Improvisatori, with whom they were well acquainted;

and of course we and all our friends felt a peculiar pleasure in obeying the summons. The room was well filled from all the different hotels, but we perceived none of the natives to be present. We all seemed to be nearly dressed alike, and might equally have met in London or Paris at any fashionable Assembly. The music was good, but I was not much entertained with this species of recitation; it consisted of scraps from Tasso, Ariosto, and other poets, which might be adapted to almost any subject, and for which the Italian language affords remarkable facility. Several experiments of this kind have since been made to entertain in London, but have failed, and the merit of them at last has been duly appreciated.

W. de Archenholtz, a German author, remarks, "that he had seen the débüt of Improvisatori in many parts of Italy, but generally found them ignorant, and of narrow intellects. How brilliant," says he, "is the exertion of genius among the extempore orators of the Debating Societies in England! There we find thinking heads, formed by reading, and endowed with oratorical powers."—Some of our best orators, I believe, have certainly derived confidence, if not information, from these Seminaries.

We experienced some difficulties at our great hotel; for the first day it was almost impossible to obtain any dinner. There was a scramble amongst the servants for the provisions at the foot

of the great staircase ; but on the next our party was predominant, and the tables were turned ; for when the dinner was announced to us, four of the finest dishes of fish were presented ; but we could enjoy none of them, for a kind of battle royal ensued, and we were all obliged to exert ourselves before any peace could be restored. The proprietors of the hotel were quite alarmed ; for the ladies had absolutely flown to their apartments in the greatest terror : however, all afterwards was rectified.

We hired carriages and horses which were thought most suitable for an excursion to North Holland, and all set out first for Broeck, where we were to take refreshment, and then pursue our route for Saardam in the afternoon. We were unfortunately to pass along a high rampart between a lake and the sea ; and the wind being very high, one of the leathern curtains of the coach was forced open, and my hat, with some other articles, was carried quite away ; however, on our arrival at Broeck, with some difficulty, I repaired my loss, by the purchase of a very broad-brimmed one of the finest beaver ; but when I attempted to strut before the ladies in due Dutch solemnity, they were either so cross, or so cold, that they would not even deign to vouchsafe a smile.

We arrived at Saardam, sufficiently early to survey all the curiosities. In this neighbourhood the Dutch bankers and merchants of Amsterdam have

their country- houses. The offices are chiefly underground, and the buildings constructed of boards painted of all colours; the principal door in front of each, is never opened but at the funeral of one of the heads of the family, and then again immediately closed; the roofs are of glazed tiles; the gardens attached to them are as extraordinary as the houses; and the dresses of the females are more remarkable than either.

We saw a table and punch-bowl, with pipes, cut out of evergreens; and a famous stag, whose wooden antlers were always growing. One Dutch Gentleman mentioned a great improvement, that had lately taken place in the figures of their pavements. There had always been a great difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity of black pebbles; but they now had blown glass black and strong enough to supply that deficiency.

I compared one of their extraordinary streets to some scene that I had observed in a pantomime, and our lively Chevalier immediately offered to play Harlequin himself, if I could only procure for him a "light-footed delicate Dutch Colombine."

Having seen several curious mills; an immense manufactory for making the largest paper; and the house that the Czar Peter inhabited when he practised ship-building; we became quite weary, and were all very desirous of returning to our clean but cold hotel.

North Holland in all public deeds is termed West Friesland, though one part only of the Frisia Occidentalis, that to the North-east, properly belongs to it. Formerly it was a perfect marsh, composed of many great lakes separated from each other only by high roads, or dykes; but now nothing remains of them, except their names and dimensions in some ancient maps. Sir William Temple strangely asserts, that "the Beemster, formerly a rotten marsh, is so well planted with gardens, orchards, rows of trees, and fertile inclosures, that it now makes one of the pleasantest landscapes he ever saw." I have observed that much caution is necessary in speaking of all the productions of Holland; many are doubtless very excellent; but you may read in various books that the cheese made in North Holland may justly vie in goodness with the finest Parmesan. The Dutch cheese may be dispensed with where no better can readily be obtained, and the mules at Marseilles are loaded in winter, with constant burthens of it; but it has one quality, never mentioned by the Dutch—it is so round and hard, that I once saw a well-contested game at bowls played with it, in the neighbourhood of Toulon.

We sat down, rather late, to a very elegant repast entirely in the Dutch style. There was a water-souchée introduced in so lordly a China dish, that it was with difficulty that it could pass the doorway; it consisted of a rich fish soup, with

either a very large tench or perch in the middle of it; and it was surrounded with little plates, containing some necessary additions, as they were thought; in one black-rye cake; in the opposite one the finest butter; Gorgona anchovies in a third; and hot India pickles in a fourth; however, the whole was far superior to any other watersouchee we had ever met with, and would certainly have passed muster at the first tavern of the British metropolis.

The table was every way most handsomely supplied; but we were all petrified with cold, and having first brought in one little stove, then another, our Italian party became so angry, that they declared they would burn the furniture if no better supply of heat could be obtained. As the Chevalier and I were the conductors, we consulted with the ladies, and finding North Holland, or West Friesland, was by no means suited to delicate constitutions, I gave orders concerning our carriages for the next morning, and dispatched my own servant early, with particular directions to get our apartments in readiness for the reception of ALL in the evening at Amsterdam.

My messenger had punctually obeyed his directions; and, just at the dark hour, we found the apartments well lighted up; an excellent fire; a dinner nearly ready; and some persons were added, who usually accompanied the Count on different instruments when he sang; for

with rather a weak voice, he could execute an Italian bravura with as much taste and execution as any public performer. The countenances of all the party were suddenly changed, and I had the pleasure to see the horrors of North Holland, and West Friesland, happily superseded by a comfortable, but humble imitation, of an Italian Jubilee.

I could greatly have wished to have improved myself in the Hebrew language at Amsterdam, for I had hitherto gained but few opportunities in London, though I had laid some foundation under the instructions of Israel Lyons, a good master of the Old School, who resided for many years at Cambridge. The Dutch have two famous Synagogues here, of which they boast, that the worst is finer than either of those at Venice or Rome. The Jews, indeed, are so numerous in the United Provinces that they have a Synagogue in almost every town; their number in Amsterdam only is estimated at full 20,000. They are distinguished in all the nations of Europe under the two denominations of Portuguese and German Jews, of which the former are the richest, and of greatest note; but I was equally invited to a festival at each of them. The Rabbis are particularly civil and attentive to such strangers, as are properly introduced. Both parties endeavour of course to prove, that their own is the only genuine Book of Moses; but they are men generally well-informed, and every way willing to afford real instruction to

a proficient who is sufficiently qualified to receive it. I partook of a most sumptuous dinner at a rich Banker's ; indeed, I had never witnessed any thing of equal splendour since the days of the Goldsmidts in Finsbury-square. The opulent Jews display great hospitality throughout Holland, and their general character is, that "Their every day produces something great and good, without respect to either persons or religions ;" and, from all I experienced, I by no means wish to withhold from them, my clearest testimony.

Two Kermisses, or fairs, are held here every year, which continue for fourteen days. Anciently these times were observed out of religious motives, as being instituted to commemorate the building of the parish church, and afterwards on the rebuilding of it, these seasons were kept in honour of the Saint to whom the Church was dedicated. At length they degenerated into such riot and disorders of all kinds, that the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and King Philip the Second, ordered that they should be held for one day only. "But feasting and merry-making are of the nature of those things," says a writer at that time, "which are not always to be abolished by edicts."

They are called Kermis, or Kerkmess (*missa ecclesiæ*), because the first Mass or worship was said in the re-built church on that day. But in the middle and southern Counties of England, where these feasts are still kept up in every parish,

they are called *Wakes*; because the people waked all night, and kept the vigils on the eve of the Saint or patron of the Church. Or, perhaps, it might be derived, as it has been said, from the old Saxon word, *Wake*, which signifies *drunkenness*; because those anniversaries were become the stated seasons for drinking, uproar, and carousing. During these feasts the Clergy of the Diocese of Utrecht, which included the whole Netherlands, held their "*Charitates Vini*; or, *Pocula Charitatis*;" which they took off in memory of the patron of their Cathedral. They even drank to the happiness of the deceased Saint; but I have seen an ancient fragment, which belonged to a pious fraternity in Spain, who, at the interment of a brother, used to toss off bumpers with a much more jovial and benevolent toast—"Viva el muerto!" that is, "Long life to the dead!"

The prosperity of Amsterdam arose out of the ruin of Antwerp, as that of Antwerp did out of that of Venice; and any full history of this famous Dutch city would be now entirely out of date; yet the following short sketch may not be entirely unacceptable:

"This modern Tyre," for such it has been frequently termed, lies in the North latitude of 52° 30', about one degree North of London. It is about four leagues, or twelve miles, in circumference; is situated at the mouth of the Zuyder Zee, in the form of a crescent. It is fortified with an

exceeding broad deep fosse, and a rampart of earth faced with brick, in exquisite order, and has eight gates. It is the capital of the County of Holland, and is spoken of as one of the finest cities in the world.

In the year 1204, there was only one small building, called Amstel, from the name of the river that ran by it. Gilbert, a Seigneur of Amstel, drew to it certain inhabitants, and made it a convenient retreat for fishermen, who at first were merely lodged in cabins covered with stubble; but in process of time it became a little Bourg, so considerable, however, that Count Florent the Fourth, in the year 1235, gave up to them various privileges. Gilbert the Second having built here several bridges and little turrets, it became a small city, and gained many additional privileges, which other Counts of Holland readily granted to it. Count William the Third united it with his own domain on account of the Seigneur of Amstel having embrued his hands, in 1296, in the massacre of Count Florent the Fifth; and this William the Third was surnamed the Good. William the Fourth gave up new privileges in 1342, which Albert of Bavaria afterwards confirmed, permitting the inhabitants greatly to enlarge their city; which they accordingly did in the year 1380.

Before the year 1482 it had only one simple palisadoe, but was afterwards encircled with walls of brick.

Sometime after this, however, it was reduced to ashes, and in the year 1512 the people of Guelderland besieged it, but not being able to take it, they withdrew, after having set fire to almost all the vessels that were in the harbour.

All the Gentlemen of our party agreed to devote a morning to the full examination of the port and shipping of Amsterdam.

We were informed that two thousand vessels had been locked up in the harbour during the preceding winter; and I referred to a memorandum given to me by Mr. Metcalfe, which specified that when he had resided there, not many years before, he had visited a naval officer, by the aid of planks, across the ships, to nearly the distance of eight miles.

The occupiers of the different vessels were all very civil and attentive to us; but we could not forbear making comparison between the dull inspection of this harbour, and the ever lively port of Marseilles. There, during the winter, an elegant display was made of all the productions of the East, and I had accompanied Governor Ellis more than once, when he ransacked all the vessels for rarities, just before he gave one of those splendid dinners, which he meant should be talked of, by all the strangers then resident. He has purchased wild boar from Algiers; new potatoes from Ireland; the choicest wines from the Greek Islands; and the richest liqueurs from Trieste or Venice.

Most of our party had plucked oranges from the branches of trees brought, with their roots, from Malta; and all of us had frequently partaken of every species of luxury that could be procured by the renowned Monks of the Abbey St. Victor. These are all Knights of Malta, possess great revenues, and are tied to no strict rules, like others. Theirs is, indeed, the most celebrated Abbey of all antiquity; has inscriptions of the earliest dates, exceedingly curious; and their table, manners, and address, bespoke, in every respect, the abode of Princes.

Marseilles, undoubtedly, was the most ancient city of France, as it was founded by a colony of Greeks, several centuries before the Christian æra. It has been remarked that the Greek colony at Marseilles imparted some degree of civilization to the country; and the rude Gallic coins are evidently an imitation of the Grecian model. When the rest of Gaul was in a state of barbarism, Marseilles long subsisted as a renowned and independent Republic; and the Greek language was spoken there with such high purity, that Cicero asserts, in his time the Roman youth were indiscriminately sent for education to Athens or Marseilles.

Though I had been about ten days at Amsterdam, I had never seen the land-side of it, as it is called, for it was at a great distance from us, and my time had been fully occupied; but one fine evening, with a Dutch friend, I took a long walk to

examine it ; and when we had passed the great gates, though in Holland, I could not but express myself with rapture. I had no idea of the extent of these fertile meadows ; the cattle were innumerable, and there was not a weed to be seen anywhere ; all the cows, I found, in winter wore body-clothes, and it was almost incredible to believe what quantities of milk the best of them would generally supply ; but my friend freely admitted that the Dutch used as little as possible of it themselves, that for profit, in various shapes, they might abundantly send it off to their neighbours. Much stronger instances, however, might be produced of their zeal for gain ; for when Amsterdam, like Ephesus, was formerly termed the workshop of Europe and Asia, both for arms and ammunition, the Dutch absolutely sold them to the enemy, though they knew, they would almost immediately be made use of to the destruction of themselves.

Every thing at our hotel was good, but excessively dear ; and the Chevalier agreed with me, that the expence was daily more than one third above that of the Royal Hotel in London. The water alone was a very heavy article, for it was all brought daily in stone bottles from a fountain near Utrecht ; some of the inhabitants, indeed, drank rain water from their cisterns ; but none that was not pure was ever admitted at higher tables. We obtained no malt liquor whatever at our hotel,

though some of the merchants at their own houses treated me with the finest Burton ale. Fuel likewise is very expensive; it is turf, made of a bituminous earth dug out of pits; which in dry years burns clear like coal, but it does not produce so much heat; however, the Dutch boast, that their fuel has very little smoke, and does not sully good furniture, nor blacken the walls of the houses, like that from sea-coal in London. In some places this earth is so unctuous and sulphurous, however, that Guicciardini asserts, it formerly took fire in the Province of Friesland, and could not be extinguished, till it had burnt two leagues in length, and as much in breadth; and Becanus says, that the like happened in Brabant in 1541; and, in 1567, in the Province of Utrecht. But there is no other fuel in general use, and immense heaps of it are frequently piled up, in the form of a pyramid, even in state apartments. Some English residents burn Sunderland and Scotch coal, and many vessels loaded with it arrive every year for the use of brewers and blacksmiths, as they find no other kind of firing will entirely suit their purposes.

It must not be disguised, that my private opinion as to many things at Amsterdam did not entirely correspond with that of my associates, for I absolutely disliked very little, except the immoderate expence, as I had free access to some select libraries, and a continual opportunity of picking

up rare and curious books; on the contrary, our party was annoyed by various petty circumstances; they dared not go out in a carriage, as the edges of some of the canals were by no means properly guarded. However, one very pleasant evening, we all agreed to take a long walk together, but we had not reached the end of the first street, before some Dutch females suddenly rushed out with buckets of water, to wash the stems of the opposite trees, and unfortunately our company shared no small portion of the contents; this so disconcerted them, that they instantly returned home; but I was obliged to proceed, as I had made a fixed engagement; however, at night I found they had all been busy in exchanging their clothes, except the Chevalier, and he had amused himself in writing a satirical piece, after the manner of Swift, and had entitled it, "Meditations on a Wash-tub."

Amsterdam certainly possesses innumerable advantages, but there are likewise many defects; and amongst the latter, the want of spring water is not the least; besides, the smell arising from their stagnated canals in autumn is both offensive and unwholesome; their cleanliness and honesty cannot be too highly spoken of, and their industry has never been surpassed. But, perhaps, their truest and best encomium may be extracted from an ancient author, Hadrian, by applying to them his following description of Alexandria, the capital

of Egypt : " A rich and opulent city, that abounds almost with every thing, and where every one renders to the State all the aid that is in his power ; some are employed in making paper, some glass, and others linen, all are busy in one thing or another. The lame have their employments, the blind their work ; and even those who have the gout in their hands only, are not suffered to be absolutely idle."

Early in the morning we set sail for Haerlem, and our party could not justly complain of want of amusement ; for, if the passage itself was rather dull, they had books on board, musical instruments, drawing materials, cards, and various requisites for particular games ; and what was best, the company itself was always friendly and sociable.

We did not arrive till rather late at Haerlem, where we found that every thing comfortable had been provided for us, but we had still time enough to take a general view of this interesting city. Next morning we started early, and first to visit some of the gardens, which had every where been so famous for their flowers. Though this celebrity has nearly ceased, we still heard of a most famous tulip, for which great sums had been lately offered, and we determined to inspect it. I perceived by the gardener's look, that we were near the spot where it grew ; he " approached, but awful," and very carefully held up the flower-pot, that we might all minutely examine it ; and I must con-

fess, that for distinct and beautiful colouring, I could not conceive that there could be greater perfection. Travellers often make an excursion to a favourite seat in the neighbourhood, where the celebrated Linnæus formed his system, and where two tulip-trees were said to have been planted by him; but there is no beauty in the flowers of these trees, and they are merely considered as curious from the particular shape of their leaves. But the Tulipomania, as it was justly termed, has nearly vanished; and I am convinced that Beckmann, in his History of Inventions, was right, when he asserted, that "the tulip-trade was in a great measure a gambling concern; and that the tulips themselves were only nominally its objects; many secret bargains were made for very different purposes, where no roots of tulips were either given or received." This rage most prevailed in some of the cities in the Netherlands, and rose to its greatest height in 1634, and the three following years, which have been rendered memorable for wild schemes and most extensive speculations.

Storks we found every where were most highly estimated. The Dutch say, they will not live but in a Republic; but I am more inclined to think, that they will not live well, but near a good fish-market; indeed, they have been held in high veneration by all the ancients. This bird is frequently mentioned in Scripture; and Job asketh, "Who

giveth the stork food? She buildeth her nest on high." Corringius says, that "they take their flight with their young about the beginning of August to Africa;" but that is an error, at least it is not true of them all; perhaps those that have resided for some time in Holland have found themselves so much at home, from being well treated every where, that by degrees they have now entirely forgot to make their African expedition. Horace asserts, speaking of the luxurious dishes of those days, "that our ancestors would never eat storks,

"Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido."

But a much better reason is now assigned than any of the foregoing, why the Dutch encourage them so much to build at the tops of their houses; their influence is proved to be sovereign against the power of Witchcraft.

Once every week the famous Haerlem organ is appointed to be publicly played upon, and then you generally meet all foreign travellers in the church; when Lord Sandwich and Mr. Bates were at Haerlem, the organ was in tuning and preparation for near a week, that Mr. Bates might perform upon it; the circumstance was known, and on the appointed day the church was crowded to excess; but when he displayed it with all its force, the Dutch were so charmed, that they loudly exclaimed, "Our Organ has never spoke before."

From the great Church we went to the house of Lawrence Coster, which was near it; but in a full party, there was no opportunity of making any due investigation, on the interesting subject of the art of printing. Some slight conversation took place on the spot, when a Dutch gentleman said, that he had never before heard, that the priority of the invention of printing had even been claimed by the Germans; but the Chevalier whispered to me, "Perhaps he has never heard of that fine line by Voltaire, when speaking of Holland, he says,

'Tout est Canaille, Chenil, Canal, ou Canard.'

"No more," replied I, "than of his satirical remark, that when the Princess of Babylon, and her Phoenix, travelled through Holland, that the Dutch neither admired her beauty, nor his elegance, but only began to estimate the possible value of his golden feathers."

A day was, however, afterwards appointed when I was to have the honour of meeting a very learned gentleman from Leyden, and one of the ablest Members of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Haerlem, and then a full investigation was to take place.

At the time agreed upon several gentlemen of considerable consequence attended. The house of Lawrence Coster is near to the great Church, and we examined every part of it. The Dutch

assert, that he was the inventor of the art of printing ; the case seems to be as follows : Coster having the care of the palace in the city, and amusing himself one day in cutting some characters in beech-wood, afterwards formed them upon paper, having stamped them in ink. Seeing the success of this first proof, he invented a kind of ink thicker and more glutinous than that we generally write with ; he then engraved characters in wood, on pieces large enough to contain an entire discourse. These have been preserved in the Maison de Ville, with the first specimen of a book printed upon these planks or plates ; it is under an envelope of silk, in a silver coffer, and its title is, “ Den Spiegel van onze Zaligheyd ;” that is to say, “ The Book of our Salvation ;” the author of it unknown. The care of this is given to several Magistrates, who have each a separate key ; and there is some difficulty in getting a sight of it. The statue of Lawrence Coster is here likewise to be seen. Upon the house of Coster the following inscription was placed in letters of gold :

“ *Memoriæ Sacrum.*

*Typographia, ars Artium omnium conservatrix, hic
primum inventa circa annum 1440.”*

There is likewise another inscription near it, taken from Aprutinus :

“ *Imprimit Ille die, quantum non scribitur anno.”*

Nevertheless it is by no means certain that Cos-

ter was the first inventor; many historians give the honour to John Fust or Faust, (not Faustus, as has been ridiculously asserted,) who was a native of Mayence, and to John Guttenberg, a gentleman of Strasbourg. Peter Schoëffer, of Gernsheim, is regarded by many, as the inventor of the art of printing, as it was he (it is asserted) who invented moveable letters in 1457, at Mayence, in which the art principally consists.

According to another account, "John Guttenberg finding it difficult to execute alone the idea he had conceived, associated himself with John Fust, or Faust, a rich Burgher of the same city; and these, with the assistance of Peter Schoëffer, who was Faust's menial servant, and afterwards his son-in-law, actually executed their design, in the year 1450."

"In following the course and order of yeeres, we find the yeere of our Lord 1450, to be famous and memorable for the divine and miraculous invention of printing; but Naclerus and Wymse-lingus following him, referre the invention thereof to the yeere 1440. In Paralip. Abbatis Urspergensis (it is recorded) this facultie to be found anno 1446. Aventinus and Zieglerus doe say, however, anno 1450; and that the inventor thereof is thought to be a German, dwelling first in Argentine, afterwards citizen of Mentz, named John Faustus, a goldsmith.

"Mariangelus Accursius, a learned Italian, who

flourished about the beginning of the sixteenth century, wrote the following lines upon the leaf of a Donatus *, printed at Mentz by John Fust. ‘ John Fust, citizen of Mentz, grandfather by the mother’s side of John Shepherd, was the first that devised the art of printing with brass types, which he afterwards changed for leaden ones. His son, Peter Schoëffer, added many other improvements to the art ’.”—Lemoine.

One gentleman present at our meeting, mentioned, “ that in October 1739, a curious Coin was found in some ruins in the city of Haerlem, with this inscription, ‘ *Typographia hic primum inventa circa ann. 1440 ;* ’ that it had been examined by several eminent medalists, and, that it was still extant at Amsterdam.” But no stress can be laid on such authority. Another gentleman informed me, “ that there was a pleasant wood without the walls of the city, and that the palace built there by Count Florus the Fifth was worth seeing, on account of some fine pictures in it ; particularly those of all the Counts or Earls of Holland ; several excellent pieces done by Heemskerk and Golt-

* I have since obtained, through favour of the Trustees of the British Museum, the following very curious extract, taken from the third part of the Harleian Manuscripts : “ *Donatus non Authoris sed libri cujusdam titulus. Estque Institutio Grammatica foliatim ligno incisa et sic conglutinata. Teste P. Scriverio in tractat. de Arte Typographica. Vulgò Artis Typographicæ primum specimen habetur fuit circa Annum Christi 1440.* ”

zius ; but the best were those by Cornelius of Haerlem, and that in the summer-house in the garden was the picture of Lawrence Coster, whose birth did, indeed, the greatest honour to Haerlem itself." Some of the Dutch will always continue to assert, that he was the first inventor of the art of printing, but I believe it is now the general opinion, " that John Guttenberg, junior, was the *reputed inventor* ; John Faust, the *promoter* ; Peter Schoëffer the *improver* ; and that John Guttenberg, senior, was the person, who unquestionably produced the first printed book."

It will be urged, perhaps, that with such an opportunity I ought to have availed myself of more advantages ; but a foreigner, merely introduced, through courtesy, into superior society, must not presume to dictate, as if he were in an office of inferior agents ; he must be content to gain what he can, and how he can ; and ought to retire at last, complaisant and thankful for all the spoils or prizes, that he has been able to obtain. During my stay on the Continent, I collected as many materials on the art of printing only as would furnish out an octavo volume ; the extreme neatness of some of the earliest impressions is still the subject of the greatest wonder.

Another morning I met a large party of Literati in the same neighbourhood, when the conversation turned on the number of eminent men, who had flourished in Holland ; little was said of Eras-

mus, Burman, or Boerhaave, as generally known, but one gentleman particularised Weisseling, who was Professor of History and Belles Lettres at Leyden, for the years 1739 and 1740, as having greatly contributed to have given a better taste of polite literature to his pupils ; that he had struck out of the common track, and by reading lectures in the Classics twice a week, had infused a real knowledge of the brightest periods both of Greece and Rome. Another, rather ludicrously, introduced the name of Isaac Vossius, who was a native of Leyden in 1618, and died in England, a Canon of Windsor, in the year 1688. He was considered as exceedingly credulous ; and it was of him, that Charles the Second made the remark, "That he was a great theologian, who believed every thing that was not in his Bible." Another gentleman most respectfully named Jaques de s'Gravesand, who was born at Bois-le-duc, and became Professor of Philosophy at Leyden in 1734 ; he was the friend and disciple of the immortal Newton, whose system he developed with much clearness and precision ; his works greatly contributed to spread the system of his friend, by which that of Descartes fell of course into disrepute. I ventured to speak of Grotius, on the authority of two of our ablest English Prelates, who had asserted, that though so much had been written about him, yet a life and history of him, well digested, was a grand desideratum in literature. They all seemed

to be of the same opinion, and were pleased to declare, that if either I, or any particular friend of mine, was desirous of undertaking such a work, they would readily supply any additional materials.

Warburton had observed, that "Grotius was more than a great, he was a fashionable man ; no wonder, therefore, that under the influence of two such prejudices, his opinions should find followers ; which yet they would scarcely have found with us, if the political state of that time had not been a third prejudice in their favour."

Hurd remarks, " that his project of uniting the Catholic and Protestant Churches, and the apparent candour of some learned persons whom he had long known and valued, drew him into the belief, that such a project was not impracticable. Henceforth," he adds, " it became the ruling object of his life ; and permitting himself too easily to conclude that the Protestant doctrine of Anti-Christ was the sole or principal obstruction to the union desired, he bent all the efforts of his wit and learning to discredit and overthrow that doctrine. Thus was this virtuous man betrayed by the wisdom and equity of his own character ; and I know not, if the observation of the poet can be so justly applied to any other :

" Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultrà quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam."

HORACE.

It must not be concealed, however, that the great

Newton in many points materially differed from the opinions of Grotius, but he was an honourable antagonist; for Grotius was not merely an honour to the age, but even to human nature; and what was his reward?—to be reviled and persecuted during his life-time, only for the hopes of obtaining from posterity a tardy and precarious immortality!

Before we left Haerlem, it was our earnest wish to offer some tribute of gratitude, for the numerous civilities we had received there; and we entreated our friends to partake of a slight entertainment at our hotel. They very obligingly consented; and fortunately the master so much exerted himself, as to give the fullest satisfaction; the company was numerous, and as all were disposed to be pleased, the evening passed away with mutual kindness, and general hilarity.

It was late before we could leave Haerlem, for we had still some acknowledgments to make previous to our departure, and we lost all our energies before we arrived at Leyden, for there we were to separate from our Italian friends; with whom, during our whole journey, not one discordant circumstance had ever occurred. They were now to return to Milan, and they had protracted their stay in Holland, they said, merely on our accounts. They made us the kindest offers, and left with us the most abundant credentials for either ourselves or friends. They assured us, that, if ever we

could make a visit to Milan or Rome, every thing in their power should be open to us. We were all greatly affected at parting, and on taking my final leave, I could only repeat in the fervent words of the poet :

“ O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.”

After my return to London in June 1786, though I was greatly interested on the subject of the art of printing, yet so many and excellent works had been published, that I considered my labours as nearly superseded ; but I most particularly wished to have given a full account of the rise and progress of the Periodical Press, which has now been established near a century ; and many of my zealous friends for its best interests, had strongly urged, that some slight festival at least, should be held as a memorial. The idea has been greatly ridiculed, but, I must own, I cannot see the absolute impropriety ; so far from it, indeed, that if any thing of the kind should be adopted, I should be happy to render any assistance in my humble power, towards so honourable a celebration.

A new æra of Literature has now arrived, and every proper facility is given in the highest quarter towards its free establishment. The Sciences, no more than the Muses, should ever be the slaves of Party ; and it ought to be duly valued, that a late publication of a posthumous work of Mil-

ton, under the judicious eye of his Majesty's own Librarian, is not only an indication, but a most gracious proof, that learning in general shall not be more indebted to Royal munificence, than to Royal candour, and just liberality.

THE END.

Prepared for the Press,
A SECOND VOLUME,

Which will consist of former Works by the same Author, viz.

Zobeide, a Tragedy ; fourth Edition. With an English Couplet, by Monsieur de Voltaire.

The Czar, a Tragedy ; second Edition. Inscribed, by permission, to her late Imperial Majesty, the Empress of all the Russias. And

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